Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

NOTITIA VENATICA

A TREATISE ON

FOX-HUNTING

J. F. Herring Junr.

E. Hacker

FOX HUNTING – THE STREAM

ROBERT T. VYNER

NOTITIA VENATICA

A TREATISE

ON

FOX-HUNTING

EMBRACING

THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS

A New Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged

BY

WILLIAM C. A. BLEW, M.A.

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY ALKEN AND OTHERS

COLOURED BY HAND

"Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema."—GEORG. III.

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND
MDCCCXCII

The
Ballantyne
Press
Ballantyne & Hanson
Edinburgh & London

Dedication to First Edition.

TO JOHN MUSTERS, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—

In these degenerate days, when the so-called improvements in our social system, and in the state and appearance of the country, have well-nigh put a stop to our sports and pleasures in the fields, it may seem ill-timed to bring forward a work on a subject which appears to be fast declining in general estimation. I am aware that it is so, but, being a devoted admirer of all connected with field sports, I have endeavoured to rescue the science from oblivion, by giving in the following pages my experience in the chase, hoping that my labours may contribute to the pleasure and instruction of those true English hearts who still love that noblest of British pastimes—Fox-hunting. "I cast, then, my book upon the waters," in hope, "believing that its vein is good;" unwilling, however, to send it forth to the world without an introduction, I feel proud of the permission to commend it to the care of so distinguished a pilot as yourself.

That you may long continue in the successful pursuit of that most noble enjoyment in which you have obtained such celebrity; and that you and all true lovers

of Fox-hunting may derive pleasure in the perusal of these few hints upon the subject, is the sincere wish of—

My dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ROBT. THOS. VYNER.

Mr. Musters died on the 8th September 1849.

Peace eternal to thy soul,
J O H N M U S T E R S!
Long will it be e'er
Merry Sherwood
rings again with a voice like
Thy melodious tongue.
At thy death the
Chivalry of Fox-hunting
desponding droops its head.
The woodland breeze murmurs thy requiem
through the responsive oaks, whilst the
Weeping Dryads
chaunt their sad dirge o'er the tomb of
Him they loved;
and
Sobbing Echo
falters in her voice as she repeats
Thy name.
Thy Faithful Hound
howls in his kennel, as in vain he watches for the approach of
Thy manly footstep.
Thy Brothers in the Chase deplore thee, and stifle the uprising sigh as they record
Thy sylvan exploits.
All Nature Mourns—
JOHN MUSTERS IS NO MORE.[1]

[1] For a further notice of Mr. Musters see Chapter VII.

PREFACE

TO

SEVENTH (PRESENT) EDITION.

In putting forth a new edition of "Notitia Venatica" little remains to be said by way of preface beyond explaining the somewhat altered form in which the book appears. The first edition was mainly confined to those technical details which it was Mr. Vyner's delight to master; and about half of the volume was taken up by what was then no doubt of interest to masters of hounds—the hound lists of the more famous packs. For obvious reasons these lists were omitted in subsequent editions; most of the footnotes found in the original edition were incorporated into the text; and a good deal of matter was added in the form of an appendix. In the present edition the appendix has been distributed throughout the book, with the object of saving the reader the trouble of turning backwards and forwards, while the biographies, part of which were in the main portion of the work and part in the appendix, are now collected into a separate chapter.

With respect to the additions, the editor has ventured to make an attempt to bring the book down to date by means of footnotes, many of which are historical, while others have been introduced to illustrate the text. With the same object, the biographies have been slightly amplified, and in a footnote a notice has been given of the late Mr. Musters, grandson of Mr. J. C. Musters, the "Jack" Musters who fought Mr. Assheton Smith at Eton. Musters *minimus*, however, like his great-grandfather and grandfather, was a notable master of hounds, and is fully entitled to notice and remembrance. Four additional illustrations—two by Henry Alken, and one each by E. Corbett and J. F. Herring, junr.—now find place in the book; and for the first time an index has been compiled.

With this *apologia* the seventh edition is submitted to the notice of hunting men for their criticism and their possible recreation.

W. C. A. B.

London, *November* 1891.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

The biographer of Paley tells us, that "the subject of an author's first production usually discovers the natural bias of his genius." That such is undoubtedly the case with regard to the following pages, I think no one will for one moment hesitate to admit; and although the humbleness of the theme may not claim entire exemption from the ordeal of a critique, and at the same time, however weakly the subject may have been handled, the author has this *earth* of consolation to *fly to*, the consciousness of having done his best to amuse, hoping also that this short treatise may not be found totally devoid of practical information to the rising generation of masters of hounds, to whom "Notitia Venatica" is more particularly addressed.

PREFACE TO SIXTH EDITION.

"From grave to gay, the glorious Milton sung,
Then why not I, whose humble rhymes begun,
To Allegro from Penseroso change,
And place my target fix'd for either range."

When the regiment has performed the last obsequies over the remains of a beloved companion in arms, and when the last big tear has rolled upon the dust which is covering the receptacle of him whose memory they so fondly cherish; when the last echo of the solemn "Dead March" has been scarcely wafted to eternity on the morning breeze; and when, after one simultaneous and sympathetic exchange of regrets amongst his surviving brother officers, the magic flourish of the staff of the drum-major bids the band to strike up one of the liveliest of airs, the funereal slow-measured step of the soldier is at once exchanged for the homeward "quick march." Sighs the most lugubrious are exchanged for smiles beaming with ardent aspirations for the future; that future which prompts and encourages energetic spirits to aspire to "*The Great*" in all their undertakings. All that was mortal of our old friend and preceptor has departed from us, but let us who remain strive to achieve the renown he once so deservedly enjoyed in that "*Noble Science*," that "most manly

of recreations," in the pursuit of which he was so eminently successful, and in the accomplishments of a sportsman in which he was so brilliant an ornament.

That Fox-hunting may flourish for ever ought to be the wish and prayer of all real Englishmen, but I greatly fear that the impulsive ardour for it amongst the rising generation is visibly on the wane. Amidst those numerous obstacles to which the decline of *real hunting* in all its branches may be attributed, railroads and other roads, and the increase of population, the improved system of agriculture, and the decline of all the good old John Bull character which was not only the foundation, but the upholding of all our original national sports and pastimes, there is not one which so materially militates with the success of Fox-hunting, as that inordinate passion for the preservation of game, and all its demoralising consequences.

In the short space, however, that is necessarily allowed for a preface it would be extremely inconvenient to enter further upon the relative causes and effects which bear upon the two great sporting interests, viz. the Trigger and the Horn. I will, therefore, confine my further remarks to the mere reintroductory notice of this work, which is now assuming a somewhat important character in modern sporting literature, issuing as it does in its sixth edition, one not very slight proof of the still great popularity of the subject, as well as of the way in which the author has attempted to handle this, his favourite, topic.

In the former editions there were many imperfections and errors which in this edition he has attempted

to obviate: and although even now the work is far less complete than he could have wished, he has added much fresh matter in an appendix, including some most interesting anecdotes and records. And in the full assurance that it will be well received by the rising generation of Fox-hunters, he now offers it as a last tribute to a sport he once so dearly loved.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGES

PRELIMINARY 1–87

Introductory remarks—Literature relating to field sports—The love of hunting on the decline—Notice of Nimrod's death—Dr. Paley a sportsman — Cruelty to animals considered — Lord Bacon's opinion on the necessity of hunting—A "Senior Sportsman's" observations on hard riding—A niggardly system of expenditure condemned—Hunt committees—Anecdote of Mr. Samuel Nicoll —Manner of hunting in Germany—Hunting in Ireland—Fox-hounds kept in France—The Baroness de Dracek, an extraordinary character; and her mode of hunting—King James I., his love of hunting—Different breeds of hounds: Lord Yarborough's, Lord Fitzwilliam's, Duke of Rutland's, Mr. Osbaldeston's, Lord Monson's, Lord Vernon's, Mr. Warde's, the Duke of Beaufort's, Mr. Noel's, or Lord Lonsdale's, Sir Tatton Sykes', the Pytchley, and the Vine, &c.—Remarks on breeding—Mr. Meynell's Glider —Mr. Meynell's system of hunting—Extraordinary price of Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds—Mr. Foljambe's hounds—Formation of a new pack—Drawing hounds to size and pace—Vices of hounds —Sheep-killers—Breeding: the "in and in" system condemned —Mr. Osbaldeston's Furrier—Mr. Musters' Lionel—Mr. Russel's Riddlesworth—Little Blue Ransom—Marking young hounds—Showing young hounds for a prize—Spaying bitches condemned—Bitches suckling whelps without having themselves bred—Beasts of chase and hunting—Marten cats and wild cats—Laws relative to hunting—Right of country—Hunt clubs—The Sinnington Hunt —Blackballing a snob in the York Union Hunt Club—An attempt to form a club of masters of foxhounds—Anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Curtis eating a fox—Anecdotes of hounds—Mr. Musters hunted by his hounds—Mr. Fowne's hounds supposed to be the first regular pack—Early system of fox-hunting.

CHAPTER II.

THE KENNEL 88–114

Situation for a kennel—Mr. White's opinion of trees—Asphalt—Plan for erecting a kennel—Wm. Smith's opinion on letting hounds lie out in the courts—The young hounds' kennel—The

PAGES

grass court—Shutting up hounds by themselves—A perfect kennel described—The boiling house and feeding-room—Rats in kennels—Great numbers destroyed in some kennels—A doe kept in Mr. Warde's kennel—Damp and dry kennels—Kennel lameness—Col. Cook's opinion—Hounds lamed by gorse—The subject of kennel lameness continued—The Albrighton hounds—Mr. Foljambe's opinion—The late Lord Kintore's hounds, and the situation of their kennel—Bees kept in the Duke of Nassau's kennel—Dick Knight the builder of the kennels at Brigstock—The Warwickshire kennels—The Holderness kennels at Bishop Burton—Lameness in the royal kennels on Ascot Heath—Lead supposed to be the cause—Dr. Ryan's opinion—Mr. Davis, the huntsman's, opinion, and letter to the author—Lameness in the Warwickshire woodland kennels—On the practice of washing hounds—Jack Wood's opinion—Cast-iron and wooden benches—Whitewashing kennels, and drying them—The Pytchley kennels at Brixworth—Expense of building new kennels.

CHAPTER III.

ON FEEDING 115–135

Different kinds of food for hounds—Notice of a book entitled "The Gentleman's Recreation"—Beckford—Old oatmeal the best—Method of mixing the meat—Sir Harry Goodricke's large stock of meal at Thrussington kennels—Meal mixed with Indian corn bad—Adulterating meal with sand—Mr. Cross's opinion of bad flesh—Feeding high and plenty of exercise—Too much of the boiled flesh unwholesome—Biscuits—Vegetables excellent in summer—Boilers should be made of iron, and not copper—Method of feeding the pack—Shy feeders—Mr. Warde's value of a good feeder—Feeding the pack to "go together"—A huntsman ought to feed his own hounds—The Duke of Cleveland's reasons for giving up hunting—Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds and Will Gardner, his feeder—How to feed "to go the pace" and kill foxes—Delicate feeders—Giving hounds "*reddle*" during the summer months—Early feeding the best, and never feed to satiety.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ACCIDENTS AND DISEASES OF HOUNDS, AND THEIR CURES 136–173

Comparison between the old farrier and modern veterinary surgeon—Notice of Blaine's "Canine Pathology"—Distemper, and its cure—Barm an excellent medicine—The distemper first brought from France—Major Blagrave's system—Yellows, or jaundice—Worms—Dressing and mange—The red mange—Wounds and bites—Strains—Sore feet—Weak or injured eyes—Bite of a viper; an experiment of the Abbé Fontana—Swelled toes—Canker in the

PAGES

ears—Breaking out, and tetters—Fistula—Swelled neck and sore throat—Fractured limbs—Inflammation of the bowels—Physic; sulphur and salts the best—Shoulder lameness—Lameness in the stifle—Recipe for rheumatism—Implements and drugs used in the kennel—Canine madness, or rabies—Professor Sewell's opinion — The Warwickshire hounds afflicted — Mr. Harvey Combe's—Mr. Hall's—William Smith's remedy—The knife and caustic the only cure.

CHAPTER V.

On the General Management of Hounds . . . 174–228

Commencement of the season—Young hounds brought into the kennel—Rounding puppies at their quarters—Inspection of hounds in kennel—Anecdote of an ignorant M.F.H.—The number requisite to put forward—Purchasing draft hounds—The first and second draft—Hounds should match in size and appearance—Mr. Osbaldeston's and Mr. Villebois's sorts—Throaty hounds, Old Finder—The true shape of a hound described—Extensive breeders of hounds—Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds—Will Dean and Will Crane, both famous huntsmen—Lord Yarborough's hounds and his huntsman, Will Smith; his death—Jackal-hunting in India—Breaking young hounds—Anecdotes of wildness—Mr. Meynell's hounds, Gallant and Gameboy—Trailed scents formerly used—Notice of the Rev. Dr. Vyner—Mr. Digby Legard's match—The wild-goose chase described—Mr. Meynell's match, and Mr. Smith Barry's hound Bluecap—Showing young hounds riot in a park—Charles King's system—Jack Wood's perseverance—Roe-deer—A good ear for hounds when dividing—Early reminiscences—My first brush—The Warwickshire hounds—William Shaw's system of entering to hare in the spring—Will Carter—Summer management of hounds and condition—Time for dressing—Exercise—Early commencement of cub-hunting at Belvoir—Late harvests in the north—Great number of foxes killed in some hunts—Bag-foxes bad for hounds—Evening cub-hunting ridiculous—Great labour of cub-hunting—Pheasant-preserves prejudicial to sport—System of hunting altered—Old Tom Rose—Jem Butler—How to kill a cub handsomely—Blood of great consequence—Plenty of exercise requisite—A dog killed by Lord Middleton's hounds—A dog run by Mr. Corbet's hounds—The fox in the chimney—Mr. Stubbs—Anecdote of Jack Shirley—Mr. Mytton and bag-foxes—A hound suckling cubs—Sir Thomas Mostyn and the Oxonians—Extraordinary run in cub-hunting.

CHAPTER VI.

PAGES

THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS — *Continued;* COVERS, &c. 229–328

Making the most of a rough country—Various covers described—Gorse covers in Northamptonshire—Artificial covers—Sowing—Cutting and burning—Artificial earths—Fox-catchers—Badgers—Woodland foxes stout—Small covers prejudicial to hounds during cub-hunting—Large holding covers good—Mr. Assheton Smith's plan in the Collinbourne Woods — Earth-stopping — Hounds should run together—Blood makes wild hounds more riotous at the time — Mr. King's bitches in Hampshire — Sir Bellingham Graham's opinion—How to form a pack—Duties of a whipper-in—Anecdote of Dick Foster and Shayer at Mr. Villebois's kennel—A drunken whipper-in—The Duke of Grafton's rules for a whipper-in—Accidents to men in kennels—Joe Maiden—A whipper-in with a cork leg—Jack Stevens an excellent whipper-in—Tom Ball—What a huntsman ought to be—Will Long—The old school and the modern—A Frenchman's idea of what a huntsman should be—Epitaph to old Tom Johnson—To Will Barrow—To Tom Moody—To two hounds—Food of wild animals—Advice in hunting a pack of hounds—Drawing—Finding—A curious kennel for foxes near Beverley—Unthought of places where foxes are frequently found—Habits of foxes in autumn—Advice in hunting hounds continued—When to cheer and when to be silent—Working by signs—Checking—Blood and good weather desirable—Will Todd's opinion of a fine morning—Hounds beat by their foxes at the point of death—William Shaw's disappointment—Dick Knight whips the fox out of the kennel and gets beat—The fox and "*many friends*"—Curious anecdote of a badger—Accidents to hounds—Mr. Hodgson's hounds falling down Speeton cliffs—On horsing the men—Jobbing hunters from Mr. Tilbury—Hunting a country fairly—The farmers at Kenilworth—Anecdote of Mr. Corbet—Hunting in the snow—Notice of Will Neverd's death—Remarks on scent—Holderness a good scenting country — Anecdote of old Will Carter—Many hares stain the ground like sheep—On travelling hounds—Long distances to cover and home—A van occasionally used—Killing a May fox—Late hunting prejudicial to sport—The beauty of the Pytchley woodlands—The marten cat—Extraordinary number of foxes killed in one day by the Duke of Rutland's hounds—Cubs and the preservation of foxes—Anecdote of Lord Middleton and a bag-fox—Fox-mobbing in the Warwickshire woodlands — Fox-stealers and "*blackmail*" — Old Sharp the earth-stopper at Mickleton—Description of a good run in Warwickshire—Ditto in Leicestershire—End of the hunting season.

CHAPTER VII.

PAGES

BIOGRAPHIES 329–377

Squire Draper—Mr. Topham's biography of Squire Draper—Sudden death in hunting-field — Robert Darling ("Dog Bob") — Mr. Warde — The countries he hunted — Memoir of Mr. J. C. Musters, by Mr. Bruce Campbell—Mr. J. C. Musters (grandson to foregoing)—Mr. Osbaldeston, "The Squire," as a huntsman —his career—his latter days and death.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT 378–389

North Warwickshire Hunt—Its origin—Its Masters—Knightlow country—Dispute with Atherstone Hunt; decision concerning— "Away to the Chase"—"The Deepdale Run."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

BY HENRY ALKEN AND OTHERS.

COLOURED BY HAND.

1. FOX-HUNTING—THE STREAM. By J. F. HERRING, JR. *Frontispiece.*

TO FACE PAGE

2. HUNTER AND HOUNDS. By E. CORBET 48

3. PARSON CURTIS'S DINNER-PARTY. By HENRY ALKEN . 74
"He was actually roasted and brought to table."

4. MR. MUSTERS HUNTED BY HIS HOUNDS. By HENRY ALKEN 82
"One favourite actually jumped upon the horse's quarters and licked his master's face."

5. A KENNEL DAY; OR, THREE HOURS ON THE FLAGS. By H. ALKEN 176
"A dreadful bore to one who is not an admirer of the symmetrical."

6. A SCENE WITH JACK WOOD AND THE PYTCHLEY. By HENRY ALKEN 200
"My first brush."

7. FOX-HUNTING—THE START. By HENRY ALKEN . . 240

8. THE FOX AND MANY FRIENDS. By HENRY ALKEN . 278
"And, sure enough, he did come, attended by his three sons."

TO FACE PAGE

9. Mr. Hodgson's Hounds at Speeton Cliffs. By Henry Alken 282

"Ned, the whipper-in, descended with great gallantry."

10. "It was a deep woodland where we found." By W. Smith 292

11. Dislodging a Marten Cat. By Henry Alken . . 304

"A man climbs part of the way up the tree, and holds under him some damp straw or hay, which is lighted."

12. Fox-hunting—The Finish. By Henry Alken . . 320

NOTITIA VENATICA.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

"Here and attend, while I the means reveal
T' enjoy these pleasures."—*Chase.*

In offering these practical remarks on fox-hunting to the public, I hope the reader will be charitable enough to indulge what may be called the parental fondness of the writer, while humbly introducing this child of his authorship for their perusal, which is a kind of record of not only his own, but also of other men's actions, embracing some of the happiest moments of his life. That parts of the contents of these pages have formerly appeared before the world in the shape of a book, is a truth well known to some of the sporting readers of the day; nevertheless, that book has become out of print from the great success with which the sale of the first four editions was attended; moreover, it was what might be termed an expensive work, brought out at a vast deal of trouble, and elegantly illustrated; and consequently, from its high figure, not within the reach of all the rising generation of sportsmen who might be induced to seek either amusement or information in searching through its pages. At the earnest request, then, of many and sincere friends, and with the greatest respect for and gratitude to the public,

for the kind way in which the work has been supported by its great sale, and by the cheering manner in which it has been spoken of by those reviewers who have condescended to notice it in their critiques on the subject, I am resolved, prompted as I am by the allurements of applause, to send it forth once more before the world. A subject so extensive and worthy of investigation I could have wished to be taken in hand by some person better qualified than myself. For my own part, I have had but little experience in authorship;[1] and I might truly add, "and am but a rude man, and rustically brought up to hunting," as

[1] [Comparatively few masters of hounds have written on the subject of hunting. Somervile, the author of that fine poem "The Chase," who appears to have been born in 1692 and died in 1742, lived at Euston, near Wootton Wawen, and must have hunted the surrounding country; as, in his "Records of the Chase," "Cecil" states that in Wootton Wawen churchyard there is an inscription on a tombstone "In memory of J. Hoilt, who was huntsman to Somervile, Esq. Died May 2, 1802, aged 85." Peter Beckford, author of "Thoughts on Hunting," hunted in Dorsetshire; Colonel Thornton, who hunted in Yorkshire, wrote accounts of sporting tours; Colonel Cook, master of hounds in Essex and elsewhere, wrote "Observations on Fox-hunting;" and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe indited "The Noble Science." Mr. Horlock, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Scrutator," was the author of "Lessons on Hunting and Sporting," "The Science of Fox-hunting," besides some sporting stories. He hunted a country adjoining that of the Duke of Beaufort (with whom he had a dispute), and was master of the Craven hounds. Mr. Thomas Smith—not Assheton Smith—master of the Pytchley, Craven, and Hambledon hounds, wrote "Leaves from a Huntsman's Diary," and "The Life of a Fox;" Captain E. Pennell-Elmhirst, for one season joint-master of the Woodland Pytchley, published a reprint of his letters to the *Field*—one series was called "The Cream of Leicestershire," the second "The Best Season on Record;"—while the Duke of Beaufort appeared as an author in the Hunting volume of the Badminton series. Lieut.-Col. Babbington, who had been master of the Fife, compiled the history of that pack; and Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who has had a wide experience as master of the Fife, Pytchley, and Atherstone, has just (May 1891) published a small pamphlet on the duties of huntsmen.—Ed.]

Sir Walter Scott said of Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock." But, having been in the habit of keeping a pack of foxhounds, I have enjoyed many favourable opportunities of making myself fully acquainted with a knowledge of the various branches of the science gained by such an occupation; and I have neglected no opportunity of deriving what information I could from those incidents which circumstances have thrown in my way: fully compensated shall I be if one single instance should occur of either amusement or information being derived from a perusal of this my undertaking.

Among the numerous authors who have written upon those subjects under the unassuming title of *Sporting*, many have not only been well received, but have obtained a very exalted place in the scale of literature. Confining ourselves, however, to the subject in question—namely, fox-hunting—since the days of the immortal Beckford, none have treated it in that practical manner which so national an amusement deserves. The great Nimrod, now no more,[1] who has

[1] Death of Nimrod.—We regret to announce the death of C. J. Apperley, Esq., on Friday, at his residence in Pimlico, of inflammation in the bowels. He long wrote our sporting matters, under the signature of "Nimrod." He was about 64.—*Bell's Life in London*, May 21, 1843.

["Nimrod" was the second son of Mr. Thomas Apperley, member of a good Herefordshire family, who from his attainments as a scholar had been selected as a tutor to the Sir Watkin Wynn of that time. Young Apperley, after leaving Rugby, received a commission in Sir Watkin Wynn's Fencible Cavalry Regiment, known in Ireland, where "Nimrod" joined, as the "Bloody Britons," from the part they took in crushing the rebellion of 1798. He married a cousin of Sir Watkin Wynn's, and on leaving Hinkley Hall, Leicestershire, removed to Bilton Hall, Warwickshire, which had been the residence of Addison. His first letter in the *Sporting Magazine* appeared in the New Year's number of 1822, and his writings soon made the fortune of that once struggling publication.

certainly been the most successful and entertaining amongst all authors on subjects connected with the sports of the field, either before his time or contemporary with him, could only expatiate upon the chase in a general way; he never had the possession of a single hound in his life; and, consequently, could have had no experience in the craft excepting what he picked up from the observations of others. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, who produced a book some few years since, entitled "The Noble Science," was also far too general in his way of treating the subject, observing that the minutiæ, or practical parts of the knowledge of managing a pack of hounds in kennel, were only fit topics for the servant's-hall or saddle-room. An admiral might just as well say that the intricate knowledge of the rigging of a "seventy-four," or expertness in reefing main-topsails in a gale of wind, were accomplishments only worthy to be known by men before the *mast*. Depend upon it there is no employment nor amusement in the world which is worthy of being pursued by man, even ever so trivial, that will not amply repay strict examination either into the most hidden arcana, or the most humble of its departments: whatever is worth doing is worth doing well; knowledge is power; and where the scrutinising eye of the master is familiar with the objects upon which it may rest, and is capable, *through experience*, of judging of the industry or negligence of his agents, the economy of every description of establishment will be carried out to a far greater extent than under the superficial and casual observance of the votary of indolence and neglect. Where orders are given without skill, and when ignorance or

---

For about twelve years from 1830 he lived at Calais. He returned in 1843, "like," as he used to say, "the hare doubling back to die in her own country." Abridged from Preface to Life of John Mytton. —Ed.]

inattention mark the master's character, it is a tolerably certain mode of marring that of the servant, who becomes idle in proportion as he perceives his master's commands to be absurd and frivolous.

The time was when the knowledge of the discipline of the kennel was acquired with quite as keen a zest as the more exhilarating accomplishments of the field. Hound-breeding was *at that period* as scientifically pursued as sheep-breeding, and the successful perseverance of Mr. Meynell and the first Lord Yarborough will ever be deserving of the warmest gratitude from true sportsmen, for lighting up as they did what might be justly termed the *dawn of science in the chase*. But money is not so plentiful as it was in the old war times, or the science has reached the acme of its perfection, or perhaps more lucrative speculations on the turf or the gaming table are more attractive to the "sporting character"[1] of the present age; for such is the all-transforming power of cupidity, that even our national amusements, which were ever intended to be a relaxation from more important duties, are laboriously cultivated by thousands of our gentry as a soil for profitable speculation and golden fruit.

Who, I ask, is the most likely to be an ornament to the society of the aristocracy of this country—the man whose early life is passed away pent up in cities, and whose mind and taste have been weakened and vitiated

[1] I beg my readers to clearly understand that the difference between gold and iron cannot be greater than between a *sportsman* and what is termed a "*sporting character*." The first is one who pursues as a gentleman, and is an adept at all or any of our acknowledged field sports. The latter includes a vast and intricate mass of character, too numerous to be mentioned; amongst them, however, we may rank the layer of thousands against the Derby favourite, the pigeon-shot, the maker of trotting-matches, the flash dog-fighter of Whitechapel, &c. &c., not forgetting the humble linnet-fancier, or the ragged bird-catcher of the Seven Dials.

by every kind of refined luxury and excitement; or the man whose early days have tranquilly rolled on, soothed as it were by the various rural pursuits and requirements which have so pre-eminently distinguished Englishmen upon all occasions of competition?

The accomplishments of the country and the town, or even of this country and of any other, will, I affirm, bear not the slightest comparison. The greatest success may be *commanded* at the card table, in the billiard room, or with the dice-box, by a French *valet*, a *waiter*, or a *groom;* in the more aristocratic recreations of hunting, shooting, and fishing, the English gentleman alone stands unrivalled. But as, of all these delightful amusements, fox-hunting will be the only topic affording matter for the following pages, I will at once introduce my readers to the subject, humbly assuring them that they will not meet with a long and elaborate account of the natural history of dogs used in the chase, or with a tedious and philosophical treatise on the different properties of medicines used in the kennel, but merely the straightforward and plain course pursued in a hunting establishment, with the most approved methods of breeding and rearing the foxhound, and preparing that noble animal for the chase. No wild theories will be introduced, but such information as has been gleaned by the writer during his hunting career will be humbly offered for their perusal.

Mr. Beckford has designated the pursuit of hunting by the title of an art; and, although I have classed it amongst the sciences, I hope the critic will excuse my enthusiasm, as Mr. Locke, in his celebrated essay, on speaking of the operations of the mind, compares its searching after truth to hunting and hawking, the pursuit of which he says constitutes the chief pleasure. That excellent divine, Dr. Paley, was a sportsman; and although his practice was confined to the "gentle

craft" of fishing, he always spoke of sportsmen with respect; he felt the inward delight which emanated from the enjoyment of the contemplation of nature and her various pursuits—"he looked from nature up to nature's God;" but, while he acknowledged the pleasure he derived from such recreations, he was at a loss to express, or even to discover why he was thus amused, and declared "he never yet met with any sportsman who could tell him in what the sport consisted, resolve it into its principle, and state that principle."[1]

It would not be according to the natural state of our sublunary joys, if there could not be found, amongst the great mass of our fellow-creatures, some who, from a blind and bigoted enthusiasm, or, what is far oftener the case, from an innate and invidious morosity, are cynical enough in their dispositions to damnify and cry down everything in the shape of amusement and relaxation from our more serious employments. The charge of cruelty, too, has been brought, in these days of false sentimentality and refinement, against the followers of field sports; but against such malevolent attacks, and in support of the legality of fair sporting, we have the highest authority from the very earliest ages of the world even up to modern times. And we have undoubtedly a full right to exercise a dominion even unto death, so long as we do not inflict *wanton* torture, upon all those animals which the Almighty has destined for our use; whether we consider those ordained for daily food, or those which he has created to assist man in his labours, and contribute to those amusements which were, without doubt, kindly given to him to lighten the burthen of his toils which he is doomed to undergo in this life. The great Dr. Paley very justly remarks in his "Natural Theology," in

[1] Paley's Nat. Theol., p. 262.

speaking of the destruction of one class of animals by another (when they become too numerous or helpless through age), that it is not only proved to be expedient but merciful. He observes that "the pursuit of its prey forms the employment, and appears to constitute the pleasure of a considerable part of the animal creation; the using the means of defence, or flight, or precaution, forms also the business of another part."[1]

It is no less extraordinary than true, that although the votaries of the chaste Diana are much increased in numbers, as each hunting season returns with the "cloudy sky" of November; still the knowledge of hunting is most truly considered to be on the decline. The "noble science" is not cultivated as in the days of a Meynell, a Corbet, or a Warde; and although some wealthy and staunch supporters of the "good old cause" are still left in the persons of some of our first nobility, the rising representatives of our great aristocracy have, I fear, far different allurements to the field than the cultivation of that noblest of amusements. It has been often and justly remarked, that a man cannot hunt from a bad motive, and that I must allow is good in the main; and whether it be the desire to enjoy the most exhilarating of exercises, the innate fondness of "coffee-housing," the harmless recreation of exhibiting oneself in a new scarlet coat and leather breeches, or the real *amor venandi*, in the literal sense of the word, which brings so large a congregation of neighbours together as may be witnessed grouped by the side of a fox-cover on a hunting morning, it matters but little, so long as it tends to the increase of good and cordial feelings in a neighbourhood, and offers so strong an inducement to gentlemen of fortune to reside

[1] Paley's Nat. Theol., p. 253.

on their property in the country.[1] One of the greatest advantages held out in advertisements, for letting a house, is its vicinity to any celebrated hunt, or its being situated in the centre of various packs of hounds; without which many houses, in retired parts of the country, would never find tenants. The great Lord Bacon says, in his essay on building, that a house is situated "upon an ill seat" if there is in its neighbourhood "want of places at some near distance for sports of hunting, hawking, and races." The style of shooting suited to the taste of the present day has degenerated into the absurd display of the annual battue;[2] and even some of the largest and best of the English preserves, and many of the most extensive of the shootings in Scotland, are in the sweeping and avaricious hands of the London poulterers. Well, then, may we exclaim with Mr. D. Radcliffe—"that fox-hunting is the very last link of amusement which has bound country gentlemen to their homes."

---

[1] [The late Mr. Anthony Trollope wrote an amusing series of Hunting Sketches, in which he cleverly hit off the motives which prompted persons to hunt. Mr. Vyner would cordially have agreed with the sentiments contained in the chapters on "The man who hunts and doesn't like it," "The man who hunts and does like it," "The lady who rides to hounds," &c. These sketches first appeared in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* prior to 1865, in which year they were published in book form by Chapman & Hall under the title of "Hunting Sketches."—Ed.]

[2] [Shooting always has clashed, and doubtless always will clash, with fox-hunting in some districts. The history of fox-hunting in Norfolk tends to prove that several masters have had to complain of the scarcity of foxes. Mr. E. F. Studd, too, who resigned the mastership of the Exeter Division of the South Devon Hunt at the expiration of the season 1890–1, gave as one of the reasons of his retirement that so many coverts in his country were closed to him till late in the season. During the season 1890–1 upwards of a dozen hounds belonging to a pack in the eastern counties were caught in traps. The master had made an unexpected visit to the covert in question.—Ed.]

The average number of sportsmen who are seen at a "favourite fixture" in one of our crack hunting countries is about a hundred and fifty; and occasionally as many as three hundred men in scarlet may be counted, and which I have myself witnessed, in "Squire Osbaldeston's" palmy days at Misterton. And when the royal stag-hounds were taken into the New Forest in 1836, the number of sportsmen who daily attended them might be computed at about three thousand, of all ranks and denominations.[1] At a "woodland meet" in one of the "provincials," the number is usually about thirty or forty; and although, in the motley crowd, numbers of men of rank and fortune may be found to give two or three hundred guineas for a horse (an extra fifty being demanded if qualified for a steeple-chase or hunters' sweepstakes), yet it would be next to an impossibility to discover one single person who could be prevailed upon to take the management of a pack of fox-hounds, or to contribute more than the price of a cover-hack towards the support of them. The present system of living two-thirds of the year in London, or in a foreign land, that most insinuating and undermining vice of gaming, and the meretricious luxuries of the Continent, have far greater charms to the young man of fortune than the quiet and peaceful retreat of an old family mansion-house

[1] [In "Æsop's" Sporting Reminiscences of Hampshire it appears that the Royal Staghounds, under the mastership of the Earl of Errol, met at Lyndhurst on the 17th of April 1836, when "at least 2000 people were present." From another source I learn that the following masters of hounds were out on that occasion: Lord Errol (master of the Royal pack), Duke of Beaufort, Hon. J. Craven, Hon. F. Morton (afterwards Lord Gifford), Sir John Cope, Mr. Coddrington, Mr. Drax, Mr. R. Errington, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hankey, Mr. Horlock, Mr. King, Mr. Nicholl, Lord Portman, Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. Tatchell, Mr. Villebois, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Yeatman.—Ed.]

in the country. The love of the chase vanishes at the approach of the swallow; and no more is thought of the hound or the horse, until, by the hard rains of autumn, the ground is rendered sufficiently saturated for hard riding—an accomplishment which is now considered the only requisite knowledge in hunting for the modern sportsman. These causes—together with the high pitch to which political feeling is now carried in England—render it next to an impossibility for any one person to have sufficient influence to prevail upon his pheasant-feeding neighbours to allow the foxes to be preserved.

In speaking of riding to hounds being the only desideratum amongst the fox-hunters of the present day, a "Senior Sportsman" has justly observed—"That at a time when such numbers of men are mad about fox-hunting, I am surprised that so few gentlemen have learnt to enjoy it rationally. The fashion of the present day is hard riding;[1] and at night, over the convivial board, their only pleasure seems to be in relating the exploits or disasters of their own or their friends' horses. Not a word about the best or the worst hound in the pack, or any idea ever started to

[1] [If it be not heresy to say so, Mr. Assheton Smith appears to have been one of those who hunted to ride. In "Hound and Horn; or, The Recollections of George Carter," by "T. H. G.," Carter (who lived with Mr. Smith for many years) is asked by the author of the book how the Tedworth would get on without the Squire? In reply, the old man said that he thought they would do very well if they had money enough. Speaking of Mr. Smith, he continued: "He'd plenty o' that and he *would ride*; for, you see, he were a wonderful horseman; but his ways and mine didn't always agree. *I* liked to find a fox, have an hour and a half with him or more, and then kill him if I could, and somehow or other I generally could do that; but you see, sir, Mr. Smith used to say, 'What's the good of caddling about after a fox all day?' and if he hunted one for forty minutes and didn't catch him, why, then he'd give him up and try for another; and as soon as he had tired one horse, he had another to get on, and so it didn't signify."—Ed.]

ascertain whether by system or by accident they had contrived to carry a scent for twenty miles over a country to kill a fox; and how so great an event has been achieved, few modern sportsmen can, with any degree of accuracy, relate.

Many years ago, I recollect a gentleman who kept ten horses in Leicestershire, and who had been riding near me very often in a remarkably fine run, in which two of the most beautiful and interesting things happened that I ever remember to have seen, and to whom I remarked them when the run was over. "Good God, sir," said he, "I saw nothing of it!" This was a hard rider, who, from his own account, saw nothing, while riding his horse as fast as he could go, and as near the tail of the hounds as he could possibly get. And how should he? For a man behind the hounds cannot be a judge of what is going on in front, and is the first person (by pressing on them) to bring them to a check. A good sportsman will, as often as possible, ride parallel with the pack, not after them, unless by short turns he is obliged to do otherwise, by which means, he can see everything that is going on, and anticipate the cause of hounds coming to a fault.

In the modern days of economy—sporting as well as political—a committee is generally formed to squabble about doing that which one man by himself would be ten thousand times more likely to carry into effect. The new mode of doing things by subscription is introduced; the niggardly system of curtailing and retrenchment is resorted to. And, as an instance, I recollect the Warwickshire Hunt Committee reducing the pay of the earth-stoppers, in 1830, to half what it had previously been for years. The result was what might reasonably be expected—in about half the covers there was "no find." Jealousies amongst the subscribers generally ensue, the subscriptions fall off, the

foxes are destroyed, and the establishment is generally broken up after a few seasons; the master of the pack retiring in disgust, having only half achieved what he so fondly hoped for—the possession of a pack of hounds bred under his own eye, and by his own judgment. The consequence is, that, with such prospects in view, few can be found to take so thankless a labour in hand; where neither profit nor honour are to be gained, who would be prevailed upon to waste either his time or money in conducting a scheme which is so likely to lead to disappointment and disgust? Few men of the present day have either spirit or inclination to retain their hounds after a few seasons; and when this generation has passed away, in vain will such men as the old Duke of Cleveland, Mr. Ralph Lambton, the late Mr. John Villebois, or old Squire Farquharson, be sought for amongst the sportsmen of future ages.[1]

[1] [In justice to latter-day M.F.H.'s, there can be no harm in pointing out that Sir Thomas Boughey was master of the Albrighton for twenty-one years, from 1866; Mr. Oakeley ruled the Atherstone for twenty years, resigning in 1890; Lord Hawke was master of the Badsworth from 1826 to 1869; and Mr. John Hargreaves kept the South Berks from 1865 to 1887. Mr. John Crosier has been master of the Blencathra since 1840, a period of fifty-one years (1891); Mr. George Lane Fox succeeded Lord Harewood as master of the Bramham Moor in 1849; Squire Trelawney hunted the Dartmoor for thirty-four years, giving up in 1874; Mr. Garth first took his country in 1852; Mr. A. Brassey has had the Heythop since 1873; the Holderness country was held for thirty seasons by Mr. J. Hall, whose mastership was only cut short by his death in 1877; the Hon. R. Nevill has been connected with the fortunes of the West Kent for twenty-one years, with only a slight break; and Mr. Wickstead mastered the Ludlow from 1866 to 1886. The still living Mr. J. C. Thackwell was at the head of the Ledbury from 1849 to 1868; Mr. Cookson and his son have had the Morpeth since it became a separate country in 1854; Mr. Robert Arkwright was master of the Oakley, 1852 to 1885; Lord Macclesfield ruled the South Oxfordshire for nearly thirty years, resigning to Mr. Morrell in 1884; and the late Mr. W. R. H. Powell hunted his own pack from January 1839 till his death in 1889.—Ed.]

In these haste-making days of steam-engine velocity, fox-hunting is deemed a bore and too slow amongst the young-'uns, especially if much of the morning is taken up in drawing before a fox is found. The excitement of steeple-chasing—rendered more piquant by a stake of money being attached to it—is substituted; or the cruel and cocktail practice of turning out *tame stags* to gallop after—an amusement which is mis-called stag-hunting—is substituted for the legitimate chase.[1]

To return once again to the subject of committees, which I before spoke of, and which are now becoming so general. I have been borne out in my opinion by that of many masters of hounds, whom I could name, and who all agree that they are more frequently than otherwise (excepting as regards the finding, the "sine qua non") a sad nuisance to the masters themselves; and from the ignorance and conceit of many committee-men—who are too often elected on account of the length

[1] [I would respectfully venture to protest, in the first place, against the allegation that there is more cruelty in stag-hunting than in any other hunting; and, secondly, against the use of the word "tame" as applied to the carted deer. It is quite the exception for the deer to be touched by the hounds, the runs generally ending by the deer taking refuge in some building before the hounds come up, or else by the deer "soiling," *i.e.*, going into water. Why it should be more cruel to spare a deer's life than to take it is not quite clear. Then the deer are not tame; confined they are, but not tame; and in properly conducted establishments every precaution is taken that they may see no one except their attendant. No attempt is made to place hunting the carted deer on a par with fox-hunting as a sport; I would merely protest, in justice to the gentlemen who are and have been at the head of stag-hunting establishments, against charges based on no foundation whatever, but which are recklessly hurled against the supporters of stag-hunting. It is true deer are sometimes mobbed; so are foxes; while the latter are often kept in artificial drains, and liberated on the approach of the hounds.—Ed.]

of their purses, from the vulgar and rich parvenus of the neighbourhood—owners of fox-hounds feel an irresistible jealousy at their interference. The following ludicrous anecdote, and truly characteristic of the man, is related of Mr. Nicoll, when that gentleman hunted the New Forest. The first day his hounds hunted that country, and before he could possibly have become acquainted with one-half of the usual attendants upon the New Forest foxhounds, when experiencing a run across the forest, after begging and beseeching to no purpose to several hard-riders, who were wantonly pressing upon the pack, he let out at them in rather unmeasured terms, to the utter astonishment of one unfortunate wight, who claimed the privilege of exhibiting himself upon the plea of being a committee-man, and expressed his surprise at Mr. N. for using such dreadful language to one of his consequence. "The committee be d——d," said Mr. Nicoll; "*you* are not worth damning singly, so I'll d——n you all in a lump!"[1]

In the earliest accounts of history, the amusement of hunting has been recorded as forming one of the chief employments of man; and even at the present day there is no country where the chase is not a favourite pursuit. The enormous expense which some monarchs have gone to for the purpose of enjoying one day's grand

[1] [Mr. Nicoll had a whipper-in, Joseph Peckham by name, who was one of the Tom Moody stamp, always afflicted with a thirst; and many were the disputes master and man had concerning the quantity of beer the latter might consume in a day. One day, during cub-hunting, Mr. Nicoll came round the corner of a ride and caught Peckham, instead of giving his attention to his duties, standing on his saddle, engaged in filling his pockets with cob-nuts. The opportunity was too good to be lost. His servant was at a disadvantage, and the irate master laid about him with his whip to such effect that Peckham went in haste to the nearest magistrate, before whom he laid his grievance, and an information.—Ed.]

pageant in the chase would hardly credit belief; but the exhibition of those days consisted in merely driving together an immense herd of deer and other animals, and slaughtering them in heaps without discrimination. To England alone we must look for that most manly of all recreations—the chase of the fox. Even in the sister gem of the ocean, where Irishmen are proverbial for their hard-riding and attachment to the sport, the baneful effects of misgovernment seem to threaten it with annihilation. It is not a long time since the Marquis of Waterford—acknowledged as one of the wealthiest and most liberal noblemen of the land—was compelled to relinquish the country he was hunting, in the county of Tipperary, on account of the numerous demoniacal attempts, not only to poison his lordship's hounds twice, but even to destroy by incendiarism the stables occupied by the horses of the hunt. No cause could be attributed for this most atrocious act but that spirit which so unhappily stalks abroad in that devoted land, threatening with secret death all those who may differ from the perpetrators either in politics or religion. The following account, which appeared in the Limerick paper, and was copied into many of the daily journals, will throw as much light on the subject as if I were to attempt to write a dozen pages in condemnation of this most fiendish outrage:—

"Lord Waterford has expressed his determination never to hunt the county of Tipperary again; but in order that this resolution should not impair the future operations of the club, with a truly generous and sporting feeling the noble peer has signified to the committee his intention of presenting fifty-two couples of hounds and five horses from his own stud, besides an annual subscription of £100 to the hunt. It appears that it was not one or two, but a dozen threatening letters his lordship had received about persons in his employ-

ment, which was sufficient to disgust him, even if his stabling had not been fired. A better justification of one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted a country —absenteeism—could not well be conceived; and if report spoke truly, much more had taken place, well calculated to disgust the noble marquis, and thus to deprive the country of the benefits accruing from the constant residence of a wealthy, liberal, and kind-hearted landlord."[1]

Although in many parts of the Continent the nature of the land is most favourable to hunting, being in many places an immense expanse of as fine champaign country as could be wished for, still the tastes of the inhabitants have hardly ever led them to attempt it; in fact, the enormous penalties and other annoyances attached to riding over that land which is in cultivation, although not even sown with a crop, would entirely deprive the sportsman of following his amusement with the least degree of comfort or security.[2]

The manner in which the fox is destroyed on the Continent is by the gun, or digging him with a small dog resembling our crooked-legged terriers, in Germany called dacks-hunden[3] (corrupted into taxles), or badger dogs; and although both in that part of the Continent and in France hounds are kept, they are employed in hunting the wild boar and the stag, the *coup de grace* being in most instances given by the

[1] [History repeats itself. In consequence of the opposition to hunting, the present Marquis of Waterford (1891) gave up the mastership of the Curraghmore Hounds in 1881.—Ed.]

[2] [From the *Manuel de Venerie Francaise*, by M. Le Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu, himself a master of hounds, it appears that there were, in 1890, 271 packs of hounds in France.—Ed.]

[3] [Since Mr. Vyner's time the dachshund, as he is now called, has become popular in England as a pet; but, except in a casual sort of way, he has never been used for hunting purposes. A pack of Basset hounds is kept near Brighton for hunting hares.—Ed.]

gun or spear. As I have observed, little or no hunting has ever been attempted in the real English style, excepting by some sportsmen who a few years ago established about twenty couples of hounds at St. Omers, which, under the management of Mr. Woodbridge, so well known as a first-rate performer in Essex, had very tolerable sport, and killed a great many foxes; but it was chiefly cover hunting, from the reason I before mentioned. A pack was also at one time kept by some Englishmen at or near St. Malo; as also at Pau, where Sir Henry Oxenden[1] had good sport for several seasons, frequently running wolves, but never killing these animals, which far surpass a fox in wind and endurance. In the spring of the year 1843, when the Earl of Chesterfield was at Rome, where his lordship had been spending the previous winter, he sent for fifteen or sixteen couples of draft hounds from England, and by having several sharp runs in that neighbourhood, and killing a few brace of foxes in gallant style, he quite astonished the Italians who, fond as they are of music, had never before been delighted with such harmonious melody as echoed upon that occasion through the hills and vales of that classic ground.[2]

The number of foxes shot in France is, during some seasons, very great. According to the summary published in the *Journal des Haras* for August 1837, the numbers returned as killed amounted to 14,791;

[1] [Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, an accomplished gentleman, was, as Mr. Oxenden, Master of the East Kent Hounds from 1815 to 1832. Sir Henry died at his residence, Barham, near Canterbury, on the 14th August 1889, in his ninety-fifth year.—Ed.]

[2] Fox-hunting is still kept up near Rome at the present day, under the patronage of a mixed committee of English and Italians.

[The Roman hounds were once hunted by Thomas Clarke (who died in or near Rome), formerly huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort.—Ed.]

besides wolves, old and young, 641; boars, 461.[1] When travelling in Germany, in the year 1837, the author saw amongst many other curiosities at Kranistine, which is the hunting chateau of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, in one of the rooms a very curious picture, representing a royal party enjoying the diversion of shooting wild boars and other game in a small enclosure from which it appears that the animals were enticed or driven into a small space, surrounded by a network, and at one corner was built a room, through the windows of which the sportsman was enabled to show his skill in rifle-shooting, without any inconvenience from either the wounded animals or the inclemency of the weather. This mode of diversion is now seldom or ever practised; but Mr. Bright, in his travels through Austria, informs us that so lately as 1814 a similar exhibition took place in the neighbourhood of Vienna.

In mentioning the amusements with which the court were entertained in that year, he describes one which was designated by the title of a "Royal Hunt," and says that "the monarchs and royal personages who were to be the chief actors in this tragedy, provided with fowling-pieces, placed themselves in certain stations within a large arena, which had been prepared for the purpose, several miles from the city, and was surrounded by accommodations for a large assemblage of nobility. Each of the sportsmen was attended by four pages, to assist in reloading, while yeomen armed

[1] ["Statistics show that Austria is still the finest sporting country in Europe. The number of preserves alone, not counting those in Hungary, is stated at 15,764, and on these were shot, in 1887, 32 bears, 113 wolves, 24 lynxes, 9490 stags, 60,252 roebucks, 7709 chamois, 2998 wild boars, 26,411 foxes, 9729 polecats, 1055 otters, 2672 badgers, 333 marmots, and no fewer than 1,439,134 hares."—*Evening Standard*, 18th August 1888.—Ed.]

with spears stood behind to protect them from any danger that might threaten. All being thus artfully arranged, a number of wild boars, deer, hares, and other animals of the chase, which had been before provided, were let loose in succession, and the privileged sportsmen continued to fire until the whole were destroyed or the destroyers were weary of their labour. It may excite some surprise, but I was assured by one of the spectators that, though all the monarchs were tolerable marksmen, none shot so well as the Empress of Austria, who always selected the hares as the smallest objects, and never failed to kill with a single ball. The ladies, it was said, entered with spirit into this amusement, and seemed delighted at the sufferings of a poor fox which, after being fired at till all his legs were broken, still gasped for breath."

In speaking of hunting on the Continent, I cannot prevail upon myself to dismiss the subject without giving some account of one of the most extraordinary characters as a sportsman, or rather sportswoman, that ever existed, either in this country or in any other. The person to whom I allude was the Baroness de Dracek, or Drack, as it is pronounced; she resided in an old-fashioned chateau, surrounded with woods, on the Belgian frontier of France, and about sixteen miles from the town of Calais. In the year 1839 I visited the place from curiosity; and although nothing but the history remained of this most eccentric character, save and except a few relics relative to the chase and other emblems of her darling occupation, a short sketch of what I saw will, I hope, not be found unentertaining to the generality of my readers. On approaching the grand entrance, nothing particular struck the eye excepting a kind of penthouse, which had been built up purposely to protect from the weather a large

collection of the heads of wolves killed in the chase by this modern Camilla.

Upon entering the house we passed through the rooms on the ground-floor, where still hung many of the family pictures; amongst them were several representing the Baroness in her usual hunting costume, and in the act of performing some of her most renowned exploits in the chase. The most remarkable was where she was described upon her favourite grey horse, prepared to start on a hunting expedition; her style of dress, which it must be allowed was unique, was the following:—A green coat, with a gold belt round the waist; hat with a high crown, having a small gold band round it; her hair powdered and appearing behind in rather large curls; leather breeches and boots; and seated in her saddle, of course, *à la chasseur*. In addition to all this she had the *couteau de chasse* by her side, and the figure of the wolf on the buttons of her clothes, denoting the *chef d'œuvre* of her pursuits.

Her best hunting dress, richly ornamented, cost 1200 francs; but with the exception of one button not a remnant was to be found. Behind her saddle was placed a blouse, to be resorted to in case of rain. In the dining-room I was shown the spot where this extraordinary person, stricken with apoplexy, fell in her seventy-fifth year, dying on the following day. Her grave where her remains rest is situated at no great distance from the house, in the churchyard, between two elm-trees, where, on a wooden cross, is the following inscription:—"Ici repose le corps de noble Dame Marie Cécile Charlotte de Lauretan, Baronne de Dracek. Décidée le 19 Jan., agé 75." There is a rude sketch of the family arms, which are wolves with the heads of cocks. Amongst the pictures in the house is one I forgot to mention, representing our

heroine in the act of fishing, in which she was a great adept. The kitchen was an ample apartment, and bore evident traces of the good cheer which once existed in this hospitable chateau. She always had a dinner-party after each day's hunting, which was three days a week. In the kitchen was the head of an immense stag, shot by Madame herself; he was nine years old when she killed him. A picture also represents the following remarkable fact, which I had almost forgotten to mention.

As the hounds of this lady were pursuing a ferocious boar, a woodman chanced to be in his path, and apprehensive that he might attack him, was about to aim a blow at the animal as he passed. Whether from agitation at the moment, or wishing the blow to be effectual, it is not in my power to determine, but with such force was the weapon raised, previous to its being struck, that it entered the man's head and killed him on the spot. Madame is represented riding up to him, and offering him assistance. In her bedroom upstairs was a row of saddle-rests, seven in number, on which her own saddles were kept; also six rests for her guns over the fireplace, in the use of which she was most expert; in fact, almost the last act of her life was to kill an owl with her rifle on the top of a dovecot. All her dinner-knives were mounted with stag's-horn killed by herself; and even the whistle with which she used to call her pointers was made from the tusk of a wild boar of her own killing, and which still remained amongst her trophies. Her stud of hunters consisted of eight.

She hunted all the year round, as when the stag and boar were out of season she had a pack of beagles to hunt the badger, and on other days amused herself by earthing the fox. She was fond of cockfighting, and this amusement was carried on in one of the out-

houses, where chairs were placed round, and all the neighbours who would come were made welcome. The following anecdote is told of her as very characteristic, and at the same time hard to be excelled. On her return from one of her excursions—as she went from home to hunt when game ran short—she passed through St. Omers with nine wolves' heads exposed to public view, blowing the horn herself, and thus attracting notice. So rich was her hunting-dress upon this occasion that the soldiers at the gates presented arms as she passed, mistaking her for a general officer. She was known to have killed upwards of six hundred and seventy wolves in her time, besides hundreds of deer and other game. It is singular that almost the last wolf she killed was hunted by her hounds into a village where there was a wake, or ducase, and where she shot him in the midst of the festivities.

To return to my subject. It was at the end of the seventeenth century that fox-hunting first became an amusement in England;[1] before that time the sport chiefly consisted in driving him to earth, and digging him out, or trapping him. Hunting the hare and stag are of much earlier date. We read in the

[1] [The date at which packs of hounds were first kept to hunt the fox alone is, and probably always will be, a matter of uncertainty. I have, however, been unable to discover any account of a pack established prior to the Charlton, which was subsequently called the Goodwood. In the 15th volume of the Sussex Archæological Collections there is an account of the Charlton Hunt written by Mr. T. J. Bennett, from which it appears that a Mr. Roper, a Kentish gentleman, managed a pack of hounds for the Duke of Monmouth and Earl Grey. When Monmouth tried to seize the crown hunting was temporarily suspended, as Monmouth and Mr. Roper had to leave England. On the accession of William III. Mr. Roper returned, and again took the management of the hounds. This, therefore, shows that these hounds were in existence in 1689, the year in which William III. ascended the throne. How much earlier they were established we cannot tell.—Ed.]

account of King James's journey from Edinburgh to London, in the year 1603, that "he left Newark on Friday, the twenty-third of April, and advanced towards Belvoir Castle, the splendid seat of the Earl of Rutland, hunting all the way; next morning after breakfast he set forward to Burleigh, dining by the way at the seat of Sir J. Harrington. His Majestie on the way was attended by many lords and knights, and before his coming there were prepared train-scents; and live hares in baskets being carried to the heath, made excellent sport for his Majestie, all the way betwixt Sir John Harrington's and Stamford; Sir J.'s hounds with good mouths following the game, the king taking great leisure and pleasure in the same."[1] The noble family of Manners, and the far-famed Vale of Belvoir, seem still to support their well-earned celebrity for hunting. If the royal sportsman took so "great leisure and pleasure" in the train-scents and box-hares, what would be the extent of his delight in witnessing some of the severe bursts of modern days, with the magnificent pack of the present noble possessor of Belvoir Castle,[2] from Melton Spiny

[1] Nichol's Progress.

[2] Royalty has been attracted to, and delighted by, the hounds of Belvoir, not by the cold arrangement of scent, and the hand-canter, which marked James's antique style of sport, but by the honest finding of a fox, "in Salt-Spring Wood"—the fast thing through Knipton Plantation, and the kill at Blackberry Hill! Long may this splendid pack maintain its high character! "Belvoir Castle, Jan. 5, 1842.—The hounds met at the stables this morning, which are directly underneath the lofty towers of the castle—there was an immense field. The general appointments of this far-famed pack excited the admiration of all strangers, and of none more than the Duke of Cambridge, who entered into familiar conversation with a number of veteran fox-hunters, and expressed his admiration at the condition and beauty of the horses, and the remarkably adapted character of Leicestershire as a sporting country. His royal highness rode a powerful hunter of the Duke of Rutland's, and kept a

or Clawston Thorns? What sort of a figure he would cut is quite another thing;[1] at any rate, I fear he would not be gratified with quite so much music as he was entertained with by the old-fashioned Towlers of Sir J. Harrington.[2]

Since the commencement of hunting the fox in the open, so many different descriptions of hounds have been bred for the purpose,[3] that to describe all the

---

good place throughout the day. The first fox found in Salt Spring Wood threaded Knipton Plantation, skirted the Spiny, and was killed at Blackberry Hill. The Duke of Cambridge received the brush on this his first initiation to Leicestershire fox-hunting. The second fox found at Mussen Gorse went away in gallant style to Woolsthorpe, returned in the direction of Redmile; but falling into a lock of the canal, he was taken out by the whipper-in, muzzled, and conveyed to the royal carriages for the inspection of the ladies. This concluded the day's sport, which gave infinite pleasure to all engaged therein."

[1] The reader will perceive, by the following true picture of this sporting monarch by Sir Walter Scott, the ludicrous style in which he was wont to pursue this his favourite diversion:—"A single horseman followed the chase upon a steed so thoroughly subjected to the rein that it obeyed the touch of the bridle as if it had been a mechanical impulse operating upon the nicest piece of machinery; so that, seated in his demi-pique saddle, and so trussed up there as to make falling almost impossible, the rider, without either fear or hesitation, might increase or diminish the speed at which he rode; which, even on the most animating occasions of the chase, seldom exceeded three-fourths of a gallop, the horse keeping his haunches under him, and never stretching forward beyond the managed pace of the academy. The security with which he chose to prosecute even this favourite, and in the ordinary case, somewhat dangerous amusement, as well as the rest of his equipage, marked King James."—*The Fortunes of Nigel.*

[2] King James's love of hunting gave a colouring to the contents of most of his letters. In one to his queen he calls her "*his deare littel Beagle,*" and in another to his son, in speaking of such exercises as became a prince, he says—"I can not omitt heere *the hunting*, namely, with running houndes, which is the most honourable and noblest sorte thereof."

[3] [It is much to be wished that Mr. Vyner had expressed himself

sorts, and to give a statistical account of the divers "strains of blood" which have been celebrated in their time, would be far too tedious for my readers, and quite foreign to my present purpose; the following short account of the pedigrees of some of the principal packs of the present day will suffice. The original stocks, from whence the most fashionable sorts are descended, are from the packs of the Earl of Yarborough (the family of Pelham having possessed hounds of the same breed for nearly two centuries); from that of the Earl Fitzwilliam, which may soon be entitled to celebrate their second jubilee; the Duke of Rutland's, which were bred from the packs purchased of Mr. Heron and Mr. Calcraft many years since; Mr. Osbaldeston's (purchased by Mr. Harvey Combe for two thousand guineas, and afterwards sold to Lord Southampton for the same sum), descended from the celebrated pack of Lord Monson, and Lord Vernon's, crossed with the Duke of Rutland's, and also with Lord Yarborough's; and the Duke of Beaufort's,

---

a little more definitely on this point. If the foxhound was not invented until fox-hunting came to be a distinct branch of sport, he must have attained his present form with marvellous quickness. The Brocklesby hound lists go back to 1746; Rattler, a hound of that pack entered in 1753, had "his likeness taken by the house-painter of the day," as "Cecil" tells us; while the hounds of which we have the earliest representations are exactly like the foxhounds of the present day. Yet they could not have been bred to type in a few years by any arrangement of crosses. What then was the original hound like; and when was he first crossed with other hounds so as to get the present type? On the other hand, at p. 276 of the *Sporting Magazine* for March 1827, is what purports to be a short life of Tom Grant, huntsman to the then Duke of Richmond; and, speaking of a pack the latter bought from Sir John Millar about 1757, the old huntsman is made to say, "They were different from what you can remember them. There is a picture of hounds and the people painted by Mr. Stubbs at the house, *but they were a different sort of hound.*"—Ed.]

which have been in the family for a very considerable period, and are perhaps the steadiest and best pack of hounds of their day; Lord Lonsdale's descended from Mr. Noel's, the commencement of which pack, Colonel Lowther informed the author, went back about 150 years, when they were sold by Mr. Noel to Sir W. Lowther for 1000 guineas. This celebrated pack was sold at the hammer in lots in 1842. The sort known as the old Pytchley blood, so justly celebrated when the property of the late Earl Spencer, at that time Lord Althorp, were descended in a great measure from the old Beaufort Justice, relationship to which renowned dog many of the best hounds of the present day can proudly boast. When Lord Althorp first took the Pytchley country he purchased Mr. Warde's hounds for 1000 guineas in the year 1808, which country Mr. Warde had been hunting for several seasons. The Pytchley country,[1] so much celebrated in modern days, seems to have been equally adapted to the "crafte of venerie" in ancient times, for "in the forty-third year of Edward the Third, Thomas Engain held lands in Pytchley, in the county of Northampton, by service of finding, at his own cost, certain dogs for the destruction of wolves, foxes, &c., in the counties of Northampton, Oxford, Essex, and Buckingham."[2]

There is a pack in Hampshire, rather low in stature, but possessing great power, called the Vine Hounds;[3] they have now been under the management of Mr. Fellowes, a relation of Lord Portsmouth, for many years; they were originally bred from drafts of the old

[1] [A most interesting account of "The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present," was written in 1888 (Sampson, Low & Co.), by the late Mr. H. O. Nethercote.—Ed.]

[2] From Blunt's ancient tenures.

[3] These remarks refer to the original Vine Pack, not the present.

Egremont blood,[1] by the late Mr. Chute[2] of the Vine[3] (the hunt taking its nomenclature from that place); they have been much crossed by stud hounds from the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr Assheton Smith's kennels; still there is a great deal of the original character of the old foxhound of days gone by, which is visible in no other established pack—an inclination to be rough, and as it is termed, sour, about their muzzles and chaps. I saw them in the season of 1834, both in the kennel and in the field, and was much struck with their appearance and the excellence of their work; they were most remarkably steady from all descriptions of riot, quick and yet patient, very determined, and altogether particularly calculated for the sort of country they hunted—a cold, flinty, and cheerless tract, with immense woodlands. When I say that the Vine hounds look rough in their faces, I beg to be understood that I am not describing that rough, vulgar-looking animal so constantly seen in every village in Wales; for although the hard and ferocious character of the foxhound is stamped on them, a better-shaped, more powerful and truly sporting pack does not exist in the world.[4] They are remarkably clear in their throats,

[1] [Lord Egremont gave his hounds to the Duke of Richmond about the beginning of the century.—Ed.]

[2] [Mr. Chute left hare for fox in 1791; and it has often been asserted that, on his death, which took place in the 68th year of his age, in 1824, he left a sum of £300 per annum to the hunt, so long as it should be called the Vine. This, however, has been officially contradicted. Mr. Chute wore a pigtail, one of the last in England probably, and clung to it as long as he could; but at last, on his barber telling him that six hairs only connected it with "the mainland," he consented to the fatal snip being given.—Ed.]

[3] Over Mr. Chute's kennel door were these words—"*Multum in parvo.*"

[4] Mr. Muster's last pack were chiefly descended from the Vine; *e.g.*, Voucher, Broker, Lionel, &c.

and strikingly level. Hounds bred in a high-scenting country, accustomed to be ridden over and pressed upon every day they go out, become much wilder than those which are left more to themselves; and this practice being continued from one generation to another, engenders in them a second nature.[1]

It has ever been my confirmed opinion that those hounds which dwell too much, and seem too fond of a scent, are not gifted with a greater power of smelling than others which are always trying to get forward and work the line of a fox as expeditiously as they can, but rather the reverse. I hate and detest a slow, plodding, scent-loving foxhound; as long as hounds have no real vice in them, give me those that make haste, and try to drive a fox to death, working his line all the way, without *flashing*, but flinging at the head, and feeling their way as they go, and trying to turn (if the horsemen will keep off them) as short as the fox may have done before them. How few of the common run of sportsmen can distinguish the difference between *flashing* and *flinging*, driving and skirting, being free with their tongues and noisy; between working the line as a foxhound ought to do, and bow-wowing on a scent in the middle of a ploughed field, where he keeps on telling you twenty times that the fox has been there, instead of flinging forward and trying to work out the line.

I am not wishing to prove that hounds can work without scent; but the longer they wait the farther their game gets from them, and consequently the

[1] [When Mr. Coupland took the Quorn in 1870, he bought, after his first season, the hounds which had been hunting the cold-scenting Craven country. In their new sphere it took them some time to become accustomed to the rush of a Leicestershire field after the quieter hunting of Berkshire. The late James Macbride, afterwards with Mr. Corbet in South Cheshire, was huntsman to Mr. Coupland.—Ed.]

colder the scent becomes. All hounds, the quick as well as the slow, by good huntsmanship in cub-hunting may be educated to work the line and turn quick with a sinking fox. There is an old saying, "One black sheep spoils the flock;" so would a white one, if he were as big again as the others, and twice as handsome. So does a very big apple or bunch of grapes of twice the magnitude of the rest of the basket spoil the look of its smaller companions, when sent as a well-intended compliment to some esteemed lady.

When I first began keeping hounds, of course they were not quite perfection. I had one hound which had not the slightest vice belonging to him in any way; he was true to the line, had plenty of tongue, and was perfectly steady. He came in a draft from the Belvoir kennel when a puppy: even with half a scent he would always try to be first; and although he never skirted one yard, he was frequently one or two fields ahead in chase, not from superiority in speed, for the rest could run as fast as he could, but from a superabundance of real foxhound dash. I consulted my old *friend and tutor* about keeping him; and his answer was, "Breed from him by all means; and when you are sick of him send him to me, for he is a rare bred one, being by the Duke of Rutland's Contest," which I did.

When in the study of animals we consider nothing but their organic structure, we often fail to ascertain a sufficient cause for their peculiar modes of action, and for the way in which they perform the various parts assigned to them in life. The organisation of all dogs is very nearly the same, yet their destination is far from similar; the lot of one is cast in the thickest woodlands, while the life of the other is spent in an open country, the powers of speed being much oftener put to the test than the more refined organ of the

nose. A difference in the powers and the dispositions of animals must arise from the force of education, as well as from the force of reproduction. It is an old and trite saying, but nevertheless true, that "like begets like," and in no instance is it more applicable than in the breeding of hounds: if the vices or even colours fail to show themselves in the first, they are frequently perceptible in three, or even four, generations after; still by degrees their natures become changed, and after a certain number of years, under the management of a judicious breeder, the pack which was characterised by its impetuosity, wildness, and skirting, becomes no less celebrated for its capabilities in hunting and its steadiness in work.

We might go one step further, and even say that the organic structure of animals might be changed. In the natural history of the dog it has been stated that all that tribe descended from the shepherd's dog; and that, from various causes after their removal to other countries, they became, some greyhounds, some mastiffs, some spaniels, &c. Many of the foxhounds of the present day resemble greyhounds much more than what they are called, not only in their speed and actions, but also in their appearance; and I see no reason why, with the increase of their speed and their similarity of shape to that animal, they should not also become, like him, deficient in the powers of smelling. Baron Cuvier, in his "Régne Animal," gives the following reason for the greyhound being less gifted with the powers of smelling than other dogs with larger and broader heads. In speaking of their long noses and flat foreheads, he says, "The flatness of the forehead is produced by the obliteration of the frontal sinuses from those cavities which are formed at the base of the nose, which being immediately connected with the nasal cavities, and covered with the

same membranes as they are, increase the sense of smelling; this is generally accompanied with an extraordinary slenderness and length of the legs, as well as a great contraction of the abdomen—phenomena which, although not explained, are without exception."

Although a small head may be considered by some as a mark of beauty in a foxhound, large-headed hounds are in nowise inferior;[1] and as a proof of this I must be allowed to relate an anecdote upon the subject. A draft hound, named Glider, many years since, went from Lord Fitzwilliam's to Lord Foley's kennel, upon which occasion Will Deane, his lordship's huntsman, remarked that he could not guess at his lordship's dislike to Glider, which was the best blood in the country, being by Mr. Meynell's Glider, out of Lord Fitzwilliam's Blossom, unless it was the size of his head; but he begged leave to say that, although it was a trifle out of proportion, there was a wonderful deal of mischief to the foxes contained in it. And so it turned out; Glider proved himself an excellent worker, and afterwards became a favourite stud-hound in the kennel of his new master.

As I have before observed, it was at the commencement of the career of the "great Meynell" that the "dawn of science" began to cast its rays upon that system, out of which has grown the modern style of fox-hunting; he was, as an old sportsman and excellent judge of hunting[2] (now no more) has justly remarked, "without doubt the most successful master

---

[1] [A story is told that, on some one asking Mr. Warde why he liked hounds with such big heads, the M.F.H. replied that his hounds' heads were certainly large; but size had its advantages, for when they put their noses down they could not get them up again.—Ed.]

[2] The late J. Hawkes, Esq. [who wrote a book called the "Meynellian Science."—Ed.]

of hounds of his time, producing the steadiest, wisest, best, and handsomest pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. His object in breeding hounds was to combine strength with beauty, and steadiness with high mettle. His idea of perfection of shape was short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, compact feet, as the greatest and first consideration in form; the first qualities he considered were fine noses and stout running powers. In the spring of the year he broke in his hounds at hare, to find out their propensities, which, when at all flagrant, they early discovered, and he drafted them according to their defects; after hare-hunting they were, during the remaining part of summer, walked daily amongst riot. When the hunting season commenced his hounds were hunted in the woodlands, amidst abundance of foxes, for two months. In the month of November the pack were carefully divided into the old and young pack; the old pack consisted of three-year-olds and upwards, and no two-year-olds were admitted except a very high opinion was entertained of their virtues and abilities. The young hounds were hunted twice a week as much in woodlands as possible, and in the most unpopular covers; the young pack had always a few couples of steady old hounds with them. The old pack hunted the best country; when any bad faults were discovered, they were immediately drafted for fear of contamination. Skirting, overrunning the scent, and babbling, were considered the greatest faults; perfection consisted of true guiders in hard running, and close patient hunters on a cold scent, together with stoutness. Mr. Meynell's hounds were criticised by himself and his friends in the most minute manner; every hound had his peculiar talents, and was sure to have a fair opportunity of displaying them; some had the peculiar faculty of finding a fox, which they would do almost

invariably, notwithstanding twenty or thirty couple were out in the same cover; some had the propensity to hunt the doubles and short turns; some were inclined to be hard runners; some had the remarkable faculty of hunting the drag of a fox, which they would do very late in the day; and sometimes the hardest runners were also the best hunters, and fortunate was the year when such excellences prevailed. Mr. Meynell prided himself on the steadiness and the docility of his hounds, and their hunting through sheep and hares, which they did in a very surprising manner. He seldom or never attempted to lift his hounds through sheep; and, from habit and the great flocks the hounds were accustomed to, they carried on the scent most correctly and expeditiously, much sooner than any lifting could accomplish. Mr. Meynell was not fond of casting hounds; when once they were laid upon the line of scent he left it to them; he only encouraged them to take pains, and kept aloof, so that the steam of the horses could not interfere with the scent.[1]

When a fox was found in a gorse cover, very little noise or encouragement was made: and when he went away, as soon as the hounds were apprised

[1] [During the time that Mr. A. W. Hall was master of the Heythrop he used to hunt the bitch pack himself two days a week. About 1869 he became convinced of the merits of the "silent system," as it was called. No holloas were permitted, and the hounds were left to work out the line for themselves; it was only when they failed to make anything of it that Mr. Hall came to their aid. The huntsman who hunted on the remaining days was Stephen Goodall, whose style was more like that of Jem Hills's, who had hunted the pack up to a few years previously. Goodall would cast on a long way ahead, and gallop on with his hounds if he got a holloa. Mr. Hall, however, had excellent sport under his "silent system," which some of the younger bloods were at first opposed to.—Ed.]

of it, they did not go headlong after, but commenced very quietly, settled and collected together gradually, mending their pace and accumulating their force as they went along, completing what was emphatically termed a terrible burst. When his hounds came to a check, every encouragement was given them to recover the scent, without the huntsman getting amongst them or whippers-in driving them about, which is the common practice of most packs. The hounds were halloed back to the place where they brought the scent, and encouraged to try round in their own way, which they generally did successfully, avoiding the time lost in the mistaken practice of casting the hounds at the heels of the huntsman. When the hounds were cast, it was in two or three lots, by Mr. Meynell, his huntsman, and whipper-in, and not driven together in a body like a flock of sheep. They were allowed to spread and use their own sagacity at a very gentle pace, and not hurried about in a blustering manner, but patiently.

It was Mr. Meynell's opinion that a great noise and scolding of hounds made them wild; correcting them in a quiet way was the most judicious method; whippers-in should turn hounds quietly, and not call after them in a noisy, disagreeable manner. When hounds are going to the cry they should be encouraged in a pleasant way, and not driven and rated as if discord was a necessary ingredient in the sport and music of a fine cry of hounds. Whippers-in are too apt to think their own importance and consequence consists in shouting, hallooing, and unnecessary activity; when hounds can hear the cry they get together sooner than any whipper-in can drive them. If any hound should be conceited and disinclined to go to the cry, he should be immediately drafted. Should there be only one fox in cover, and two or

three hounds get away with him while the body of the pack are hunting the line behind, some judicious sportsman should ride to them, and view-halloo for the rest of the pack to join them; it is the most certain way to insure a run, and the hounds will very speedily get together if properly treated.[1] If there are many foxes in cover, and one should go away, and the hounds are running in various parts, you may, if a favourable opportunity presents itself, try to halloo the pack away; but do not attempt it without such favourable circumstances, as a good rummaging in cover will do the hounds service.[2]

When a fox dwells in cover, and will not go away, the best plan is to leave him and not kill him—another day he will perhaps afford a good run. Blood was a thing Mr. Meynell was more indifferent about than most owners of hounds. The wildest packs of hounds were known to kill the most foxes in cover, but very seldom showed good runs over an open country. Hounds chopping foxes in cover is more a vice than a proof of their being good cover hounds. Murdering foxes is a most absurd prodigality.[3] Seasoned foxes are as necessary to sport as experienced hounds. To obtain a good run your

[1] [Huntsmen are not all agreed upon this point. Some say wait for at least the majority of the pack before you go away after the fox. Others say no; and the Duke of Beaufort explains, in the Hunting volume of the Badminton Library, that if hounds get to know the huntsmen will wait for them, they will not hurry out of covert; whereas when they have been left behind once or twice they will learn to come on quickly.—Ed.]

[2] [It has been said by huntsmen that a fox usually leaves a better scent behind him when he has been run hard in covert for ten minutes or so, than when he slips away without having been hunted.—Ed.]

[3] [It is said that in Lord Middleton's country, in which foxes are very numerous, seven brace had been killed by the 2nd September in the present year, 1891.—Ed.]

hounds should not only have good abilities, but they should be experienced and well acquainted with each other: to guide a scent well over a country for a length of time, and through all the difficulties usually encountered, requires the best and most experienced abilities; a faulty hound or injudicious rider, by one injudicious step may defeat the most promising run. Gentlemen, and every person who makes hunting his pursuit, should learn to ride judiciously to hounds; it is a contemplative amusement, and much good diversion might be promoted by a few regular precautions.

The principal thing to attend to is not to ride too near the hounds, and always as much as possible to anticipate a check; by which means the leading men will pull their horses up in time, and afford the hounds a fair opportunity to keep the line of scent unbroken. Sheep, cattle, teams at plough, and arable land are all causes of checks; thoughtless sportsmen are apt to press too much on hounds, particularly down a road. Every one should consider that every check operates against the hounds, and that scent is of a fleeting nature, soon lost, never again to be recovered. Mr. Meynell's hounds had more good runs than any other pack of his day. Two very extraordinary ones happened of a very rare description: one was a run of one hour and twenty minutes, without a check, and they killed their fox; the other was two hours and fifty minutes, without a cast, and killed. The hounds in the first run kept well together, and only two horses performed it; the rest of the field were unequal to its fleetness. The other run alluded to was performed by the whole of the pack, and, though all were up at the death, two or three slackened in their pace just at the last; one horse only went the whole of it. Mr. Meynell's natural taste led him to admire large hounds, but his experience convinced him that small ones were

generally the stoutest, soundest, and in every respect the most executive. Various are the attentions necessary to manage a pack of hounds, and quite sufficient to engage the occupation of an active man's mind.

Should the master of the hounds have other important concerns to call his attention off, sensible and confidential agents and servants should be chosen in every department. Fox-hunting is a manly and fine exercise, affording health to the body, and matter and food for a contemplative mind; in no situation are the faculties of man more displayed; fortitude, good sense, and collectiveness of mind have a wide field for exercise; and a sensible sportsman would be a respectable character in any situation of life. The field is a most agreeable coffee-house; and there is more real society to be met with there than in any other situation in life; it links all classes together, from the peer to the peasant; it is the Englishman's peculiar privilege; it is not to be found in any other part of the globe but in England's true land of liberty, and may it flourish to the end of time![1]

So much for "the Meynellian science," or fox-hunting upon system; and although, without doubt, hounds, and horses too, go a bit faster than they did in those days, still the system is good in the main. There are some features in it proved to have been founded on error, all of which I shall speak of in their proper places; others hold good to the present day; however, I shall give them all a turn in the course of my progress through the work.

If a person wishes to become possessed of a pack of hounds, no doubt, as has been advised by Mr. Beck-

[1] [About two years ago a foreign gentleman who had come to England to hunt, wrote to the *Field* to complain that in the course of a season he made no friends, and was not asked out to any one's house.—Ed.]

ford, Colonel Cook,[1] and other writers on the subject, the most approved plan is to purchase one which has been some years established; by these means he will be able to command a greater share of success from the commencement of his career than by going through the whole routine and drudgery of making a pack from drafts, of the anxiety and trouble of which undertaking no one can have an idea, unless he may himself have been a labourer in that vineyard. To those upon whom the fickle goddess has less liberally showered her benefits, the more laborious path must be pursued; which, nevertheless, in the end is far from satisfactory to a real and zealous sportsman. I have heard it remarked by several most excellent judges of hunting, and amongst them by the late Mr. J. Villebois, and also by Mr. Osbaldeston, who was a certainly a most successful breeder of hounds in his day, that no man

---

[1] [Colonel Cook, son of a wealthy and influential merchant, was born in 1773 at Christchurch, Hants. In early life he lived between Wareham and Poole, and kept harriers. Making his *debut* as Master of Foxhounds about the year 1800, he hunted the Thurlow country in Suffolk and Cambridgeshire for seven or eight seasons; and then, finding both foxes and subscriptions very short, removed to Pilgrim Hatch, near Brentwood, Essex, and hunted a country which extended from Whitchapel church to Hempstead, nearly fifty miles. In 1826 he published "Observations on Fox-hunting," having by this time given up his wide Essex country in consequence of the expenses attending an increasing family. After quitting Essex Colonel Cook hunted for a few seasons a limited country round Birmingham. As he suffered from cancer in the tongue, he went to Rouen and put himself under the care of a specialist; and, in 1828, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Nicoll, who, then master of the New Forest, had to leave through illness, he went down to Hants, and suffering as he was, managed the hounds and hunted them for the rest of the season. Colonel Cook said of himself that he was "fairly hunted down and run to ground by a damned hungry, incurable cancer under the tongue." He died practically of starvation at Rouen in 1829, at the age of 56.—Ed.]

could breed a pack of hounds from drafts under eight years; and if he even succeeded in forming a good one in so short a time he would be considered a most fortunate person. In speaking of draft hounds, the reader must understand that there are two sorts, the one comprising those which are drafted annually from established kennels, consisting, generally speaking, of those which are nearly worn out,[1] such as begin to show vice in their work, and such of the puppies as are too large or too small, or, in fact, are what may be considered inferior to the lot which are "put forward" by the owner of the pack. The other description includes those hounds which may be purchased from gentlemen who are either reducing their hunting establishments, or who are forming one pack from two or three of which they may have lately become possessed. The first are almost invariably the perquisite of the huntsman or first man in the kennel, the usual price being three guineas per couple; the proceeds arising from the sale of the second description more frequently find their way into the master's pocket; the price, of course, is higher, varying from five to fifteen and twenty guineas per couple; drafts from Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated pack, in 1830, fetched twenty-five guineas per couple—that is, twenty-five worst couples out of seventy-five couples brought at his sale at Brixworth £625, a sum at that time quite unprecedented for such hounds. But the most remarkable sale of hounds ever known took place at Hyde Park Corner in 1842. The lots sold were thirteen in number, making 127 hounds, exclusive of whelps; their produce was 6,511

[1] In some countries hounds are worn out much sooner than in others; in Hampshire, Berkshire, and part of Wiltshire, owing to the immense beds of flints which the pack are continually traversing, their feet are not unfrequently quite spoilt and worn out after three or four seasons' work.

guineas, or upwards of £100 per couple. The pack that realised this enormous sum was Mr. Osbaldeston's old pack, which had been sold conditionally some years previously to Mr. Harvey Combe: upon Mr. Combe's relinquishing the old Berkeley country, where these hounds had been hunting, they went to Tattersall's, to be sold by auction. Report says it was a fictitious sale. Whether it was or not, it gave employment to the "gentlemen of the long robe," there being some previous agreement between Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Combe relative to the price the hounds *might ever fetch*, if sold at the time when Mr. Combe chose to part with them. The late Mr. Ralph Lambton's hounds were sold to Lord Suffield, in 1838, for the enormous sum of 3000 guineas; but that pack which were ever supposed to have fetched the highest *bonâ fide* price were Mr. Foljambe's, which were sold by auction by Mr. Tattersall on April 4th, 1845, and produced, for the old hounds, 2,926 guineas, and for the unentered 238 guineas; total, 3,164 guineas.

In connection with the history of Mr. Foljambe's hounds the following letter addressed to Mr. Vyner is of interest:—

"Osberton, *April* 11, 1841.

"My dear Sir,—In answer to your inquiries about the descent of my hounds, I beg to inform you that I purchased the pack of Richard, sixth Earl of Scarbrough, in 1822, when, by reason of his advancing years and infirmities, he found himself no longer able to devote his attention to the management of his hounds. At the time of the transfer of the pack to me they were kept at Sandbeck Park, and hunted the same country that is now in my occupation: but previous to Lord Scarbrough's succeeding to his title he had, as Mr. Lumley Savile, kept his hounds at Rufford Abbey, in Notts, and hunted what is called

the Rufford country, which lays to the south, and immediately joins this. But upon the death of his elder brother (the fifth Earl) he was obliged to give up Rufford and its accompanying estates to his next brother, the Honourable and Reverend John Lumley, and withdrew his pack to Sandbeck, having, previously to 1811, kept his hounds at Rufford many years; and I believe the pack were previously in possession both of his father and of Sir George Savile (his maternal uncle). Upon Richard Lord Scarbrough removing his pack to Sandbeck, the successor to Rufford (his next brother above-mentioned) established a pack at Rufford, which he also continued both as the Honourable and Reverend John Lumley Savile, and *afterwards* as seventh *Earl Scarbrough*, when it was decided by law that *he* had a right to keep possession of the Savile estates (contrary to the express intention of the will of his maternal uncle, the late Sir George Savile). Upon the decease of the said John, the seventh Earl, in 1835, his hounds were kept successively by Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Galway, and were sold by the latter to Sir Matthew W. Ridley, in 1837. I have been obliged to enter into these particulars to prevent the confusion which might naturally arise from the circumstance of there having been two Lord Scarbroughs and two Mr. Lumley Saviles, who respectively and separately kept two distinct packs in *adjoining* counties. I believe the pack I now possess were originally bred more from the old Monson pack,[1] and are in consequence, at this time, more closely and fully related to Mr. Osbaldeston's than any pack of hounds

[1] [The third Lord Monson, born in 1753, hunted what is now the Burton country till his death in 1806. He hunted the country for about twenty years, and was succeeded by his son. Mr. Osbaldeston gave 800 guineas for the pack on taking the Burton in 1810.—Ed.]

in England, a relationship which I think so highly of that I have returned to the Osbaldeston kennel, and crossed deeply with them during the last ten years, both with Ranter, and through the Duke of Rutland's kennel with the Chorister sort. Ranter, by the way, is as much of the Duke's blood as Osbaldeston's, being a son of Furrier, who was bred at Belvoir.—Believe me, yours truly,

O. S. FOLJAMBE.

"To ROBERT T. VYNER, Esq.,
17 North Audley Street, London."

It is generally presumed that the more money a man gives the better article he has a right to expect for his money; and the attempt to form a pack from the mere refuse of other kennels will be found to be not only a most tedious undertaking, but in the end by far the most expensive, as so many must be purchased before a sufficient number can be collected to work together in anything like a hunting style, that the task would be endless. The usual draft of old hounds from the best of kennels are generally nearly worn out; and, although they may be extremely useful to enter the young ones with, their services can only be looked for during one season. Occasionally hounds of the first, second, and third season are amongst the draft; these, I fear, may be considered invariably to be drafted either for vice, lameness, or weakness of constitution; sometimes those put away for lameness in the stifle-joint or knees may become sound after a summer's rest, and turn out a valuable acquisition; or an invalid may recover after being removed to another and more healthy kennel. If the second description of drafts be collected, the chances are that the purchaser has *very nearly* as good a pack by the second or third season (though, perhaps, not quite so handsome and

level to the eye) as the person's from whom they are obtained.[1]

New masters of hounds are very frequently young men, whose knowledge in the secrets and mysteries of the kennel is in the perspective; their great ambition seems to be to be able to boast of beauty alone, without considering the more important qualities. A well-matched and level pack are certainly a most agreeable and beautiful object, and truly worthy of admiration; but if in chase they tail and are unable to run together, they are, in my opinion, very inferior in both appearance and value to those which carry a good head, without skirting or tailing, even if they are not quite so equal in size. I have seen numbers of hounds of all ages, in whose shape and make the most scrutinising and fastidious judge might in vain seek for a fault, and which were the very *beau ideal* of speed and stoutness; yet totally unable to "go the pace," or even to last out on a severe hunting day without tiring: nevertheless, there is, no doubt, a good reason for it, which is beyond the knowledge of man to discover. That pack of hounds has always been considered the best by good judges which carries the best head, and can guide a scent over a country for a great distance in the shortest time, making their own turns without *flashing* and deviating from the line. Now, what is it which enables such hounds to acquit themselves so much to the

[1] [Whatever may have been the case in Mr. Vyner's time, it is suggested that the young drafts from good kennels are of infinite service to many packs. In countries wherein walks are plentiful, and the master has money to spend, as many puppies as possible are bred. If fortune favours them, more come in from walk than are required to maintain the strength of the kennel; and some of these are drafted; and the drafts from establishments noted for the excellence of their hounds are by no means to be despised. Whether they suit the pack to which they go in point of size and pace is another matter.—Ed.]

admiration of the sportsman? Why, it is nothing else but a superiority of nose. There can be no doubt that some hounds are possessed by nature of a finer sense of smell than others; but it is a gift which, if not absolutely to be acquired, is able to be cultivated; and a skilful, patient, and judicious huntsman may improve that faculty in a pack to an incredible extent by *invariably*—especially in the earlier part of the season, when difficulties greater and more frequent are to be met with—allowing them to trust solely to their own exertions to get through a run, than by constantly indulging them with assistance upon the occurrence of every difficulty.

The chief reasons for which hounds are drafted from packs which may be considered to be established, are —besides from their size not matching with others— lameness, and having delicate constitutions, or being subject to fits; their being wide or skirters, mute, noisy—that is, either speaking where a fox has never been, or throwing their tongues before they are on the line of a fox, when going from any point to join the leading hounds, forcing or driving at check without a scent from jealousy, being incurable hare-hunters, and hanging or tying on the scent. As soon as a huntsman perceives a culprit to be guilty of any of the above vices, he should without hesitation draft him before the rest become contaminated by such evil examples. No vicious habits are sooner acquired from others than skirting, being noisy, or tying on the scent.[1] A mute hound, particularly in woodlands, is more likely than not to spoil the day's sport every time when he is taken out, and one that tires is a disgrace to his

[1] It is, in the author's opinion, a very great mistake to suppose that a hound which seems too fond of a scent, and is slow and plodding in working the line, is gifted with a finer nose than faster hounds, but rather the reverse.

possessor. Some take to hanging in cover; the sooner they are hanged out of cover the better it will be for their owners. And when hounds through age become conceited, or too lazy to join the cry of their comrades, it is high time that such impediments to sport should be removed from the pack.

In speaking of mute hounds,[1] I must observe that, some few years ago, it was the fashion to breed them with as little tongue as possible, pace being the only desideratum; as it was the opinion of some wild masters of hounds that those horsemen who could not ride up to the hounds had no occasion to hear them. But experience has convinced all breeders of foxhounds that those which have the best noses are generally the freest with their tongues; and that they may be bred to "go the pace" without losing their powers of scenting, or freely joining in the cry.

It is not unfrequently the case that young hounds, which distinguish themselves very much at the commencement of their career, turn out ungovernably vicious in after-life, if they have been worked down through the early part of the season, and so kept on at it "working double tides" as the only means of keeping them in subjection; and if they have naturally any of the rogue in their compositions they will be almost certain to show it as the spring comes on. On that account, I would never take out young hounds that were worth keeping on after the March winds set in, if they were at all fond of hare, or inclined to be unsteady; and some of the very best blood in the world—I don't care what kennels they may be bred at—will show, in spite of every precaution, a few little peculiarities with regard to wildness during their

---

1 [It is said that hounds exported to hot climates invariably become mute in a very short time.—Ed.]

first season, and then turn out afterwards the steadiest, most industrious, and best of workers. Hounds—when they are put to work when totally unfit to go, from a bad system of preparation, either when too high to "go the pace," or too low to endure through the fatigue of a hard day's work—are in many cases very apt to become vicious; distress drives them to it. They try to relieve themselves by breaking from the line, as a racehorse bolts from the course, or as a man turns dishonest in his adversity; they find themselves stopped from that experiment by the whipper-in, ever on the watch and in his place to "keep 'em together." They then become shifty and noisy; and rather than endure fatigue that they are not equal to, they hang in cover and amuse themselves with a chase of their own—hares, rabbits, or the contents of the poacher's wires frequently producing a plentiful repast.

It cannot be expected that what are termed the old hounds (that is, such as have been hunted) can be particularly striking in point of evenness for the first season; it is quite sufficient if they are tolerably steady, and can run together; new introductions usually cause jealousies; and those which have been perfect Nestors in their former kennel frequently become, by the example of vicious companions, the most incorrigible rogues themselves. Whatever hounds are to form a new pack should be undoubtedly collected for some weeks previous to the commencement of cub-hunting; they should be thoroughly drilled, like the young ones, and such as show lameness, or vice amongst sheep (hares or deer may be excused at first), should be put back. Hounds which have hunted in wild mountainous countries are all, more or less, given to the vice of killing their own mutton, from the impossibility of a whipper-in

getting at them upon all occasions, and from the frequent and tempting opportunities offered them of pulling down the small black sheep when unobserved, which bounce out of the ling like a fox; which they resemble, not only in their wildness, but in the length and shape of their tails. Drafts from such kennels as hunt the Mendip hills, the north of Yorkshire, or the hills between Wales and Shropshire, should be regarded with a jealous eye. It is not much to be wondered at that hounds hunting some of the above-named districts should acquire vice and wildness. A friend of mine, who was in the habit of hunting some years ago with a pack that had been kept for a length of time not above a hundred miles from Ludlow, informed me that it frequently happened that, when the hounds ran to the hills, and the men's horses were, from distress, unable to get to them to stop them, when night closed in the pack were left to their own resources to kill the fox or leave him, just as they liked; and it very frequently happened that the majority of the hounds did not reach their kennel until the next morning. The most remarkable thing was, however, that they invariably returned with their bellies full, having had, without doubt, a plentiful repast of mountain mutton.

At the commencement of the cub-hunting season, if foxes are very plentiful, the old hounds should be taken out two or three times before the puppies are entered. But here let me remind my readers that I am speaking of a newly-formed pack of hounds. In old-established packs, where the body of old hounds can be depended on, the young entry should be taken out with them for the first morning. During these trials, such as are noisy or wide should be put away decidedly for the first offence.

Old hounds which cannot run up, if steady and not noisy, may be extremely useful, at any rate for the

H[illegible] & HOUND.

[illegible] at them upon all occasions, and from the [illegible] and tempting opportunities offered them of [illegible] down the small black sheep when unobserved, [illegible] bounce out of the ling like a fox; which they resemble, not only in their wildness, but in the length and shape of their tails. Drafts from such kennels as hunt the Mendip hills, the north of Yorkshire, or the hills between Wales and Shropshire, should be regarded with a jealous eye. It is not much to be wondered at that hounds hunting some of the above-named districts should acquire vice and wildness. A friend of mine, who was in the habit of hunting some years ago with a [illegible] had been kept for a length of time not [illegible] miles from Ludlow, informed me that [illegible] when the hounds ran to [illegible] were, from distress, [illegible] to kill [illegible] and it very [illegible] of the hounds [illegible] until the next [illegible] thing was, however, [illegible] with their bellies full, having had [illegible]

[illegible] season, if [illegible] the old hounds should be taken [illegible] times before the puppies are entered. But here let me remind my readers that I am speaking of a newly-formed pack of hounds. In old-established packs, where the body of old hounds can be depended on, the young entry should be taken out with them for the first morning. During these trials, such as are noisy or wide should be put away [illegible] for the first offence.

Old hounds which cannot run up, if steady and not [illegible] for the

first season: and, after the young ones have joined them, no others should be received into the pack, even as presents. No one parts with a hound at that season of the year which is worth a farthing, and new acquaintances invariably create wildness and jealousies; the constantly rating and flogging those which are wild and vicious, tend considerably to alarm and disturb those which are already steady, and from shyness and distrust they become themselves reckless and ungovernable. "*Dimidium facti qui bene cæpit habet*," is a motto which cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the mind of any one making his *début* as a master of hounds. If you have sufficient walks, or quarters, as they are sometimes called, to enable you to breed your own, begin from a good stock at first; there is plenty of choice; and bad blood, once introduced, may blight the fruits of your undertakings for many years to come; and, above all, remember the words of the dying huntsman, "Breed 'em wi' plenty of bone."[1] A new pack will seldom allow of the breeding establishment being very extensive for the first season. It is never worth while to breed from very old bitches; the whelps they throw are frequently small and weak; and those which can be really depended upon as being of a good family and sound constitution will, of course, not be very numerous. If you have some old bitches in your kennel of undeniable *blood* and *excellence*, which are getting rather too slow for winter hunting, as soon as

[1] Almost the last words of old Tom Grant, many years huntsman to his grace the Duke of Richmond. [Grant was born at Lyndhurst in 1754, and at an early age whipped to Sir Philip Jennings, who hunted the New Forest. In 1771 he went to Lord Castlehaven, at Grooveley, Wilts; and, after six or seven years there, became whipper-in to the third Duke of Richmond at Goodwood. In 1791 he was made huntsman to that pack. *Vide Sporting Magazine* for March 1827.—Ed.]

the cub-hunting is over they should be well physicked and put away by themselves, taking care to let them be well fed on good and nourishing food, and *daily* exercised with a *horse*, but *not worked*. They will thus become invigorated in their constitutions, and by coming into use about Christmas will have by far a greater chance of throwing strong whelps than if left to the ordinary course of things. Never breed from those which are delicate of either sex; and never propagate vice in your kennel by breeding from any one which is notoriously wild and vicious, though he be ever so stout and handsome.

There is no doubt that the impression of your own brand on the sides of your hounds is a far more agreeable sight than the initial letters of another man's name. But, before a breeder of hounds makes his *début* in that capacity, he should well consider, in the first place, what description of hounds he intends to possess. He should select a model, and adhere to that model; in fact, he should never put forward one young hound which does not come up to the sample, whether for the sake of *sort*, *power*, or any other reason for favouritism. Nice equality in height, where entire dissimilarity of character may prevail, is, in my humble opinion, of far less consequence than getting them not only to run together, but to look like a family of brothers and sisters, even if they are not quite so level to the eye. The attempt to achieve this point will at first be attended with much difficulty, vexation, and disappointment.

The great obstacle is the small quantity of roomy bitches of anything like breeding to be found in any kennel, excepting those which have been long established. In the next place, it must be considered what sort of dog hounds will best suit the various bitches to be used; the deficiencies in one sex must be supplied

by the excellence, in points, possessed by the other. The best judges attempt to breed only from hounds which can be well relied upon, not only for their own individual merits, but as being of families unstained by vice or weakness of constitution; while inexperienced persons, wishing to attain the highest steps of the ladder at once, breed from almost every bitch that may be in the kennel, and fancy that because a union has been effected with a dog of some celebrated blood, all the whelps put out to quarters must come in well up to their ideas of perfection. But when the first of March arrives, bitter disappointment is the consequence; and a set of spindle-legged, flat-sided egg-suckers,[1] or chucked-up, calf-kneed, jumbo-headed brutes—fit for nothing but to draw an organ about the streets of London—make their appearance; or, even if they are handsome enough to be put forward, the vice indigenous to their nature prevents the possibility of their being used for the purpose they were intended for.

The old custom of breeding "in-and-in," or the union of animals which might be nearly related, has become amongst experienced persons quite exploded. Nevertheless, that great authority, Mr. Meynell, only considered the produce of brothers and sisters as being bred "in-and-in," and not those produced from a union of a parent and offspring; as the daughter is only half of the same blood as the father, and will probably partake in a great degree of the properties of the mother. It is generally allowed that animals thus produced greatly degenerate, and speedily become deficient in true courage and bottom. The first thing that can recommend a hound to notice, more especially

[1] So called, in kennel language, from their similarity to weasels.

for the purpose of propagation, is fineness of nose.[1] Secondly, stoutness of constitution; which consists, not only in enduring work through a long chase, but keeping in condition, and "*coming again*," after a severe and protracted day's work.[2] *The last* is elegance in form, and beauty in general, desirable as it may appear; and when you can get an animal in whom are united the three above-named qualifications, he may justly be pronounced a perfect hound.

In selecting hounds for the purpose of breeding from them, the races they come of should be regarded quite as much as, if not more than, the individuals themselves. We see every day remarkably handsome hounds produce very plain stock, and *vice versâ*. Mr.

---

[1] Nose and the qualities of *line-hunting* are, I fear, in these days of velocity, fast going out of fashion; and faulty as the systems pursued by the great "father of fox-hunters" are considered (some of them certainly with much reason) by the scientific performers of modern days, still the memory of John Warde will be for ever revered by all "*lovers of fox-hunting*," whether of the old or new school, for the well-digested opinion he held with regard to "*nose*;" beauty, stoutness, speed, and dash, are but of little avail without it; and so thought Mr. Nichol, of the N.F.H., when he wrote—

> "Come, then, and see that *nose* and pace
> Are the twin sisters of the chase."

But as has been remarked before upon this subject, hanging on the line and showing too much fondness for a scent is no proof of a fine nose, but rather the reverse. [It has long been the editor's opinion, which is put forth with great deference, that a good deal of what has been ascribed to want of nose in the modern foxhound is really due to other causes. He is inclined to think that the general use of artificial manure has somewhat detracted from the scenting property of the land. Secondly, it is not improbable that the extent to which draining is carried is all against hounds. "A wet season is always a good season," has almost passed into an apothegm, and surely means that the land carries a good scent when saturated with rain. But the drain-pipes carry off the wet immediately, and the ground dries with provoking celerity.—Ed.]

[2] [Kennel management, it is submitted, has a good deal to do with this.—Ed.]

Osbaldeston's Furrier was a hound by no means straight in his forelegs, a deformity attributed to his having been tied up at his walk; but his produce were proverbially straight and clever. Mr. Musters' Lionel, a small, mean, wiry-looking animal, got puppies which might have been supposed to be the offspring of a dog twenty-four inches high. Another thing to be well remembered is that vice, in every shape, is much more difficult to be eradicated than want of beauty; and consequently in a greater degree to be guarded against.

I have been asked two or three times in my life which was the largest foxhound I ever saw? Without entering deeply into the detail of symmetry, weight, &c., I have no hesitation in saying, a hound called Riddlesworth, bred by Mr. John Russel, when he had the Warwickshire. He was so called out of compliment to Lord Jersey, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Russel, and by whom, with others, he had been walked in the neighbourhood of Middleton, and sent home to the kennel during the same spring in which his lordship's celebrated horse, Riddlesworth, won the stakes at Newmarket of that name, and afterwards the Derby. This hound I never saw measured, but he was larger than any other hound in the kennel; and I was told he was twenty-seven inches,[1] and at the same time remarkably clever. Being too large for the pack, he was sent to Mr. Horlock, in exchange for a couple of bitches, where he turned out well, and afterwards became a stud hound. The smallest hound I can remember to have ever seen in any established pack of foxhounds, was Little Blue Ransom, in the Pytchley kennel, bred by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and included

[1] [For some years the Devon and Somerset kennels have been the destination of dog hounds too big for the ordinary foxhound packs.—Ed.]

in the lot bought of that gentleman by Mr. Wilkins, when he took the Northamptonshire country. I saw her measured at Brixworth, and her height, if my memory does not fail me, was seventeen inches and a quarter. She was a perfect curiosity, and her extraordinary appearance was rendered more remarkable by having her right ear stuck bolt upright, from an injury received by a kick from a horse. She was a great favourite both at home and in the field, and was one of the most inveterate devils on a fox that ever was cheered.

What curious names some hounds are distinguished by! Sir John Cope's list, however, beats everything I ever met with in my life, with regard to unique nomenclature. The worthy baronet must have drawn very deep before he found some of those beautiful specimens of jaw-distorters. I have been told that he never, on any account, admits a name into the list that has ever been used before in the kennel. The late Lord Middleton was as curious in naming young whippers-in as Sir John Cope is in christening his hounds; and upon one memorable occasion, when he stood sponsor, *in person*, to two sons, *twins*, of old Tom Smith, his lordship's first whip, he insisted upon the lads being called Romulus and Remus, after a couple of his lordship's favourite hounds.[1]

After Christmas, such bitches as you may intend to breed from should, on their coming on heat, be immediately put to the dog, and on no account should they be suffered to go to work again that season; no bitch should be put-to after the first week in April, nor would I put one to earlier than the middle of March—late puppies seldom do much good. Before the breed-

[1] [In the parish of Orpington, Kent, the wife of a farm hand named Wolfe presented her husband with twin daughters, and these were christened Romula and Rema.—Ed.]

ing season commences, care should be taken to have every convenience in readiness for the comfort of the bitches. Under the south side (if possible) of one of the paddocks should be placed, at certain distances, numerous roomy dog-cubs, with small separate enclosures attached to each, made with hurdles, resembling sheets of paling in miniature; the bars being nailed on perpendicularly renders it more difficult for the puppies to climb over than when they are placed horizontally. Hither should be brought each dam a few days after she has produced, and her whelps have acquired a little strength. When the bitches become heavy, they should be shut up at night separately, in dry, warm places made for the purpose, where they can be kept very quiet; here they may be allowed to whelp; and on no account should their puppies be looked at or handled until some hours after they have come into the world: it is a bad plan to allow them much straw, as when the litter is too abundant, particularly when long, it is apt to get twisted round the necks of the puppies and strangle them. Where wet nurses are used, they should be of the same period, as the milk of bitches cannot be made to endure like that of cows and some other animals. Three are quite sufficient for a mother that is a moderate nurse to suckle; but a good stout bitch, with abundance of milk, will occasionally bring up as many as seven. Mr. Assheton Smith had a hound some years ago named Governess, which was as famous for rearing puppies as she was excellent in the field; and during the spring and summer of 1831, produced and reared two litters, amounting to fourteen, which did well—and went to quarters; the first litter were by that famous hound Watchman, the second by Mr. A. Smith's Barrister—a circumstance worthy to be recorded in the annals of breeding hounds. The usual practice of

turning out the bitches which are in whelp for about three weeks to run at large is certainly an excellent system; but nevertheless there are circumstances connected with it that are a great drawback, unless properly guarded against. One, in particular, is the danger of their gorging themselves with flesh when they can get at it, which produces surfeit, after having lived on the mixed kennel food; therefore the flesh-gibbet should be enclosed in a small boarded yard made on purpose.

It is an excellent system which is pursued in some establishments to keep one or two cows for the exclusive use of the puppies;[1] moreover, the huntsman is generally allowed the keep of one for his own family. At Brocklesby (the Earl of Yarborough's), where everything connected with the kennel department is conducted on a scale of the greatest liberality, the huntsman is permitted to keep two cows, and the whippers-in and boiler have the run of one each in the park. I shall not enter into the detail of managing and rearing the young puppies, it is so well known to every kennel man who may have had even a moderate share of experience; and I shall only add upon this subject that the cleaner they are kept, and the better they are fed, the more likely they are to arrive at maturity. If the distemper breaks out, those which are affected should be immediately removed to a distance from the rest which may be healthy, or the most fatal consequences will ensue. Sometimes young puppies, without any apparent cause, become knotty in their skins, and whilst their bellies are much distended, the flesh upon their bones visibly wastes away; this almost invariably proceeds from the place where

[1] [In the Royal Kennels at Ascot it was the custom till recently to make a grant of port for the puppies.—Ed.]

they lie being more or less damp; and nothing will be found more likely to eradicate the evil than their removal to a warmer and a drier place. They should have tincture of rhubarb administered to them in small doses, and be dressed with a little of the common kennel dressing, adding but a small quantity of the turpentine, and totally omitting the spirit of tar.

Each litter should be separately marked, independent of branding them; or, when they return from their quarters, by having rambled about the country, and having changed their walks with others of the same age and colour, it will be totally impossible to remember how they were bred or to which litters they belonged. These "private marks," or "litter marks," as they are called in the kennel, are generally made on the lips, the deaf ears, or by cutting off the ear buttons. Another way of marking them is by dipping a thread into wet gunpowder, or Indian ink, and drawing it with a needle under the inside skin of the ear, in the shape of a T, a V, an X, or any other device which may take the marker's fancy: it is a neat way of doing the business, and attended with less pain than clipping the lips or ears.

"It is the judicious cross," says Mr. Beckford, "that makes the pack complete. The faults and imperfections in one breed may be rectified from another, and if this be properly attended to, I see no reason why the breeding of hounds may not improve till improvement can go no further." And in another place he gives the following advice:—"In breeding, I would advise you to be as little prejudiced as possible in favour of your own sort; but send your best bitches to the best dogs, be they where they may. Those who breed only a few hounds, may by chance have a good pack; whilst those who breed a good many, may (if at

the same time they understand the business) reduce it to a certainty." The custom of sending out bitches to a distance is attended with a very great expense;[1] nevertheless, it is the only path to be pursued where the breeding department is on a large scale, and perfection in the pack is the grand desideratum. But, at the same time, the person sent with the bitches should invariably see the operation consummated, as it is a well known and accredited fact, that the huntsman of one of the first establishments of the day is in the constant habit of introducing stud hounds of less celebrity than those selected by the owners of the bitches sent; and, to prevent detection, he invariably undertakes the superintendence of that part of the kennel economy during the hour that the men are absent at breakfast, so jealous is he of others obtaining his best strains of blood.

Where the establishment is small, and strict economy is continually jogging the memory, it would be an advisable plan to obtain a stallion hound of a good sort from some quarter that can be depended on. A good judge in these matters might have many chances during the summer of procuring one, or even a couple, which should be kept for the purpose until the following spring. Few owners of packs are in the habit of parting with a stallion hound, which is worth accepting, early in the year; but in the months of May or June, a young dog of good blood, which may by accident have become stifled, or otherwise injured in his limbs, may generally be obtained for the purpose of propagation during the ensuing breeding season,

[1] [If the network of railways which now overspreads the face of England has changed the run of foxes, and has to some extent spoiled hunting, it has greatly lessened the expense to which Mr. Vyner refers.—Ed.]

even if you are unable to procure a good stock-getter. This, however, would be a mere speculation; but it might nick after all.

It is now becoming a very fashionable practice to show hounds for prizes, to be awarded by competent judges, to those who might excel in so delightful a speculation as showing a couple or three young hounds in a sweepstakes. The awarding prizes to the best breeders and feeders of cattle has been attended with the most beneficial results; but I see no reason why improvement in the breed of the foxhound should not be promoted by the same means. Some years ago, three celebrated masters of hounds[1] made a practice of showing a few couples of their new entry for a prize, which was most appropriate, namely, a piece of scarlet cloth, to be made up into hunting coats.[2]

The practice of spaying bitches, so frequent in many kennels, although it has its advantages in augmenting the number of your forces in the spring, and in occasionally being the means of giving strength to the sickly and reclaiming wildness, is by no means to

---

[1] Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Wickstead, and Mr. Foljambe.

[2] What we want in a foxhound is *goodness*, and not mere beauty. The prize-winners may show well on the flags, and yet cut a very sorry figure in the chase. [At the time this was written hound shows had not been invented. The new departure taken by the three above-mentioned masters of hounds doubtless suggested the puppy shows which are now universal. About the year 1862 hound shows were held in Yorkshire, and subsequently at other places. In 1877 a show was held on the Knavesmire, York. In 1878 the Yorkshire show was abandoned; and the first Peterborough show was held, and proved so great a success that it has been an annual affair ever since. Two years ago a harrier and beagle show was added, and has proved a great success. There is now (1891) some talk of trying to arrange a summer hunt week at Peterborough; and Messrs. Tattersall have, it is understood, been asked to remove thither the hound sale they annually hold at their Rugby establishment.—Ed.]

be recommended; it is a most barbarous and cruel practice, extremely difficult to perform, and in many instances the operation fails to have the desired effect; not unfrequently bitches thus immatroned will show the same desire for copulation as others which have not been so cruelly tortured, and in several instances I have known them absolutely to produce whelps. In the spring of the year 1831, when the late Mr. Russel was master of the Warwickshire hounds, and under whose indefatigable care and directions that pack obtained so great a celebrity, the operation was performed upon nine couples of bitches; with what effect the reader may judge for himself, as out of the number several came on heat, and two or three absolutely produced whelps, but much deformed, as some had forgotten to bring their heads into the world, and others their legs, the two most requisite members for a young foxhound.

In some instances, where bitches have come into use, but have, nevertheless, not been allowed connection with the dog, when the nine weeks have expired—namely, the period at which they would have whelped—they will be found to have all the symptoms attendant upon pupping (though not in the enlargement about the belly), even to the secretion of milk; this, however, will all pass away in the course of a few days. If, however, newly born whelps be put to them to draw them, they would in a few days produce as much milk as other bitches which had whelped in the ordinary way. Amongst several huntsmen who might be mentioned, and who made a practice of using such bitches as wet nurses, George Carter, so many years with the late Mr. Assheton Smith, was one of them. I met with a book, some time since, entitled "An Exposition of the Signs and Symptoms of Pregnancy, &c.," by W. F. Montgomery,

M.D., and was struck with the following extract. In speaking of spurious pregnancy, where women have all the symptoms usual in all cases of real pregnancy, up to the time when they should be delivered, at which time, when it arrives, they are not with child at all, he says: "It should be remarked here that these sympathetic affections, or constitutional disturbances, occurring at the time that they might naturally be expected, as the usual changes connected with or consequent upon the termination of utero-gestation, had that condition really existed, are not confined to the human female, but have been observed in the lower animals also. A friend of mine had a favourite and very valuable sporting bitch, which he was anxious should not breed; in order to prevent which she was always carefully locked up whenever she came on heat, so that intercourse with the dog was prevented; but on several occasions, when the time expired which would have been that of her bringing forth, had she been allowed to breed, she was observed to be very dull, to wander about the whole day as if seeking for something, and presently afterwards her teats used to fill with milk in such abundance as to drop from her on the ground." Such facts did not escape the observation of Harvey.[1] "Your little bitches," says he, "which are *kept too plentifully*, and thereupon admit coition without success, are, notwithstanding, observed to be sluggish about the first time whereat they ought to *puppy*, and bark as if they were in distress; and likewise filch away the whelps from another bitch, and lick them over and cherish them as tenderly as if they were their own natural productions, and fight eagerly to keep them from their true parent. Nay, some of them have milk or beastings (as they call it) in their

[1] Generation of Animals.

teats, and are obnoxious to the distempers incident to those that have really puppied."

One of the greatest drawbacks to fox-hunting is the enormous expense attending it, and as the great John Warde used to say of the Pytchley Hunt dinners, when he hunted Northamptonshire many years ago, they are all very delightful and agreeable, excepting the paying for them. In many of the first hunting establishments, each fox that is killed costs about £50 for his funeral expenses, allowing fifty brace of foxes to be killed annually; this, of course, includes many contingent expenses, besides absolutely the keep of hounds, horses, and servants.[1]

According to the ancient custom of hunting, the animals pursued in that diversion were divided into three classes.

The first class (termed beasts of hunting) were the hare, the hart, the wolf, and the wild boar.

The second class (termed beasts of chase) were the buck, the doe, the fox, the marten, and the roe.

The third class were—the badger, the wild cat, and the otter, which showed "great dysporte." The fox is also classed by some old authors among the beasts of "stinking flight," to distinguish them from the beasts of "sweet flight," as the buck, doe, hare, and some others.

I have known some ignorant sportsmen frequently to confound the marten and wild cat, imagining, I suppose, that they were one species under two different names. And I am thoroughly convinced that they could never have seen either the one or the other, or they could not have been guilty of such egregious ignorance. The marten, of which there are two varieties, viz., the pine marten and the beech marten, are a species

[1] [This is considerably under the mark now in many countries.—Ed.]

of mustela, or weasel. The wild cat, which is without doubt the origin of our domestic mousers, belongs to the tribe of *Felis*. The marten, in these days, is only to be found in North Wales, Ireland, and in a few of the rocky districts of Scotland and Cumberland. Like his cotemporary, the glede, or kite, he has become almost extinct.

The real wild cat is only to be found in some parts of Scotland, and of all the animals of Europe, perhaps of all living creatures, he is most ferocious and destructive. The fox, carnivorous as he is, feeds willingly on grapes, and, when hungry, devours vegetable produce of many other kinds with an avidity that disproves repugnance. The weasel, though more sanguinary than the fox, has been known, nevertheless, though in the midst of living plunder, to feed for days together from the remains of a dead horse. The wild cat, on the contrary, admits no medium between craving want and bleeding flesh; and it is only when coerced by actual famine that he condescends to prey not captured by himself, and torn alive by his own claws. The fox, on securing a living animal, kills it instantly with a dexterous shake. The wild cat seizes by the neck a hare as large and heavy as himself, and, grasping it firmly with his claws, begins by gnawing off its ears alive; he then eats gradually downwards from the skull, bolting the teeth and fur, and slowly swallowing the eyes and brain. A contrast somewhat similar distinguishes, in most other instances, the canine race from the feline; and imaginative writers have seen ground in the distinction for ascribing generosity to the one and for imputing cruelty to the other.

In reality, the difference is due to an exercise of mere instinct. Canine beasts of prey have no effective

claws to detain with firmness a struggling victim, which, if not disabled at the very moment of capture, might escape through sheer desperation. Be this as it may, the wild cat, though the smallest of the feline species, passes deservedly for the most rapacious of the whole race, and owes to his evil reputation the extinction of his kind in almost every department in France. In England the wild cat is said to have shared the fate of the wolf and of the great bustard. In Ireland and Scotland he is still to be met with at rare intervals. In Switzerland he is found, from time to time, in certain localities. In Austria he abounds, and is not uncommon in Northern Germany and in other parts of Europe. He is altogether unknown in Norway, Sweden, and Russia. But exist where he may, his presence is speedily detected by the rapid diminution of the living beings around him. Hunting, chiefly at night, in silence and security, no care in choosing, no artifice in disguising, can long conceal from him the suspected hiding-place of his prey. The nestling squirrel wakes in his claws an expiring captive. The crouching quail sleeps on till seized in turn by the noiseless ravisher of her unconscious mate. No kind of attainable prey comes amiss to him; but, fortunately for the larger species, he entertains a decided preference for the small rodentia, of which he destroys incredible numbers. Tschudi relates that the remains of no fewer than twenty-six field-mice have been found at one time in the stomach of an adult individual. In such respect he renders, no doubt, important services; but these are said to be outbalanced by his mischievous destruction of the insectivorous birds—at any rate, no kind of redeeming credit is ever accorded to him. The farmer dreads, the sportsman abhors him. In districts where he abounds, a price is invariably set on his head, and

no wild animal in Europe is tracked with greater eagerness, or more revengefully pursued.

But, as the fox is the only one of this number, the chase of which belongs to the contents of this volume, I shall content myself with treating on the hunting of that animal alone, although I may occasionally refer to other beasts of chase, and bring forward anecdotes connected with them. The old laws relative to hunting are supposed to have been introduced into this country by the Saxons, as no mention is made of their existence previous to that period. The first mention, however, of the employment of the dog in the pursuit of other animals is in Oppian's *Cynegeticus*. Pollux is said to have used the dog in hunting, about two hundred years after the propagation of the Levitical law. Canute, the Dane, was also much attached to the chase, and enacted many laws for the preservation of the game in the royal forests, granting, at the same time, to proprietors of estates this privilege of hunting on their own lands and woods; this prince also prohibited the exercise of hunting or hawking on the Sabbath day.[1]

According to the accounts given by various authorities, these laws were exceedingly severe; they have by degrees, however, been repealed; and, although the legislature has given protection to the preservers of deer, pheasants, &c., the chase of the fox is alone countenanced by sufferance, and supported by bye-laws framed and acknowledged by the admirers of the sport. These laws refer chiefly to the lines of demarcation which divide one fox-hunting country from another; or, in other words, what covers a master of hounds shall enter to draw for a fox, without trespassing upon lands within the acknowledged boundary of the country hunted by another established pack of hounds,

[1] Leges Canuti apud Lambord, cap. 77, from Strutt.

a transgression beyond which is considered by the hunting world dishonourable and unsportsmanlike.

If a huntsman pursues his fox beyond his own country, he has a right to endeavour to kill him, even if he should enter a favourite cover of another hunt; if he goes to ground in a strange country, he may be bolted by a terrier, but not by digging, as no spade nor substitute for a spade must be used—in fact, the ground must not be broken; he may be washed out, in case of his going into a drain leading from a pond, where the water can be let into the drain by a sluice; he may be also bolted from a drain by inserting a lighted wisp of straw at one end of it. The *New Sporting Magazine* records an instance of a fox being bolted from a drain by a person blowing at one end of it with the horn of the guard of a mail coach, which happened to come up at the time when the fox went to ground.[1]

A fox is a most nervous and timid animal, particularly when coming in contact with anything in the shape of an enemy; and I have known him bolted more than once in my life by ferrets.

It is well known that in this country the absolute and undisputed right in landed property extends *usque ad cœlum*, and that a person is undoubtedly at liberty, by the law of the land, to do what he likes with his own: but, although by this enactment it is legally in his power to determine whom he shall permit to hunt his covers, the bye-laws of fox-hunting have decided quite differently, as the right of drawing those covers would, without the least doubt, belong to that hunt which had, without interruption, been in the acknowledged habit of hunting that country, within the limits of which these covers might be situated. If it were not for this, what confusion would ensue! Upon every

[1] *Vide New Sport. Mag.*, vol. ii. p. 95.

slight misunderstanding, or coldness between neighbouring gentlemen, there would be some pretence or other for allowing their covers to be drawn by another master of hounds; no acknowledged boundary would be kept up, and when the sportsmen left the kennel in the morning it would be a matter of uncertainty whether their "line of drawing" had not been disturbed throughout on the day before or not; and even whether it would be possible for them to hunt with any degree of certainty three or four days a week for the rest of the season. As time rolls on, changes, not only in the demarcation of kingdoms, but also in the extent of hunting countries, are continually taking place; partly, in the latter case, from the circumstance of a new owner of a pack living at a more remote distance, or from the number of hunting days being increased or diminished. I could enumerate many instances of covers changing hands, or becoming what are termed neutral covers.

It is in the memory of sportsmen now living that the far-famed Shuckburgh hills have been claimed by four different hunts. Many years since, when Mr. Warde hunted Warwickshire, they were drawn by his hounds; afterwards the Pytchley drew them; and since my recollection they have been hunted both by the packs of Sir Thomas Mostyn (afterwards sold to Mr. Drake) and of Lord Lichfield, at that time Lord Anson, when his lordship hunted the Dunchurch country, and now they are drawn by the Warwickshire hounds. The Randans also, a chain of covers (perhaps nearly the deepest and darkest woodlands in England), have undergone perpetual changes with the Worcestershire and Staffordshire hounds from time immemorial. Shropshire has also experienced many alterations; and, in fact, there are very few countries, the boundaries of which are the same that they were

fifty years ago. Nevertheless, there are rules and regulations acknowledged in the sporting world by which the line of demarcation is preserved; and as long as any established hunt continues to draw covers thus marked out, their rights are held inviolable. In 1786, an action[1] was brought against the huntsman of a Mr. Sturt, for pursuing a fox over the property of another man. The point was, whether a person hunting has a right to follow foxes on to the ground of another. Lord Mansfield, who tried it, said that by all the cases, as far as back as Henry VIII., it is settled that a man may follow a fox into the grounds of another. It is averred in the plea that this is the only way of killing a fox. This case, however, does not determine that a person may unnecessarily trample down another's hedges, or maliciously ride over his ground; for if he does more than is absolutely necessary, he cannot justify it. Judgment was given for the defendant. [The law was finally settled in the case of *Earl of Essex* v. *Capel*, tried at the Hertford Summer Assizes, 1809. Lord Ellenborough laid it down that fox-hunters were trespassers and could be warned off like any other trespasser. Hunting for sport does not entitle any one to hunt over land against the owner's will. But when an animal is chased solely with a view to extirpating it the case is different. Those in pursuit of a wild beast escaped from a menagerie could follow it anywhere; but that would not warrant a mob of persons joining in for the fun of the thing.] The most interesting cases relative to a disputed right of country between masters of hounds, which have occurred for many years, were between the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Horlock, which, I am happy to say, was amicably arranged; between General Wynd-

[1] *Gundry* v. *Feltham*, 1 T. R. 337.

ham and his brother, Colonel George Wyndham; also between Mr. Drax, of Charbro' Park, and Mr. Farquharson.

How long it is since hunt clubs were first established, we have no certain authority;[1] but it was about the middle of the last century that matters appertaining to fox-hunting were recognised with other subjects of county interest. That hunt which lays claim to the greatest antiquity, as I have been credibly informed—although the hounds are little better than a trencher-fed pack, the country round composed of everlasting dingles, woods, and precipices, and the thing chiefly supported by the yeomanry of the country—is the Sinnington, in Yorkshire; and amongst other peculiarities characteristic of this ancient club, the huntsman is always retained quite as much on account of his warbling qualifications as his knowledge of the chase; and unless he has "Bright Phœbus," "Old Towler," and "The Grey Eye of Morning," with a few other choice old ballads ready at command, he is no man for "Sinnington Hoont."[2] There are no less than thirteen packs of foxhounds hunting the county of York; some of these are minor establishments, but the rest are old-established hunts, and the members were

[1] [Mr. Corbet, who succeeded Mr. Warde in Warwickshire in 1792, founded the hunt club at Stratford-on-Avon.—Ed.]

[2] [The Sinnington is said to date from the time the Duke of Buckingham, in his retirement, hunted the country, and claims to be the oldest pack of hounds in England. It has hitherto been a trencher-fed pack, but for the future the hounds will be kennelled in the ordinary way. The commencement of the season 1891–2 will witness the new departure, when Mr. Swan succeeds Mr. Lesley. Much of the Sinnington country is rough; but their vale comprises some fine grass. The late huntsman, "Jack" Parker, was a "character," but an excellent sportsman. It is one of the peculiar arrangements of this hunt that both huntsman and whipper-in find their own horses and forage. Jack Parker died in 1890, being upwards of 72 years old.—Ed.]

united in one club, called the "York Union Hunt Club." This was one of the most aristocratic societies in England, and none were admitted but those whose character would bear the strictest investigation on all points. As a proof of the stern determination of the members not to admit any improper candidates into their society, I will record the following circumstance, which was related to me by one of its oldest supporters:—A few years since a person who was well known and duly appreciated for his *outré* manners and overbearing vulgarity, wished to become one of the "York Union Hunt Club," and, after being twice unsuccessful—the black balls predominating in an unprecedented number—resolved upon the scheme of collecting a packed meeting composed of three or four of its members, who were from some cause or other under sufficient obligation to him to assist him in his forced *entrée*. He was at length elected, but not duly elected according to the rules of the club; and at the next general meeting our crestfallen hero was officially informed that he must *not* consider himself a member of the "Y.U.H.C."; but, if he wished to become a candidate, he had better get *some* friend to propose him at the next meeting in the usual manner.[1]

In June 1840 it was proposed by some staunch supporters of the *good old cause* that a dinner of masters of foxhounds should take place at Grillon's, on Wednesday, the 2nd of June 1841; and, when the day arrived, it was agreed that those present should meet on the Saturday following at the same place to

[1] "Friday, February 18th, 1791.—Met at Pytchley this morning. There was a ballot at Pytchley House (the *first* ever remembered), when Mr. Thomas Grosvenor and Mr G. Wrighte were unanimously elected members of the 'Pytchley Hunt Club.' Old Lord Spencer was hunting the country at that time."—*Extract from a MS. entitled* "Pytchley Chase Book."

consider the practicability of forming a society for the purpose of making such a dinner *annual*. At that meeting, Lord Hawke[1] being in the chair, it was agreed—

First, That a club should be formed, called "The Club of Masters of Foxhounds," and that a letter should be written to all masters of foxhounds inviting them to become members of the same.

Secondly, That it would be advantageous to the interests of fox-hunting that the lists of all packs of foxhounds should be annually printed; and it was therefore agreed that the subscription to this club should be sufficient to pay for the annual dinner, and for the printing in one volume all such lists of foxhounds as should be sent in by the different members. The annual subscription to be £3.[2]

Thirdly, That a general meeting of the club be held at the Thatched House, St. James's Street, on the Saturday in Epsom race week, 1842, at twelve o'clock, on which day all subscriptions must be paid.

Fourthly, That the annual dinner should be held on the Wednesday of the week between Epsom and Ascot; and that the president of the year should fix the place at which the dinner shall be held, and give due notice of the same.

Fifthly, That Lord Hawke be president for the ensuing year.

Sixthly, That a circular, embodying the above resolutions, be sent to all masters of foxhounds in Great Britain, and that they be signed by the chairman (Lord Hawke) on behalf of the meeting.

---

[1] [Lord Hawke was master of the Badsworth for forty-three years, from 1826 to 1869.—Ed.]

[2] [Since this was written the "Foxhound Kennel Stud Book" has been published. Three volumes have been printed, but the second includes the old first.—Ed.]

These resolutions were excellent; and the numerous answers from masters of foxhounds, requesting their names to be enrolled on the list of members, a convincing proof of the popularity of the measure. But somehow or other, the plan was not followed up as it should have been; and, before it came to maturity, it fell to the ground. That the annual publication of the list of all young hounds, bred throughout the country, would be advantageous to the cause of fox-hunting, there can be, I should think, but one opinion; but that advantage would be greatly enhanced if, on the morning of the dinner, a show could be established, awarding prizes to the breeders of the best puppies, such rewards to be extended, if the funds were sufficiently flourishing, even to the walkers or rearers of the whelps. The judges might be chosen from the most efficient masters of hounds or huntsmen of the day.[1]

The hare was not included amongst the animals of chase by the ancient Britons, as we are informed by Cæsar, who tells us that they never ate the flesh of hares, although the island abounded with them.[2] Since that period, however, tastes have altered; and although their flesh is now amongst the greatest delicacies of the age, I dare say very few of my readers have partaken of that of the fox. But the following anecdote of that animal being regularly roasted and served up at the table of one of the greatest *bon vivants* of his day, is undoubtedly true,

---

[1] [By means of the institution of puppy shows and of the Peterborough show these suggestions have, with the exception of the dinner, been carried into effect. A luncheon is an integral part of every puppy show; and the "Scarlet Table," *i.e.*, the table at which the hunt servants sit during the luncheon at Peterborough, is quite an institution.—Ed.]

[2] Cæsar, Bel. Gal., lib. 6.

as I have heard it from no less than four different persons, who bore testimony to it, not only from the experience of their eyes, but also of their teeth. The Rev. Charles Curtis, who was younger brother of the late Sir William Curtis, and rector for so many years of the parish of Solihull, in Warwickshire, was no less celebrated for his attachment to field sports than for his unbounded hospitality, and for the excellent table which he always kept. So fond was he of the chase, that for many years he kept a pack of harriers himself,[1] with which he sometimes drew for a fox, as there were no foxhounds in those days which regularly hunted that neighbourhood. On one occasion, when the hounds accidentally crossed the line of poor Reynard, as he was on his travels, and had given him a dressing of upwards of two hours in the old-fashioned style, which had found the bottom of most of the nags, and amongst them had completely sewed up that of the sporting divine, who finding it almost dark, himself unable to proceed, and that "although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak," he gave them a parting cheer, and declared to old Joe Pitchford, his huntsman, that if he succeeded

[1] [With respect to clerical masters of hounds, it is said (*Sporting Magazine*, p. 269) that, after the execution of King Charles I., Bishop Juxon retired to his own manor of Little Compton, in Gloucestershire, where, as Mr. Whitlock tells us in his Memorials, he much delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of good hounds, and had them so well ordered and hunted by his own skill that they excelled all others. Coming to later times, the Rev. Joseph Arkwright was master of the Essex Hounds from 1857 till the date of his death in 1864; while in 1883 the Rev. E. M. Reynolds took the Coniston country, which he still (1891) retains. Until rather less than 20 years ago, the Rev. Charles Dundas Everett, rector of Besslesleigh, near Oxford, was master of the Berkshire Vale Harriers, a pack which he brought to a very high standard of excellence. See, too, *ante*, p. 42.—Ed.]

in bringing home the brush, he would, without fail, have the carcass dressed for dinner; in which he was as good as his promise, for, after running their fox hard for a considerable time longer, the hounds gloriously vanquished him; and, accordingly, he was actually roasted and brought to table, where a considerable portion of him was eaten, there being a large party to dinner on that day.[1] The author of these observations has both cured and eaten the hams of badgers himself, and can answer for their excellence. They should be cured by the receipt for doing pig's hams, in which is used a little garlic and sugar, or treacle, which render them much more mellow. They should be smoked and grated like tongue or dried beef, which they far excel in flavour.

This anecdote of Mr. Curtis reminds me of a story told of the old Duke of Northumberland—so celebrated as a sportsman—who, after a most extraordinary run and killing his fox, had the devilled head, which he ate, brought to table.

The following extract, from an old French work on hunting, entitled "Venerie Royale," relative to the flesh of the wolf, shows that he was not held in very high estimation even in rewarding the hounds after the death:—

"La chair de loup est la plus difficile à digérer; car si un chien la mange, sans être cuitte, il ne manque pas d'avoir le flux de sang. Elle est capable aussi de le faire mourir, elle n'est pas encore bonne cuitte et bouillie avec de l'eau, mais rostie dans le

[1] [A master of harriers, mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1824, entertained a somewhat different idea as to the claim of a fox to be regarded as a delicacy. His hounds one day got on to the line of a fox, whereupon the master called out lustily to his whipper-in, "Stop them! stop them! he's nae meat."—Ed.]

HE WAS ACTUALLY ROASTED & BROUGHT TO TABLE"

in bringing home the brush, he would, without fail, have the carcass dressed for dinner; in which he was as good as his promise; for, after running their fox hard for a considerable time longer, the hounds gloriously vanquished him; and, accordingly, he was actually roasted and brought to table, where a considerable portion of him was eaten, there being a large party to dinner on that day.[1] The author of these observations has both cured and eaten the hams of badgers himself, and can answer for their excellence. They should be cured by the receipt for doing pig's hams, in which is used a little garlic and sugar, or treacle, which render them much more mellow. They should be smoked and grated like tongue or dried beef, which they far excel in flavour.

This anecdote of Mr Curtis reminds me of a story told of the old Duke of Northumberland—so celebrated as a sportsman—who, after a most extraordinary run and killing his fox, had the devilled head, which he ate, brought to table.

The following extract, from an old French work on hunting, entitled "Venerie Royale," relative to the flesh of the wolf, shows that he was not held in very high estimation even in rewarding the hounds after the death:—

"La chair de loup est la plus difficile à digérer; car si un chien la mange, sans être cuitte, il ne manque pas d'avoir le flux de sang. Elle est capable aussi de le faire mourir, elle n'est pas encore bonne cuitte et bouillie avec de l'eau, mais rostie dans le

[1] [A master of harriers, mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1824, entertained a somewhat different idea as to the [illegible] of a fox to be regarded as a delicacy. His hounds one [illegible] the line of a fox, whereupon the master called out lustily to his whipper-in, "Stop them! stop them! he's nice meat."—Ed.]

H. Alken, del.

"HE WAS ACTUALLY ROASTED & BROUGHT TO TABLE."

four, elle se digere, et ne leur fait aucun mal."—*Venerie Royale*, 1665.

Natural history has given the term "Sagax" to the hound, to distinguish him from the rest of the canine species, and most justly does he merit that expressive appellation. So numerous are the anecdotes related of the feats performed by this animal, that we may almost be convinced that he has been directed by a power approaching unto reason, rather than by mere instinct. "Daniel's Rural Sports," to which book I beg to refer my readers, records numerous instances of the sagacity of this spirited companion of the sportsman; and all other books on hunting teem with such accounts of his exploits that he ought, without hesitation, to take precedence of all other animals which have been rendered subservient to the wants and amusements of mankind. The life of a foxhound, from the very day that he enters the kennel, is that of the most perfect slavery; from the moment that the door is closed upon him his free agency ceases; he neither eats, works, nor even exercises himself, but at the command of his keeper; by some innate faculty he learns to imitate the example of others; he is susceptible of emulation and jealousy, and endeavours not only to execute the commands, but also to discover the wishes of his master. The following remarks of Dr. Hartley (extracted from the *Magazine of Natural History*), on the intellectual faculties of brutes, are so extremely judicious, and so much to the purpose of the present subject, that I shall subjoin them:—

"The whole nature of each brute which has been brought up among others of the same species, is a compound of instinct, its own observation and experience, and imitation of those of its own species. Instinct seems to have exerted its whole influence when the

creature has arrived at maturity and has brought up its young, so that nothing new can be expected of it (instinct) afterwards.[1] But the intellectual acquisitions of brutes from observation and experience continue: whence old brutes are far more cunning, and can act better (*pro re natâ*) as circumstances arise, than young ones. It ought also to be remembered that brutes, from their want of words, and from our ignorance of their symbols[2] which they use in giving imitation to each other and to man, cannot make manifest to us the extent of the reason they possess."

We read, in the *Medical Gazette*, that the dog is the only animal that dreams, and he and the elephant are the only animals that understand looks; also that the dog is the only quadruped that has been brought to speak; it also declares that Professor Leibnitz met with a *hound*, in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words. The foxhound has not only the greatest sagacity and the most refined powers of scrutiny, but is far superior in bottom and stoutness to any other variety of the hound race. Only consider the immense distance a hound travels over during the twelve hours that he is frequently—I may say generally—absent from his kennel, in countries which do not lie very handy with regard to their places of meeting. Twelve miles to cover, more frequently than otherwise, three or four hours consumed in working at three parts

---

[1] "The young dismiss'd to wander earth and air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care."
—POPE's *Essay on Man.*

[2] [When horses are running at grass, any one feeling irritation from flies or other causes on a part of his body which he cannot reach for himself, will go up to another horse and scratch with his teeth on the spot irritated. On getting this hint the companion thus mutely appealed to will come to the rescue, and bite or scratch the first horse on the part indicated.—ED.]

speed—not only in the open, but through the thickest woodland and furze brakes—having been pitted in the course of his day's work against three or four fresh foxes, then home at night perhaps from fifteen to twenty miles, and this twice and sometimes three times during the week; yet he is fresh and vigorous, and, barring accidents, ever ready and impetuous for the undertaking. They are certainly No. 1 in the schedule A amongst all the canine race, in my estimation.

Many years since a stag was turned out from Winfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, before a pack of hounds, which were composed partly of draft foxhounds from Lord Thanet's kennel. After one of the severest and most extraordinary runs on record, the stag having described a circle, returned to the Park from whence he first was enlarged in the morning; but so completely was he exhausted, that, upon attempting to leap the paling, he fell back and expired. Only two hounds followed the entire distance, and these were two of the draft foxhounds above-mentioned. One reached the wall of the park, where he fell exhausted and died; the other also was found dead at a short distance from the place. This run, which was circuitous, was supposed to be about one hundred and twenty miles; it was forty-six by the road, and the stag and two hounds were seen at that distance from home by several persons during this unequalled day's exertion. In January 1738 the Duke of Richmond's hounds found at a quarter before eight, and killed at ten minutes before six, after ten hours' constant running; many gentlemen tired three horses, and only eleven and a half couples of hounds were in at the death.[1] A fox was found on the 19th of February

[1] [This run, which took place on the 26th January 1738, is fully described by Mr. Bennett in his notice of the Charlton Hunt in vol. xv. of the "Sussex Archæological Collections," p. 74.—Ed.]

1782, near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, at twenty-seven minutes past nine o'clock; and, excepting half an hour taken up in bolting him from a rabbit-hole, the chase lasted till fourteen minutes past five, nearly eight hours' hard running. The above anecdotes are undoubtedly true, as they are well authenticated, and supported by the best authority; nevertheless the pace must have been much slower than hounds are in the habit of going in these days: it is impossible to have been otherwise.[1]

Another great improvement has taken place since the period of these "grand tours," as we may designate them; from the scientific manner in which the breed of hounds has been attended to, they have been made to run much better together; and from a strict regard to breeding from hounds of a good sound constitution, tired hounds are seldom to be met with. In fact nothing is so disgraceful as in a run of any severity to hear of detached bodies of hounds making their way over a country; and it is considered by all *houndsmen* that a hound missing at the death of a fox after a trial of speed and stoutness, provided that hound was well and had a fair start with the body, and was not thrown out by being divided on a second fox at finding, should never be taken out again to disgrace not only himself but the breeder of him. Numerous anecdotes are on record of hounds killing foxes *single-handed* after severe runs; one in particular is related by Daniel, of a bitch running into her fox even after having her eye

[1] [There are records of a run which took place in Sussex on the 10th November 1799. The hounds belonging to Sir John Vout and Mr. James Kirkham met at Eastbourne, and finding a fox almost directly, ran by Beachy Head, Newhaven, Brighton, Ringmer, and Lewes. The fox then headed for Worthing, and was killed beyond Horsebridge Common, in what is now the Crawley and Horsham country. Five of the field only struggled on to the end, yet "Pincher" the terrier was "in at the death."—Ed.]

accidentally cut out by the lash of the whipper-in, who attempted to stop her at finding.[1] I remember, many years ago, myself, Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds throwing off at Hellidon Gorse, near Shuckburgh; when, having, as Tom Wingfield the huntsman fancied, drawn the cover without finding, two couple of hounds slipped away at the bottom, and after a most brilliant thing, all by themselves, killed their fox near to Dunchurch, where they were seen by a farmer who was up at the death and secured the hounds, who followed him with the dead fox in his hand to his stable. No doubt, if they had broken the fox up themselves, they would have immediately made their way across the country to try and join their less fortunate comrades. Daniel also mentions the circumstance of a pack dividing into three bodies at finding, and each lot getting well away, all succeeded in killing their fox, after a chase of great severity.[2]

---

[1] [This is related in the eighth volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, p. 21. The hound is said to have been a bitch of Colonel Thornton's. She was the only hound that spoke in a thick covert. The huntsman rated her, and the whipper-in in striking at her nearly cut out her eye. In this disabled state she ran the line by herself.—Ed.]

[2] [According to the third volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, p. 30, this incident occurred on the 15th October 1793. The hounds belonging to Mr. Thomas Panton, of Newmarket, twenty-three couples in number, found a fox at Abyssey Wood, near Thurlow. He ran two rings back to where he was found, and then went to Hart Wood, where a brace of fresh foxes jumped up. Fifteen and a half couples went on with what was supposed to be the hunted fox, killing him after a run of an hour and three-quarters near the Gog Magog hills. Six and a half couples killed one of the fresh foxes near Haverhill, while the third fox was killed by the remaining couple of hounds near Thurlow Park gates. A similar occurrence is said to have taken place early in the century with Mr. Wyndham's hounds, hunting in Wiltshire. They met at Grooveley, and found a leash of foxes, the pack dividing into three bodies. The master and some of the hounds got away with one, which was killed near Crockerton Firs. Mr. Wyndham then returned home, only to find

The following instance of the sagacity of the fox-hound, approaching nearer to reason than instinct, is a favourite anecdote of mine, inasmuch as I am intimately acquainted with every inch of ground over which this sagacious animal travelled during his performance of the feat, having been accustomed to hunt over that part of the country for many years during the early part of my life:—When Mr. Taylor and Mr. Smith hunted Northamptonshire, and kept their hounds at Winwick, a village in that county, they were in the habit of going occasionally to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, for a fortnight's hunting. Upon one of these occasions a favourite hound, called Dancer, was left behind in Northamptonshire, as not being quite sound. The first day's hunting from Lutterworth produced an extraordinary day's sport, and the hounds and horses being so much fatigued, it was deemed necessary to stop that night at Leicester. Upon their arrival on the next day at Lutterworth, they were informed that a hound answering the description of Dancer came soon after they had left the kennel in the morning, where he waited all day, and, after showing signs of uneasiness at their not returning at night, left the kennel some time before the next morning. It was concluded that he had gone back to Winwick. On the hounds returning to their kennel in Northamptonshire, the huntsman was surprised to hear that the old hound had come back, stayed one day, and then had departed again. After great inquiries he was at last found at Mr. Newsome's in Warwickshire, where the hounds had been for a week some months before.

---

that his whippers-in were still absent. He beguiled the time by reading Ovid and having luncheon. In due course the men returned to kennel, each whipper-in having a fox's mask at his saddle. See *The Field*, January 27, 1883, p. 103.—Ed.]

For the authenticity of the following anecdotes I think I may safely vouch. The first I had from Thomas Smith, the kennel huntsman to Mr. Musters, a person who was not only an eye-witness of the fact, but one of the actors in this interesting performance at the time it took place; and since that I have had the account confirmed by Mr. M. himself. With regard to the second, I can assure my readers that it happened at my own kennel, and therefore I can myself answer for the truth of it.

Almost all fox-hunters know, or at any rate must have heard, of Mr. Musters of Colwick,[1] who is deservedly placed at the head of the list of all huntsmen, whether amateurs or professionals; he has brought up and instructed more servants as huntsmen, whippers-in, and feeders, than all the rest of the masters of hounds put together. Within these few years there were no less than five huntsmen hunting crack packs of hounds at the same time, all of whom had learned their first rudiments under this skilful performer. Mr. Musters has had many imitators, but no rivals; when working, there is an indescribable communion between him and his pack which has been attained by no one else; and on that account all who have been gratified by the performance of his celebrated pack, either in Nottinghamshire or in the Pytchley country, must be convinced that he is decidedly the most skilful amateur huntsman that ever cheered a hound, and can draw forth the hidden powers and capabilities of that animal on a bad scenting day to a greater degree than any man in England.[2]

[1] [For detailed notices of the Musters family, see Chapter V.—Ed.]

[2] One of the greatest compliments ever paid by a huntsman to a young master of hounds was the circumstance of old Sam Lawley, who was many years huntsman to the late Lord Vernon, leaving his horn as a legacy at his death to Mr. Musters, declaring with becoming pride that he knew no young sportsman so deserving of it.

The attachment which his hounds always evince towards him, when approaching them on a hunting morning, is most striking; and those who have so frequently seen it will not on that account be so much astonished at the following anecdote:—During one of the seasons that Mr. Musters hunted Northamptonshire, the hounds were to meet at that well-known cover, Badby Wood, and were taken on the day previous by his huntsman Smith, who lived so many years with Lord Middleton, and afterwards with Mr. Osbaldeston, to sleep at the Bull's Head at Weedon. On arriving at a place where the road from Northampton converges into the road by which they were travelling, suddenly one of the most forward of them became restless, and, by their manner, their huntsman concluded that a disturbed fox had crossed near that place. In a few moments the whole pack, which had been fed, and were dreaming as they plodded along of the "joys of the next coming day," became roused from their torpor, and in one moment more were "away;" the huntsman swore the devil was in them, the whippers rode and rated to no purpose; at last, in turning a corner about a mile farther on, who should be seen but Mr. Musters himself, who had come by the second road, and was jogging quietly along on the hack which usually carried him to cover, to dine and sleep, previously to hunting, at the house of a gentleman in that neighbourhood. The squire no doubt almost fancied that he had "had his day," and that, like the canine attendants of his predecessor Actæon, his faithful followers were immediately about to perform his obsequies. An attempt to describe the delight of the whole pack and of their gallant general, would, I fear, spoil the picture; one favourite actually jumped upon the quarters of the horse, and licked his master's face; it was next to an impossibility to call them off, and the only means to

persuade them to proceed was for Mr. Musters to ride several miles out of his way to conduct these faithful creatures to the inn where they were to be lodged for the night.

The second anecdote is of a hound-bitch called Frenzy, which came to me in 1834, with some others from Overton, in Hampshire, where the kennel of the Vine hounds is situated. Being on heat when she arrived, she was accordingly shut up separate, and in due course of time, being taken to exercise with the rest of the pack, availed herself of the first opportunity of decamping, and arrived, as a letter from Adamson the huntsman informed me, on the second day, having travelled through four counties, a distance of upwards of one hundred miles. She was immediately sent back to the place of her former destination, at which she returned safely, and after some weeks produced a litter of whelps, which she reared; but, no sooner were they weaned, than she undertook a second visit to her native place with equal celerity. She was accordingly sent back again, and having arrived within ten miles of the end of her journey, was tied up by the carrier in a stable with a cord, which she bit in two during the night, and, for a third time, retraced her steps. It was then considered useless to be at any more trouble about her, and she was allowed to end her days where she had commenced them.

Another curious circumstance occurred about forty or fifty years ago,[1] when the Holderness country was hunted by one of the Bethel family, of Rise. Some draft hounds were sent into Kent from Mr. B.'s kennel, by a sailing vessel from Hull; but upon their arrival they refused to remain at their new quarters, and

[1] [*I.e.*, about the end of the last or the commencement of the present century.—Ed.]

actually found their way back by land as far as Lincoln, where they were taken up, having accomplished more than two-thirds of the distance home.

In a former part I mentioned that the "Sinnington Hunt," in the north of Yorkshire, was supposed to have been the first society of fox-hunters constituted as a club or hunt in England. However, Thomas Fownes, Esq., of Stapleton, in Dorsetshire, is set down as the first gentleman who was known to have kept a regular pack of hounds to hunt exclusively the fox;[1] and "these hounds," says the Rev. William Chafin, in his "Anecdotes Respecting Cranbourn Chase," "were sold about the year 1730 to Mr. Bowes, who lived in Yorkshire, and were as handsome and as well appointed as the most celebrated packs of the present day. They were taken into Yorkshire by their own attendants, and, after being much admired in their kennel, a day was fixed for making trial of them in the field, to meet at a famous *hare*-cover near. When the huntsman came with his hounds in the morning, he discovered a great number of sportsmen who were riding in the cover, and whipping the furzes as for a hare; he therefore halted and informed Mr. Bowes that he was unwilling to throw off his hounds until the gentlemen had retired and ceased the slapping of whips, to which his hounds were not accustomed, and he would engage to find a fox in a few minutes if there was one there.

"The gentlemen-sportsmen having obeyed the orders given by Mr. Bowes, the huntsman, taking the wind of the cover, threw off his hounds, which immediately began to feather, and soon got upon a drag into the

[1] [This would not seem to be correct. The Charlton hounds were in existence long before this; so were the Brocklesby, Lord Arundel's, and several others.—Ed.]

cover, and up to the fox's kennel, which went off close before them, and, after a severe burst over a fine country, was killed, to the great satisfaction of the whole party. They then returned to the same cover, not one-half of it having been drawn, and very soon found a second fox, exactly in the same manner as before, which broke cover immediately over the same fine country; but the chase was much longer, and, in the course of it, the fox made its way into a nobleman's park, I believe Lord Darlington's, which was full of all sorts of riot; and it had been customary to stop all hounds before they could enter into it, which the best mounted sportsman now attempted to do, but in vain. The hounds topped the highest fences, ran through herds of deer and a number of hares without taking the least notice of them; ran into their fox and killed him, some miles beyond the park; and it was the unanimous opinion of the whole hunt that it was the finest run ever seen in that country. An ample collection of field-money was made for the huntsman, much beyond his expectation, and he returned to Stapleton in better spirits than when he left it, and told his story as above related, in which we must allow for a little exaggeration, very natural on such an occasion."

This pack probably included the progenitors of some of the very fine ones now in the North. Before this pack was raised in Dorsetshire, the hounds which hunted in the chase hunted all the animals promiscuously, excepting the deer, from which they were necessarily made steady, otherwise they would not have been suffered to have hunted at all in it. Subsequently to Mr. Fownes setting the example, several packs of foxhounds were kept through England, entirely at the expense, in those good old days, of the individuals themselves, who were of

that original race of country squires which has since faded away and become mere matter of history. Some hours before "bright chanticleer proclaimed the dawn" these hardy sportsmen were in their saddles, and making their way over the then unenclosed country, in those days called wolds, to some distant and wild fox-cover, relying upon a find by the assistance of the animal's drag, which they were almost sure to hit upon either in one of the contiguous warrens or in the rick-yard of some solitary farmhouse: then was the display of *nose* and *close hunting* appreciated; no childish jealousy about a good start and good places, but a real enthusiastic enjoyment of the sport. As the pace mended or declined, the huntsman was enabled to discover whether his pack were running the fox's heel or were working their way through the twistings or turnings of his nightly rambles to his kennel; as they drew nearer and nearer to their game, the cry grew louder and the pace faster, till at length the well-selected and sheltered brake is approached, where the villain, in all the security that furze and briers could afford him, had concealed himself as the grey tints of the eastern sky warned him to retire from the prying eye of his enemy, man. As if conscious of the find, the old hounds rush to the spot, thirsting for his blood; but he has fled, and the welkin rings with the melody of the pack and the cheering horns of the sportsmen; for in those days it was the fashion for all the privileged attendants on the chase to carry a horn, and blow it as occasion might require.

The foxes of the last century being far stouter in their natures than many of the mongrel-bred vermin of the present age, stained as they are by the introduction of French blood, were not only enabled to stand longer before hounds; but, from their being so

few game preserves, and from the necessity of foxes travelling great distances for their food, they became much wilder and shyer in their habits than they otherwise would have been if they had been enabled constantly to procure their prey close at home, from the remains of the wounded game so abundantly left by sportsmen in some covers, which are so perpetually shot in, in all parts of the country, especially where they are contiguous to preserves. Moreover, the country was not enclosed as it is now; not one tithe of the fir plantations to stop hounds, nor canals and railroads to form impediments to the progress of the horseman: it was all fair sailing; and as hounds were not bred to go at such a flying pace as they do in these days, the horseman could with great ease keep to the higher parts of the ground, as the hounds hunted their fox along the lines of the valleys, the sides of which were, in most places, clothed with brushwood, and in the same wild and uncultivated state that nature had formed them. The hunting parties of the last century chiefly consisted of the neighbouring country gentlemen, most of whom were in the constant habit of taking a part in the operations of the field, being acquainted with the merits of every hound in the pack, and could stop or cheer them in as scientific a manner as the huntsman himself.

CHAPTER II.

THE KENNEL.

"It proceeded from the nature of the vapourish place."—*Sandys.*

It is no less curious than true, that although there is one point on which all authors are agreed in erecting a kennel, namely, that it is to be on a healthy spot, yet a true description of what is really a proper situation has never been given. One recommends it to be built on high ground; while another declares that it is impossible to have the place kept sweet and clean without a stream of water running through it: it has also been advised to have it shaded by trees, as if the all-cheering rays of the sun were not the chief means of drying the courts, and dissipating those noxious vapours which invariably attend the keeping together so large a body of animals as a pack of hounds. Mr. White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," in speaking of the effect that trees have near any place, says "that they are great promoters of damp, and that they perspire profusely, condense largely, and check evaporation so much, that woods are always moist; no wonder therefore that they contribute much to pools and streams."

I will now proceed to point out what, in my humble opinion, are the chief essentials to be attended to in erecting a kennel for fifty couples of hounds, omitting nothing which can in any way throw a light upon a subject which I fear is, nine times in ten, left to the creative genius of those whose experience has never

reached beyond the bricks and mortar, without the opportunity of judging, as sportsmen and economists, why doors should be placed in this direction or windows in that; of the height of benches, the location of coolers, the width of doorways, and many other apparent trifles, which will be all found and hunted up to in their proper places. My endeavour shall be to describe, in the best way I can, a kennel perfect in its conveniences; approachable at all points in its interior with the greatest facility, without interfering with and disturbing that repose so essential to animals which must be kept in the highest state of condition; healthy and cleanly in the arrangement of its ventilation, draining, and feeding; and economical in the locality of the meal and other store-rooms, as well as in the expense attending its whole production. The situation of a kennel should on no account be near a public road or footpath, if it can be avoided, for many reasons too obvious to require enumerating; it should face the south, east, or south-east, but not be open to the west or north, as many are.

The lodging-rooms of a kennel, if built in a proper manner, should always have other rooms over them,[1] as they will then be much warmer in winter, and may be kept much cooler in summer. If the kennels are only buildings without rooms or lofts over them they should be carried up as high as they conveniently can, and not slated nor tiled, but thatched neatly. This plan has been found fault with as harbouring vermin; but if the roof is properly plastered in the inside there will be no fleas nor ticks; and if built a reasonable

[1] [On the score of health there is now a very general objection to lodge servants over kennels or stables. In London, where space is so valuable, it cannot be helped; but living rooms over buildings in which horses or hounds are located are never free from unpleasant odours.—Ed.]

height from the ground, and defended by pieces of sheet-iron at the corners, rats and mice will not be able to climb up. The plaster should be put only on the roof, as walls plastered are very apt, when broken, to harbour ticks: the bricks should be all carefully struck, as the masons term it, and well pointed inside. Do not lay your kennel floors, either lodging-rooms or courts, with asphalt, if you wish them to be sweet, wholesome, and to dry quickly; but use bricks termed quarries, unless you can procure stone flags upon which you can depend that the frost will have no effect. After all, they are much dearer than bricks, and not so convenient to repair: the floors should be laid in cement, not in mortar.

One of the rooms should be occupied by the boiler or feeder as his sleeping apartment, as hounds ought never to be left entirely alone without some one close at hand and within hearing for one single moment, or they may quarrel and worry each other. Many instances might be recorded of hounds being worried in the kennel. Colonel Cook mentions the fact of three being thus destroyed in the short space of ten minutes; and the author had the same number killed in one of his kennels, where no one slept near at hand, during one week in the summer of 1834. What made it more extraordinary was that they were all of one family, namely, two brothers, and a young hound got by one of them; they were all remarkably ill-tempered, which is a convincing proof that the victim in such unfortunate cases is generally the aggressor.

If the lodging-rooms are lofty (about the height of eleven feet) and well-ventilated, provided they have rooms over them, they will be sufficiently cool in summer; and during the time that hounds are in the kennel, they had much better be upon their beds than lying out, as is the custom in some establishments,

under the shade of trees on the damp ground. It was the opinion of Mr. W. Smith, Lord Yarborough's huntsman, that nothing contributes to render hounds liable to rheumatism or shoulder lameness more than allowing them to lie on the cold ground in the shade, particularly after work or exercise; besides, it is the means of making servants slack in taking them out to horse exercise, of which they ought to have at least four hours' work every morning early during the summer months. The only use a large grass-court can be of is, in my opinion, for the puppies to air themselves at their will when they come up from their quarters, and which should be kept exclusively for them.

The young hounds' kennel should be as far from the other hounds' lodging-rooms as the arrangement of the structure will allow; and at the farthest end of the grass-court should be an hospital for such puppies as may be distempered, so contrived as to be remote from the other lodging-rooms, but at the same time within an easy distance of the boiling-house, whence, by an outside door, the feeder can constantly pass to attend to the sick hounds, without disturbing the healthy lots. This lodging-house should be so contrived as to be warmed by the chimney of the boiling-house; but it must at the same time be well ventilated by two windows, to which shutters must be attached.

If hounds are to be walked out, either for inspection or for exercise after feeding, or on rest days, they should be taken into the paddock, which should be also kept entirely for that purpose. If horses are turned in, their dung is always in the way, as most hounds will, even directly after feeding, ramble about to pick it up. The size of a grass-court to the puppies' kennel need not be more than a hundred yards square, in a very airy situation. The paddock for moving the old hounds into should be three or four acres at least.

As we are now upon the subject of their eating excrement, and other filth, it may not be considered an improper time to mention the tendency that some of them have to fill themselves with the dung of not only the others, but also to devour their own ordure. Those which are in the habit of eating the filth in the courts may always be known by their bad condition, and by their being more or less dropped in their bodies. The number of hounds which are rendered useless by this filthy practice alone is incredible; a huntsman should always take the precaution of shutting up by themselves on the night previous to hunting such as are in the habit of thus filling themselves, and also of putting muzzles on them to prevent them eating their own ordure. It is positively necessary to shut up such as have acquired this dirty practice by themselves; for if the others do not worry them (being unable to defend themselves) in the night, they will without fail gnaw off their muzzles for mere mischief. I would recommend some small places, large enough to contain one or a couple of hounds, to be built about a kennel; they are always useful for the sick and the lame, or for early whelps; they should be well sheltered and warm.

I have visited above half the kennels occupied by foxhounds throughout Great Britain, and convenient and replete with comforts as many of them are, I never yet saw one in which my fancy, or rather my experience, did not lead me to suppose that many alterations, beneficial to the convenience and economy of the place, might be effected, without deteriorating from the harmony or in any way augmenting the expense attending the erection of the building; and if I were enabled to build another kennel, I would have it constructed upon such a plan, that I could enter any one of the courts without interfering with the others: this might be easily effected by having the

great drawing court to run the whole length of the other courts. I would also have two courts attached to the feeding-house for the sole purpose of drawing the hounds while feeding. This plan would be a great convenience, as not interfering with hounds when at rest. Moreover, when hounds return very late at night from hunting, and are put over into one of the courts attached to the lodging-rooms after feeding, they invariably cause the floor to be covered with grease; which, if neglected to be washed off by a careful feeder (and such persons cannot be trusted at all times), will induce the hounds to be hunting and licking the floor in the cold for an hour, instead of retiring to their benches.

The feeding-room should be so contrived that the pack may be drawn in to feed from one court; by this means they can be fed much easier, and more level, than by turning those which have been fed back amongst those which are waiting. The door through which they are drawn in should be divided in the middle, the upper part being left open during the time of feeding renders the operation much less difficult to the feeder. The feeding-room should be always separate from the boiling-house, let the size be ever so large, even in a temporary cub-hunting kennel, as the heat of the furnaces will cause the puddings to ferment, to say nothing of other inconveniences. Hounds seldom look clean in their coats when the boiling-house is in the centre of the building, on account of the smut falling continually upon them when in the court-yards.

In Mr. Assheton Smith's kennel, at Tedworth, the boiling-house is nearly 100 yards from the feeding-room, and unconnected with the building. The smell attending the preparation of the food is thus, no doubt, got rid of; but the labour, in my opinion, is

unnecessarily increased by the system, to say nothing of the frequent inconvenience of waiting for small portions of the broth or feed.

The eaves should be by all means spouted, and the water well drained off, which will much contribute to the dryness of the place; the gutters of the courts should be all carried into one main drain, which should not have access to the open air within at least one hundred yards of the building, well grated at each end to prevent the rats getting in. This description of vermin will be found most troublesome guests in a kennel if allowed to increase; the food they destroy is perfectly incredible,[1] to say nothing of their leisure moments being employed in drilling loopholes through doors, trough-lids, and meal sacks. There are various ways for extirpating these wholesale marauders. In the Puckeridge kennels the top of the cooler for the pudding was covered with lattice-work, with lifting doors resembling a rat-trap, which the feeder informed me answered well at times, but that after a *large catch* of perhaps ten or twelve brace, the rats became shy of entering for a time. I once killed in and about my kennel in Warwickshire three hundred old ones in one week, besides numerous small fry; and a few years after, when in Holderness, my men killed in various ways in the kennels, stables, and yards adjoining, including the rick-yard banks, seven hundred and thirty-six rats between October and the following April. In some places they give so much a dozen for the tails of rats, as an encouragement for their destruction. In the stables of R. Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, some years ago, a lad, who had acquired the character of a most expert rat-killer, was discovered to have a method of making

[1] [In some kennels the meal is kept in zinc or zinc-lined receptacles to prevent rats and mice from gaining access to it.—Ed.]

two tails out of one, by skinning them, and inserting a stick in so ingenious a manner as to have escaped detection for a considerable time! Two or three cats are good things to encourage about a kennel. I recollect I was much amused when looking at Lord Middleton's hounds when they were kept at Stratford-on-Avon, on seeing two very large cats lying on the benches with them; I was informed by Harry Jackson, the old huntsman, that they were all on the very best terms, the cats going in and out at their pleasure. What made it appear more extraordinary was, that there were three or four couples of terriers, the most inveterate enemies of the feline race, kept with them, which likewise appeared on an equally friendly footing. The following is an excellent recipe for poisoning rats, but the greatest caution should be observed in the use of it. This poison should never be used except during the time the hounds may be absent from the place altogether, which is sometimes the case with those packs which hunt their country from two kennels, or which spend their winter at one place and their summer months at another. Take of—

Powdered fenugreek seed,	1 oz.
Musk,	½ gn.
Oil of rhodium, caraway, and anis, each	4 drops.
White sugar,	2 oz.

Mix this well together in a quart of oatmeal, and put small quantities on bits of board in the situations where the rats generally frequent. Repeat it for four nights, or till you see that they eat freely of it: then take half an ounce of *white arsenic* in *powder*, mix it *intimately* with the composition, and lay some of it, at night, in the places where you first laid the feed. In the morning take up what may be left, and put it safely away.

Some years since, when staying at Hungerford for the purpose of hunting, I saw in Mr. Warde's kennel a doe[1] which was kept in an outhouse close to the kennel door; she was remarkably tame, and came in generally to feed with the hounds at the trough, and it was really wonderful to see with what avidity she would eat, not only the meal, but also the boiled flesh.[2] She afterwards walked out with the pack in the paddock, and caused much amusement by her playful antics: this was, no doubt, one reason why Mr. Warde's hounds were so notoriously steady from deer in the Marlborough Forest.

But to return to my subject. If care be taken that the straw is well swept off, and the dung carefully picked up, before the courts are washed, there will be no danger of dirt accumulating in the drain, so as to stop it up. In many places, the fellmongers buy the dung which is picked up in the kennels, and use it for cleaning the skins during the operation of dressing them. This, if sold, is the perquisite of the boiler; but no man who had a farm in his hands would, I should suppose, allow of so great an abuse. If the floors of the lodging-rooms are not made of large slabs of stone, they should be laid with bricks called

[1] [In "Æsop's" "Sporting Reminiscences of Hampshire" is a copy of a letter written to the author by the late Mr. Nevill, of Chilland, who kept a pack of black St. Hubert bloodhounds, with which he used to hunt deer. He had a deer and a hind which would, after having been hunted, come home by the side of his horse, and in the midst of the hounds; and in 1850 he made a fallow deer so tame that she would go out to exercise with the hounds, and while the latter were feeding would push her way to the trough and eat with the pack.—Ed.]

[2] Deer are well known to have a great desire to eat almost anything offered to them. The author has frequently fed the deer in Magdalen Park, Oxford, after breakfast, with buttered rolls, hams, and all sorts of meat, gloves, handkerchiefs, paper, and even with cinders, thrown to them from the windows.

quarries, and not common bricks, as many are—in cement, and not in mortar, which will render the place not only drier, but much sweeter: and if the whole of the building were composed of bricks instead of stone, I have no hesitation in saying that it would be less likely to become damp in any weather. By attending to these hints, even in case the architect had only some old outbuildings or barn to convert to the purpose, a good kennel may be built and properly arranged, provided the one great essential be obtained, and that is, a healthy situation.

A kennel may be complete in every other respect; it may, to all appearance, be warm in winter and cool in summer, and replete with every sort of convenience; but the one thing may be wanting, namely, health. In fact, it may have the greatest of all curses next to madness to a pack of foxhounds—kennel-lameness, or shoulder-lameness, as it is sometimes called; but whether that is a proper name remains to be proved, as no one has ever satisfactorily defined it, nor given positive proof whether the grief be situated in the shoulders, or loins, or spine. The cause also of the disease was never clearly developed for many years. Colonel Cook has written but very little on the subject, and the instances adduced are only relative to hounds hunting in the New Forest. He has given some reasons for their being lame: the most probable one is, the damp from the black bogs; but, after all, he comes to no decided conclusion. Another reason which he gives for the malady is, their feet being continually pricked by the short stubby furze so prevalent in the New Forest. I have experienced the same annoyance myself, although not to so great an extent. In part of the country which I hunted (over Coleshill Heath, in Warwickshire) large fields of gorse, where the land was poor, were grown for

the express purpose of cutting as food for cows. It is mown once every year; bruised in a mill; and the stumps and prickles which are left behind are a grievous impediment to hounds in chase. Although hounds are frequently lame after running far over this kind of land, their way of travelling is very different from the manner in which they move when lame in the shoulders; a person conversant with hounds will see it in an instant. As far as regards my personal experience, I have every reason to believe, having inquired diligently of many practical men, that the grief arises from one cause only, and that is from the situation of the kennel. If you ask a sportsman what is the reason why Mr. So-and-So's hounds are always half of them lame? the answer is, "The kennel is damp, I should suppose;" yet after all the kennels are, to the eye, as dry as tinder. Ask another the same question, and he says, "Why, I think it must be kennel-lameness," but at the same time he knows no more what kennel-lameness is than the "man in the moon." The best cause that I can attribute it to is from the building being either on a bed of sand or upon a sandstone rock. Of the four kennels occupied by the writer of this treatise two of them were decidedly subject to the disease, one particularly so; they were both built upon sand, one of them close upon a sandstone rock, and what would generally be considered the healthiest and driest spot in the world, and one especially calculated for the purpose for which it was used; the lodging-rooms were well ventilated, with good sleeping floors, and were always everything that cleanliness could demand. It was used during the cub-hunting season by the Warwickshire hounds before the author occupied it,[1] and

[1] [*I.e.*, before the North Warwickshire became a separate hunt.—Ed.]

only occasionally in the winter for one or two nights at a time. No sign of lameness occurred during that period, but when it was used regularly during winter the lameness became manifest; out of forty couples there were sometimes fourteen or fifteen couples lame. The usual remedies, of which I shall speak hereafter, were tried; but although some became eventually sound, their recovery might be attributed more to turning them out to run loose than to any artificial resources.

Another cause from which kennel-lameness may be supposed to arise is the situation being upon ground where the springs rise up in a direct line. The best reason to give for its existence where the ground is sandy is that the exhalation from that sort of soil is much greater than from any other, and that the damp arising from it, although imperceptible in itself, causes lameness, which is in fact rheumatism. In looking into the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, where there is an article upon "Artesian Wells"[1] by M. Arago, I find that in this supposition I am partly borne out by the opinion of Aristotle, which is there quoted; he considered that a central heat is produced by the increased humidity arising from water pent up in the inside of the earth, and which finds its easiest escape through that body which is the most porous. This water was supposed by him, and also by many other philosophical inquirers, to be filtered through the various strata of soil from the sea (and not composed of rain-water, as has been conjectured by some persons), as it has been attested that rain-water never penetrates very deep into the ground; but whether that is the case or not, it makes no sort of difference to what I wish to prove. M. Arago goes on to say,

[1] From the French province of Artois, where extensive researches were carried on for the discovery of subterranean water.

"that Seneca mentions in his questions on natural history that rain, however abundant it may be, never penetrates into the soil above ten feet; he states that he is certain of this from having made many careful experiments with this object in view. It becomes a question whether we must not have recourse to internal vapours in explaining the existence of fountains which are situated far above the level of the sea, whilst their source is also deep under a vast extent of soil. According to the experiments of the great number of naturalists who have recently engaged in these researches, the permeability of the earth would be decidedly inferior to the limit assigned by Seneca. Thus Marriotte maintains that *in cultivated lands* the heaviest rains of summer do not penetrate above six inches. Lahire also has observed, that in soils covered with vegetation they on no occasion penetrate more than two feet; and he has likewise stated, concerning a bed of naked earth eight feet thick, that not a drop of water had penetrated to the leaden plate which supported it during the fifteen years it had been exposed to every atmospheric vicissitude. Buffon has supplied the results of a similar experiment, for he mentions having examined in a garden a bed of earth more than nine feet high, which had been undisturbed for many years; and he noticed that the rain had never penetrated more than four feet deep. These observations would be of the greatest import in the question concerning the origin of fountains, if the surface of the globe were covered with a layer of vegetable earth of the thickness of two or three yards. But the very reverse of this is the fact; and every one knows that in many places the superior layer is sand, and that sand allows water to percolate as if it were a sieve."

At any rate, whether Aristotle is right or not, this appears to support my argument, that the water which

causes this moisture is filtered either one way or other; and from this we may fairly conclude that the vapour of which I before spoke finds its exit by the same passage.

This vapour seems nearly allied to what is called by the hop-growers "fire-blast," which rises out of the ground when a hot gleam of sunshine has come immediately after a shower of rain. It is well known that small separate portions of pellucid vapour are continually rising from the ground and floating on its surface; and, though not visible to the naked eye, are yet considerably denser than the circumambient air; and vapours of such a degree of density may very probably acquire so scalding a heat from the sun as to scorch whatever plants they touch, especially the more tender —an effect that too many gardeners have found to their cost when they have incautiously put bell-glasses over their cauliflowers early in a frosty morning before the dew has evaporated off them; which dew being put in motion by the sun's warmth, and confined within the glass, has produced a scalding vapour which has killed and burnt the plants; but which is, I will allow, considerably increased by the action of the sun upon the innumerable globules of water forming, as it were, so many natural burning-glasses. Now, having proved before that a vapour does arise through the passage of the veins of sand from the depths of the earth, it is reasonable to presume, in comparing that excessive heat caused by so large a body of animals lying together as a pack of hounds, with the heat of the sun, as in the case of the fire-blast before spoken of, that the production and accumulation of the noxious vapour may be not only considerably increased, but also be rendered more dangerous in its effects upon the constitution of animals.

Some years since, the Albrighton hounds (then

under the management of Mr. Walter Gifford)[1] had been removed to a new kennel which was built for them. As soon as it had been used for a short time, the hounds became lame in their shoulders. It being suspected to be kennel-lameness, among others one remedy was tried, which was to dig out the lodging-rooms for several feet, and fill them up with cinders. It need hardly be said that it was of no avail. If good stiff clay had been rammed down, the result might have been different; the situation was upon a sandstone rock. The hounds continued to show lameness for several years, when Sir Thomas Boughey, Bart., purchased the pack, and a removal to a fresh and healthier kennel put a stop to the increase of the disease, although many which had been long lame never recovered. Some years since Mr. Foljambe built a new kennel for his hounds upon a dry sandy situation at Beilby;[2] they became lame; many remedies were tried, even the changing the aspect of the courts, but without any beneficial consequences. In a conversation I had with Mr. Foljambe upon the subject in the autumn of 1840, he told me that he was thoroughly convinced that the situation was the *sole* cause of kennel-lameness existing in hounds: his were invariably afflicted with the malady if they remained at Beilby after the damps of autumn came on; but, by being removed to his hunting kennel, five miles distant from that place, they were prevented from being attacked by this dreadful complaint. To such an extent has this rheumatic affection shown itself during some seasons at the Beilby kennels, that the bitches heavy with

[1] [Was master from 1831 to 1836.—Ed.]

[2] The kennels were formed from the rooms of the old mansion-house.

whelp, when running at large, have been grievously attacked, and even puppies when only a month or six weeks old have been completely distorted in their limbs, and were consequently destroyed. The late Lord Kintore's hounds were martyrs to this curse on hound-flesh for a long period; and his lordship, after fighting against it for ten years, was fully convinced that the *situation* of his kennel at Gask was the only cause for the existence of kennel-lameness in his pack. I could enumerate many kennels subject to this dreadful calamity, even where they are situated upon healthy-looking spots of ground; and I could also mention some instances where they are to all appearance damp; but which are, at the same time, free from all sorts of diseases. It is truly disgusting to see what make-shift places some masters of hounds are content with by way of kennels, where the floors, not even covered with bricks, are allowed to remain saturated with filth and urine.

I always make it a rule, when travelling, to visit all kennels contiguous to my line of march, whether in England or on the Continent; and, during these inspections, I have sometimes witnessed extraordinary scenes, both at home and abroad. Sheep, and even pigs, are placed in some kennels during the time the hounds are absent for a few weeks, by way of keeping them well aired and sweet; but what beat everything I ever saw, by way of making the most of an enclosure, was at the Duke of Nassau's kennel on the Rhine, where ten or twelve hives of bees were kept in the yard amongst a large collection of deerhounds, pointers, and other dogs. The attendant informed me that the bees seldom stung their companions; I have no doubt that they kept at a respectful distance, verifying the old adage about "burnt bairns."

Many of my readers will, I daresay, remember the

old Woodland kennels at Brigstock, in Northamptonshire, built under the direction of the father of the late Lord Spencer, by the celebrated Dick Knight (his lordship's huntsman). It is now many years since I was in them, when they were in the same condition in which they were in early days, anything but a convenient place for hounds. There was always a peculiar appearance on the floors, as if the wet settled on the bricks; but it was considered by Charles King[1] (huntsman to Lord Althrop) as one of the healthiest situations for hounds in the world. Jack Stevens, who also used it with Mr. Osbaldeston for eight or nine seasons, told me he never knew hounds do better in the whole of his experience than at Brigstock. The kennels are built upon a clay, the substratum of which is marl. There is a small kennel at Downside, in Somersetshire, built so close to a trout-stream that it actually runs through the yards upon a rock; but then the rock is of freestone and not of sandstone: this is a particularly healthy place for hounds. Mr. Hall, who occupied it when I saw it, declared it was equally so with his other kennel, which was far superior both in size and convenience. The kennels at Butler's Marston, occupied for many years by the Warwickshire hounds, were built upon a white clay: the country near them after rain was always knee-deep in mud, yet no lameness was ever visible. The Holderness kennels at Bishop Burton may also be mentioned as another instance of soundness on apparently wet land. So much for situations.

From these few instances of many, then, it may be fairly presumed that the best place to build a

[1] [Father of the late Harry King, whipper-in, and subsequently huntsman, on the death of Charles Davis, to the royal staghounds. —Ed.]

kennel upon is a clay or strong sound ground, devoid of sand veins, sandstone rocks, or springs. Build it, I say, upon strong clay ground, and you will be safe; and let not two or three thousand pounds be sacrificed on a heap of bricks, as was the case at Thrussington, in Leicestershire, where the jail-like kennel of the late Sir Harry Goodricke, costly as it was, proved, from its unhealthy situation, a perfect failure. Let the spouting and ventilating be particularly attended to; and if shoulder-lameness or any other disease breaks out, the owner may come to a fair conclusion that there is some hidden cause of the malady, of which the writer of these pages is at present unable to give an account.[1]

It is a fact well known to most sportsmen, that the royal kennels on Ascot Heath have been subject to this destructive disease for a great number of years; and which, as was always considered, arose from the nature of the soil on which they were built. Many remedies were tried to alleviate the sufferings of the hounds; amongst others, the turning of arches of considerable size under the foundation of the building; but the result was that little or no amendment took place from the experiment. The hounds not only continued to be constantly attacked, but many of the servants attached to the establishment became victims to a kind of paralytic affection in their limbs. These circumstances became, in due course of time, matter of deep consideration, and it was thought that probably the presence of lead in the water, which was conveyed by means of leaden pipes for upwards of a quarter of a mile to the kennel, might be the real cause of the calamity. The water was analysed by the learned and experienced Dr. Ryan, Professor in the Royal

[1] [Nor is much more, if anything, known about it now.—Ed.]

Polytechnic Institution, in whose paper the following observations appeared: "We apprehend that the generality of persons are aware that the more pure the water the larger the quantity of carbonic acid gas is contained in it, giving it a greater susceptibility for any impurity from the surface over which it has to pass, and a capability for certain chemical actions on different substances, forming what is technically called a salt of the metal with which it may be brought in contact; and yet we find in use, for general purposes, this very application in the form of lead pipes, tanks, cisterns, &c., either as a means of conveying water from the supply to our own locale, or as a reservoir for our domestic purposes, a practice which cannot be too much deprecated; the action is this:—The carbonic acid in the water enters into combination with the lead, and forms a salt called carbonate of lead, which in itself is a poisonous compound; and in all human probability is the cause of many of the ailments which 'our flesh is heir to.'"

It was the opinion of Professor Ryan, and *consequently* of many others who had interested themselves about the matter, that the presence of the lead in the water was the cause of the malady; and he goes on to say that "there are strong grounds for presuming that the disease called 'kennel-lameness' in sporting phraseology, and which now rages amongst the hounds in the royal kennels, is caused by the quantity of lead taken into the stomachs of the poor animals." For the gratification of the scientific, we have procured an analysis of the water before-named, and it runs thus:—

Dated *Feb.* 3, 1843.

From the *spring head* we found the specific gravity at 60 deg. to be 1.000-18.

The imperial pint on evaporation to dryness yielded 2.37 grains of solid matter.

The solid contents of an imperial pint are—

Chloride of sodium, ...	1.54 grs.
Magnesium, ...	0.71
Sulphate of lime, ...	0.128
	2.378
Excess in course of analysis, .	.008

(Signed) JOHN RYAN, M.D., LL.D., &c., &c.

After it had passed the pipes and in the kitchen of the kennel, the specific gravity was 1.000.42.

An imperial pint evaporated to dryness yielded 2 grains of solid matter.

The imperial gallon contains 1.312 grains of carbonate of lead.

An imperial pint contained—

Carbonate of lead, ...	.164 grs.
Organic matter and traces of chlorides of sodium and magnesium, and sulphate of lime, . . .	.038
	.202
Excess in analysis, . . .	.002

Signed as before.

Pursuing their plans still further, some water was drawn from the pipe which supplies Mr. Davis's kitchen;[1] this was merely tested, not enough having been obtained for an analysis, and the appearance of lead was abundant. A certificate was given, which runs as follows:—

"LABORATORY, ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, *April* 6, 1843.

"I have this morning repeated my examination of certain samples of water brought from the neighbourhood of Windsor. The water from Mr. Davis' house contains *lead*, and although the amount may appear small, yet its continual absorption into the system is most decidedly deleterious. Lead is an accumulative poison; and the continuous use of water containing even the quantity of lead found in the sample from Mr. Davis's house is sufficient to produce paralysis.

(Signed) "JOHN RYAN, M.D., LL.D., M.R.C.S."

[1] [Mr. Davis would not allow the water supplied to the house to be used for drinking purposes. He used to have a supply brought daily from Queen Anne's Well, which is a short distance from the

I will certainly grant that there were very strong grounds for supposing that this disease was caused by the presence of lead; but nevertheless I think I can most positively prove that, although other diseases may be produced by it, "kennel lameness" is the effect of a far different cause, namely, as I have before declared, *situation alone*. I mentioned in a former part of this article that the hounds, when kept at one of my kennels in Warwickshire, were grievously attacked by the complaint; consequently last spring I sent for some water from the very pump which was still in use, and had it analysed by that scientific chemist, Mr. Savory of Bond Street, as I wished to be informed whether it was the presence of lead that had produced the lameness amongst the hounds or not. After examination, he informed me that the water contained the usual salts, and that by the application of the *most delicate* tests he could not perceive "any presence" of lead. I had almost forgotten to mention that, subsequently to my hounds being kept at Milverton, a scratch pack of harriers, kept there for the purpose of hunting deer, were in an awful state of lameness from the same cause as mine had been; and after they had left these quarters for a more distant kennel, a large stud of greyhounds were brought, and they added still more to the number of cripples, which may date their destruction from the time they first entered these accursed walls.

As it was about a year since the experiment had been tried with the new earthenware pipes at the royal kennel, I wrote to Mr. Charles Davis, the

---

kennel, and is situate in a garden. In Queen Anne's time it was proposed to supply Windsor Castle from this source; and I have been told that pipes were actually laid for two or three miles. —Ed.]

huntsman, to know if any beneficial effects had resulted from the alteration; and, without making any further comment upon the subject here, I will subjoin his letter, only adding that the opinion of one who has had such long experience with hounds and kennels ought to have some weight in so important a matter as the one at issue.

"ASCOT HEATH, NEAR CHERTSEY, *Dec. 9th*, 1843.

"SIR,—I received your letter to-day on kennel lameness (an unpleasant subject), which I will answer as briefly as possible.

"I never said that lead being in the water used for the hounds' food caused the lameness, I am sure, but that it augmented it. Since the water has been changed it has not been so decidedly afflicting and obstinate, but by the change of water we have lost many disorders which this kennel was never before free from. It is well known that lead is a rank and insidious poison, for if once taken into the system it remains there and undermines the constitution of either man or beast, causing divers diseases.

"I had the water analysed by the most scientific men in London: the result was, that after passing through lead to the boiler, the water had the proportion of clear lead nearly two grains to one gallon. Now, supposing that each hound will eat 1 lb. of meal boiled in three quarts of water (which is a fact) daily, besides what he laps, who can be surprised at paralysis, indigestion, abcesses, &c., making their appearance? Such was the case here till within a few months. Most of the servants have been sufferers as well as the hounds; the latter fare better now, but the people must either *take the lead as usual* or get water where they can. The locality or situation causes the kennel lameness there can be no doubt; and I am convinced that no artificial means can make a lame kennel a sound one. You may build it with marble and alabaster, and heat it with fire—all won't do. This soil is a poor forest sand, with peat earth, &c. We have about four or five couples now lame.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES DAVIS."

It is the custom with many huntsmen to wash their hounds in warm water every day after hunting previous to shutting them up, and I have known this practice pursued by some men for a very great length of time without any ill consequences arising from it; while

other persons will tell you that it is a certain plan to produce lameness and disease, and that they prefer a little natural dirt to bad condition, as some of the old school term it. Nevertheless, I cannot consider that the removal of dirt by a little clean water can be attended by bad results, if the hounds are *afterwards* attended to as they ought to be.

Hounds, after being washed and fed, should be shut up in a *warm* lodging-room, *well strawed*,[1] but at the same time *well ventilated*, for about two hours: they should then be moved out into the great drawing court for a few minutes and allowed to *stale;* after that they may be placed in their proper lodging-room for the night, the rest-pack having been removed from it only a sufficient time to allow the bed to be well shaken up. This plan will prevent their being chilled; but to carry it into effect there should always be a spare lodging-room, so that the rest-hounds may be shut up dry.

When Jack Wood was huntsman to the Warwickshire hounds, he invariably had the pack washed in warm water after each hunting day: they were lifted up into a large tub, which held about two couples at a time, and their legs, thighs, and bellies well washed with a brush; such as were very dirty were even

[1] [The present (1891) huntsman to the royal staghounds, Mr. John Harvey, treats his hounds after hunting in a method the editor has never seen adopted elsewhere. There is a lodging-room apart from the main kennel, and in this is placed straw to the depth of about three feet. When the hounds are fed, after hunting, they are turned into this place, and in a few minutes there is not a hound to be seen—they all "go to ground" in the straw. In grass countries, where straw sells at a high price, this might seem an expensive way of going to work; and in hunts in which a difficulty is experienced in making both ends meet the straw would appear to be a heavy item; but I believe that for the staghounds, a two days a week pack, the cost for the season is not more than about £10. —Ed.]

washed over the back; but no shoulder lameness was ever the result of this method. William Boxall, who succeeded him in that office, also pursued the same system without any bad effects; and a few years after, when entering the kennel on my return from hunting with Thomas Day—who had been first whipper-in, and who was promoted at the time when William Boxall relinquished that situation—I observed that he still kept up the system of washing, but only such as were very dirty were lifted into the bath; the rest were moved round the court in marching order, and, as they passed, warm water was dashed against their legs and bellies with a large hand-bowl, care being taken not to wet their backs more than could be helped. During the twelve years that I was in the habit of not only hunting with these hounds, but also of continually passing many hours in the kennel, I never was aware of shoulder-lameness being detected amongst them, excepting in cases of kicks from horses and other accidents.[1] During the period that I kept foxhounds myself, I usually pursued the system of washing them after work; while I practised it the hounds were perfectly sound; but kennel-lameness having shown itself upon the hounds being placed in a new lodging-room, which was built at a short distance from the one previously used, I desisted from the practice; and when occupying another kennel at ten miles' distance, where the pack was most grievously affected with that disease during the winter months, washing even their feet after work was entirely dispensed with. The lameness, however,

[1] One cause of casual lameness amongst hounds arises very frequently from the doorways, particularly of the lodging-rooms, being too narrow, and from their being allowed to come ripping out, helter skelter, when moved by the huntsman.

even continued to increase, which circumstance convinced me that selecting an improper situation when building the kennel is the sole cause of the existence of this most dreadful curse upon hound-flesh, and that the practice of washing has nothing to do whatever with it.[1] This opinion about washing was afterwards confirmed when I hunted the Holderness country.

The benches may be made of cast iron or wood: the closer they are to the ground the better, provided there is room for ventilation and cleaning out, as tired hounds will prefer sleeping on the bricks to the trouble of climbing up, if they are too high, and emptying themselves on the beds instead of jumping off, when tired after work.[2] Cast iron has been recommended as being free from vermin, and more durable; but they are more expensive at first cost. And I have heard from those that have used them that the hounds more frequently become lamed when getting on to them than when made of wood; but even where wooden benches are used they should be bound with iron, or the hounds, especially in summer, will soon destroy them by gnawing the edges of them. They may be either placed round the room, or in the centre, allowing a free passage by the side of the walls. There are advocates for both plans; but I should think it less likely that the hounds should be affected by

[1] [Washing is not so common now in kennel or stable as it used to be. It appears to be more generally acknowledged that friction rather than soap and water is required to cleanse the skin of both horse and hound. In some stables the horses' legs are never washed after work: the feet are washed, and that is all.—Ed.]

[2] [Instead of having the benches too low, it is a better plan to place them high enough to secure perfect ventilation, and to add an intermediate step in front to save tired hounds the trouble of climbing up to too great an altitude.—Ed.]

damp when away from the walls. The circular benches are considered by some as a modern invention; but I saw the system practised in Mr. John Warde's kennel many years ago.

Some lodging-rooms are white-washed only once during the year, but it should be done much more frequently. The objection of their being damp for the hounds to enter may be easily remedied by lighting a fire in them during this necessary operation, and which may be removed a short time before they are occupied. There are stoves made on purpose for airing damp stables, kennels, &c., with a long flue to conduct the smoke out through the window.[1] If a stove is not at hand, the easiest method is to turn the benches carefully up, and form a fireplace of loose bricks in the centre, placed diagonally: open the windows and keep the door shut.

No lodging-room which has been long unoccupied should be ever used unless it has been well aired for a whole day; it is certain to be more or less damp; and nothing is more likely to produce that disease called the yellows, or jaundice, in hounds than lying in a damp place: amongst the puppies it is almost certain to produce distemper. The building of a new kennel is attended with a very great expense, and frequently with a very considerable sacrifice; as, after a few years in many instances, from unforeseen events, it becomes useless for the purpose for which it was intended. If a hunt committee are about building one by subscription, care should be taken to select such a situation that it may be eligible as property to be purchased for an

[1] [A variety of portable stoves for which no flue is required are now to be had; but they should, of course, not be used unless the apartment to be aired is fully ventilated at the same time.—Ed.]

inn or for small houses, in the event of the hounds being removed to a different place. The great drawback to subscribers finding a kennel for a master of hounds offering to hunt a country would thus be remedied, as there would be almost a certainty of finding persons who might be so liberally inclined as to build one if they were eventually repaid their outlay. The kennels of the Pytchley Hunt at Brixworth were built by the joint contributions of four gentlemen of fortune in Northamptonshire; and the kennels, with the paddocks and stables, gave each of them a vote for the division of the county in which they were situate, while the greater part of their property was in the other division. The general estimate of the expense of building a kennel, as Mr. George Tattersall told me, may be easily made by multiplying the area occupied by the buildings by their average height; and that result, divided by three, will give the sum in shillings, which sum ought to include all fittings.[1]

[1] [Prices having risen within recent years, one-fourth at least of the cost so given might be added now.—Ed.]

CHAPTER III.

ON FEEDING.

"The beast obeys his keeper, and looks up,
Not to his master's, but his feeder's hand."
—DENHAM.

MUCH has been said by various *theoretical* authors upon feeding hounds upon different kinds of food, each recommending his own peculiar plan as the best; the proof positive, however, derived from one's own experience, will bear out every argument upon the subject. In former days hounds were fed chiefly, if not entirely, upon raw flesh; but times have altered, and improvements in kennel economy, as well as in most other departments, have been introduced.[1] In my early days I have repeatedly seen harriers fed by calling them in to six or seven large joints of flesh, instead of to the trough; and the warm entrails of a freshly killed horse were considered a grand restorative to tired hounds after a long day's hunting. In an

[1] [About the year 1867 I was hunting in Devon and Cornwall. What is now Mr. Sperling's country was then hunted by the twin brothers Leamon, fine old sportsmen, of Willistrew Park, Tavistock. Their hounds, they told me, rarely had pudding, but lived almost entirely on flesh. About the same time there was a scratch pack called the T. C. B. (Tintagel, Camelford, and Boscastle) hounds, which hunted fox and hare over the Bodmin moors. The master and huntsman was a Mr. Baker, who also acted as guide to visitors to King Arthur's castle at Tintagel. Baker told me that he hardly ever bought meal. Sometimes a farmer gave him a sack; but his hounds subsisted almost exclusively on flesh of one kind and another.—ED.]

old book entitled "The Gentleman's Recreation," the author, in the old-fashioned and quaint language of the seventeenth century, in recommending flesh as good food for hounds, says that horse-flesh is the best and hottest; but strictly cautions any one from giving it with the skin on, "lest your dogs, discerning the hair, may fall on them when alive in the field."[1] In the *New Sporting Magazine*, some few years since, a writer, under the signature of Dashwood, recommended the use of mangel-wurzel.[2] Such food might do extremely well for fattening pigs or cows, or for pointers or harriers which did not work very hard; but for fox-hounds, whose powers of exertion are taxed to a much greater degree, such succulent food would never answer. I have used at various times many different kinds of meal, but am thoroughly convinced, by experience, that nothing will answer to feed fox-hounds on but the best old oatmeal.

Beckford has no objection to barley-flour mixed with the oatmeal, and gives the following method for mixing and preparing it. In speaking of the preparation of food for hounds, he says—"I have inquired of my feeder, who is a good one (and has had more experience in these matters than any one you may perhaps get), how he mixes up his meat. He tells me that, in his opinion, oatmeal and barley mixed, an equal quantity of each, make the best meat for hounds. The oatmeal he

[1] [This advice was probably given not because the author had ever known hounds to pull down a horse in a field, but rather because, arguing from deduction, he thought that they might do so. I have been told that in hill countries much of the sheep-killing which is laid to the door of foxes, is really committed by the shepherd's dogs, who get their taste for mutton through being allowed by their owners to make a meal off a lamb that may die on the moors through stress of weather or some other cause.—Ed.]

[2] [The kennel huntsmen of to-day would object to this article of diet.—Ed.]

boils for half an hour, and then puts out the fire, puts the barley into the copper, and mixes both together. I asked him why he boiled one and not the other; he told me boiling, which made oatmeal thick, made barley thin; and that when you feed with barley only, it should not be put into the copper, but be scalded with the liquor and mixed up in a bucket. I find there is in my kennel a large tub on purpose, which contains about half a hogshead." And in a few pages before the lines quoted he says—"Oatmeal, I believe, makes the best meat for hounds; barley is certainly the cheapest, and in many kennels they give barley on that account; but it is heating, does not mix up so well, nor is there so much proof in it as in oatmeal. If mixed, an equal quantity of each,[1] it will do very well; but barley alone will not." Thus we see that, although Beckford has no objection to the occasional use of it, yet he by no means advises it for constant consumption. In the summer of 1834, when wheat was down at 15s. per bag (of three bushels), I tried that for some considerable time; but the hounds by no means did so well upon it as upon oatmeal. The only time that barley-flour can be recommended is in case of hounds being obliged to use new meal; a little, under such circumstances, well scalded (not boiled) and mixed in the trough with the oatmeal, will prevent the new meal from purging them, which it otherwise would do.

The meal for the day's consumption should be brought immediately from the meal-house, instead of having a quantity put into a bin made to hold sufficient for a week or a fortnight, to save trouble; as old meal,

[1] [Where money is an object barley-meal is sometimes mixed with oatmeal; but one-third barley-meal to two-thirds of oatmeal is a better proportion than equal quantities of each.—Ed.]

as well as new, which has been lately moved, undergoes a process of fermentation, and invariably causes purging. It is highly reprehensible for any one to subject himself to such an inconvenience, particularly in the hunting-season; and if any experiments are to be tried in feeding on different kinds of meal, it should be done during the summer months, as there would be a considerable risk in tampering with the constitutions of a pack of foxhounds during work. Care should always be taken to have a stock of old oatmeal on hand, and to lay it in at a proper time. When the late Sir Harry Goodricke died, he had at his kennel at Thrussington (between Leicester and Melton) sufficient old oatmeal for three years' consumption, all from his own estates in Ireland.[1] Sir Harry had nearly a hundred couples of hounds to feed, hunting five and six days a week, with a separate establishment of unentered puppies at Quorndon.

Barley-flour by itself makes hounds scratch themselves and stare in their coats; and oatmeal which has been too highly dried on a kiln will have the same effect upon them. When oatmeal has been adulterated with barley-flour, it is easily perceived when hounds are out, by their constantly leaving their work to lap water from the pits and ditches near at hand; it is also frequently adulterated with maize or Indian-corn, a remarkably heating thing. The only plan to prevent being thus cheated, is to go to a really respectable tradesman, and give the best price. The Scotch meal is the best—that is, if procured genuine;[2] the Scotch are better farmers

[1] [Scotch oatmeal is commonly preferred.—Ed.]

[2] The mealmen who supply the London tradesmen from the Scotch markets have been detected, as I was informed by a master of hounds in Scotland, in regrinding sand into the oatmeal.

than the Irish; their harvest is generally better carried, and the oats are better and cleaner winnowed.[1]

Good wholesome flesh, well boiled down and mixed with the pudding, is indispensable; and when I say good wholesome flesh, I mean not those poor devils that are more than half putrid before they are killed. The circumstance of hounds going suddenly off in their condition during the hunting season may be

---

[1] The weight of a sack of oatmeal is twelve score pounds. There are eight sacks to a ton, deducting forty pounds for eight empty sacks. The following memoranda may be found interesting, and even useful, to the amateur kennel huntsman. Oatmeal at 2s. 3d. per stone is £2 5s. per sack, or about £16 per ton; at 2s. 6d. per stone, £2 10s. per sack, or nearly £18 per ton; at 2s. 9d. per stone, £2 15s. per sack, or about £20 per ton. There are 142 st. 12 lbs. in a ton. The quantity of oatmeal produced from a bushel of oats is as follows:—

42 lbs. of oats produce, in meal,	25 lbs.	2 oz.;	in husk,	16 lbs.	14 oz.
40	„	23 6	„	16	10
38	„	21 12	„	16	4
36	„	20 3	„	15	13
34	„	18 11	„	15	5
32	„	17 8	„	14	11

[In "Horses and Stables," by Sir F. Fitz-Wygram (3rd ed., p. 53), are some remarks on oats and the amount of flour per bushel yielded by oats of different weights. A miller made some experiments for the author, with the following results. A fair sample of oats, per bushel:—

At 32 lbs. per bushel, yielded	19 lbs.	5 oz.	of flour =	189½ lbs.	per qr.
38	„	„	27	7	„	211
42	„	„	30	14	„	247
44	„	„	33	14	„	271

In experiments made by another miller the yield was as under:—

Oats at 32 lbs. per bushel, yielded flour	16.25 lbs.		
„ 34	„	„	16.59
„ 36	„	„	18.18
„ 38	„	„	20.78
„ 41	„	„	24.30
„ 44	„	„	27.22
„ 44½	„	„	27.40 —Ed.]

attributed, in nine cases out of ten, to their having been fed with improper flesh. I know it is the practice to boil down everything that comes to some kennels (particularly such as are served by contract) in the shape of flesh, good or bad; and some huntsmen even put those hounds into the copper which have been destroyed, and declare that it is a certain cure for the distemper; but that is no reason why bad and tainted flesh should be used, when a good, freshly killed horse can be obtained. I know one master of foxhounds who boasts that he has become quite callous to all that can be said about bad flesh, &c., and told me he once had a porpoise sent him by a neighbouring farmer, which he boiled up, blubber and all, and that the hounds were not injured in any way during the time they were enjoying this most exquisite supply of turtle. I had a long conversation some years since with Mr. Cross, the great wild-beast proprietor, upon the different kinds of food used for the support of animals in confinement; and amongst the much useful and rational information imparted to me upon the subject was, that putrid or tainted flesh was one of the first, if not the chief thing to be guarded against in feeding *animals;* the next was to avoid feeding them to *repletion.*

A less quantity of flesh is sufficient in summer;[1] and although some theoretical sportsmen will tell you that, during the dead months, hounds ought not to touch one morsel of flesh in any shape whatever, experience has convinced me that without a constant use of it, although in moderation, no pack of foxhounds can be kept in real hard condition. If owners

[1] [About one-third less than the quantity used in the season will usually suffice.—Ed.]

of all descriptions of hounds would feed them higher in the summer, and give them more strong exercise early in the morning than is generally the case, a tired hound would seldom be met with in the early part of the season, and the necessity of the use of styptic tinctures and sharp water would be nearly abolished from the kennel. When flesh cannot be obtained, a broth made of greaves may be used: it is a thing which all dogs are particularly fond of, and frequently the sick ones, which will not eat the common kennel-food, will feed on that which is mixed with greaves; the giving them this broth will prevent their going off their feed and losing their condition; nevertheless it should be given most sparingly, as nothing will render them foul in their bodies sooner if used for many days.

A few pails of sweet skimmed milk may generally be obtained, during the days that flesh is scarce, from some neighbouring farm, and it is an excellent substitute when they are not at work.[1] In summer, when they have only their ordinary exercise, a day or two's short commons is not of much consequence, but during hard work one unwholesome meal, or half a belly-full, may waste them in their flesh, and lower their vigour and condition to such an extent, that it may take three weeks or a month to retrieve it. Boiled flesh given in too great abundance causes the food to pass through hounds too quickly, and before it is thoroughly digested. After flesh is boiled down to rags, there is little or no virtue in it; and if I wanted hounds to be in *brilliant form*, when there was a superabundance of boiled flesh, I would have it thrown away rather than make use of it, especially on the day before hunting.

[1] [Buttermilk, when obtainable, is a good laxative.—Ed.]

Some persons use biscuits occasionally during the summer months, but I should fancy no good judges would pursue this system for a very long time; having tried them myself, I can answer for their being by far more expensive than oatmeal, and by no means so nutritious. There are two kinds of biscuits: one, the common sea-bread, that has been damaged either by age or salt water, and sold as old stores by the ship-chandlers; the other is made on purpose for hounds and other sporting dogs, of refuse meal of all sorts.[1] Having no choice myself, I shall leave it to the reader, if he wishes to become a purchaser, to buy that which his fancy conceives to be the best. Sago is also advertised in some of the London papers, and recommended as good food for hounds; but not having tried it myself, and not even having heard of its being used for such a purpose before, I can give no account of it. Cabbages are frequently given by some huntsmen during the dead months; they are a most excellent and cooling addition to the food, but being expensive,[2] are not always to be procured, particularly where the establishment is a large one. In that case, nettles are a good substitute; they are very cooling, a strong antiscorbutic, and a diuretic, and their good effects will be evidently seen on the coats of the hounds when they have been used for a week or ten days. Care should be taken to gather the young tops of the nettles,[3] as when the

[1] [Since this was written the manufacture of dog biscuits has received a considerable amount of attention, and biscuits are sometimes used to save trouble. Nothing, however, enriches like old oatmeal.—Ed.]

[2] [The cattle cabbages answer excellently. Four large ones will suffice for nearly forty couples of hounds.—Ed.]

[3] [They can only be used in the spring, when the nettles are young.—Ed.]

stalks become old and hard, they are unwholesome and difficult to digest; a large sackful may be put into the copper daily, and boiled up with the flesh. The best way of procuring them is to set one of the old women who may usually be employed in garden or field work to gather them by the day, having first supplied her with a pair or two of strong gloves; she will be thus enabled to provide a constant succession of fresh nettles.

Hounds, when heated, are remarkably fond of vegetables boiled up with their food; prompted, no doubt, by the strong inclination which nature never fails of exciting in scorbutic disorders for these powerful specifics. The boiler's or feeder's *first* care on entering his kennel in the morning should be *invariably* to take out two-thirds of the broth from the copper, which should be perpetually simmering, and pour it into a tub kept for that purpose, and then fill up the copper again previous to lighting the fire; he will then have plenty of good strong cold broth to cool the newly mixed food at feeding time, instead of waiting for it to cool while half the morning is lost, or mixing it with cold water, which is a bad plan; as long as the broth is not sour nor burnt, it cannot be too strong nor too rich. The boilers, or coppers, as they are generally called, should be made of cast-iron, and not of copper; if any liquid of a greasy or oily nature is allowed to remain in a copper vessel, it will produce verdigris, than which nothing can be a more deadly poison. In the year 1823, Mr. Shirley,[1] of Eatington, Warwickshire, lost about twelve couples of hounds in one night, from eating flesh and broth which had been allowed to stand in a boiler which was made of copper.

[1] [Master of the Warwickshire from 1822 to 1825.—Ed.]

There are some hounds which, more from habit than from constitution, have learned, from the method pursued by injudicious feeders, a trick of continually leaving the trough and passing behind the other hounds, while they slop the food about in all directions, instead of filling their bellies, as they ought, with a good appetite; this is taught them by making a continual practice of indulging them by drawing them in four or five times, and coaxing them to feed, because they are naturally, perhaps, shyish feeders. The best plan is to draw a lot of all the delicate feeders first; before you begin, put them away; and, by making them wait till last, taking care to have some of the best food saved for them, you will soon perceive that they will become as good trencher-men as the rest of the hounds.

With regard to summer-feeding, the system of using potatoes, cabbages, mangel-wurzel, &c., is excellent, provided it is not carried to excess. Oatmeal puddings should be made for constant use in the same manner as in winter; and the vegetables, nettles, &c., should be put into the flesh copper, and not boiled separate; and when the feed is mixed up, the first lot should be for the puppies, chiefly consisting of the pudding, and only sufficient vegetables to form a cooling diet, for if they are fed daily on potatoes and other rubbish, as is the case in some establishments, they will never throw out muscle, and furnish into foxhounds as they ought to do, particularly when recovering from the ravages of the distemper. But with the old hounds it does not so much signify; if the contents of the meal-bin are fast diminishing, potatoes or ground oats may be substituted for a *short* time; and with regard to those bitches which may be at large suckling whelps, neither they nor their young offspring should be served with the feed in which nettles or other

vegetables have been mixed, as the worst consequences will, in all probability, be the result; but a small copper should be kept for their exclusive use during the breeding season, where vegetables are used.

It is quite impossible to feed in good workmanlike style, or make the most of the meat, unless the ingredients are good of their kind, well prepared and properly mixed. No department in the management of the kennel was considered of greater importance than the boiling and preparing the food by that fine old sportsman, Mr. J. Warde, whose experience, both in feeding and breeding hounds, and whose opinion in all matters relating to the chase, stood amongst the fox-hunters of the old school—even if he did get too slow for modern times—in as high estimation as the oracle at Delphi did amongst the Athenians. So convinced was he of the necessity of having the meal well boiled, that almost the first question he asked a new whipper-in or kennel-man, who might offer himself as a candidate for his service, was whether he knew how to "thick a copper;" and, according to the knowledge evinced in the culinary art of the boiling-house his estimation of the person rose or fell.

The following is the proper way to make a pudding, or "thick-up," as it is sometimes expressed in kennel language. First, take care that your water is thoroughly boiling; then keep strewing in the oatmeal with one hand, holding the vessel containing the meal in the other arm, stopping ever and anon to stir it up well with a wooden stirrer, having also a strong stick, resembling a fork handle, with an iron scraper at one end, to move it perpetually from the bottom, to prevent its burning. The better the oatmeal, the less it will take; but you will know when you have used sufficient by its becoming thick and swelling to its proper con-

sistency. Let it boil for two hours,[1] and then put out the fire, and ladle out the pudding into the cooler, where, if it is properly made, and the meal old and good, in the course of a few hours it will bear the weight of a man to jump on it. The old plan of mixing the feed used to be to boil up the meal with the broth and the flesh all together; but there are many objections to it. In the first place, the meal does not go so far, nor does it stay by the hounds so long as when the meal is made into a pudding by itself; and in the next place, what may be left will ferment and become totally unfit for use in a few hours.

It may be here remarked that the best made pudding will occasionally ferment from the following causes—thunder; change in the weather; if any broth has by chance got into the copper or buckets which have been used in moving it, and if the cooler has not been well washed out with a brush since it may have been last emptied. Fermented food will invariably cause a looseness in hounds, consequently it should be avoided. The feeding of hounds, to make the most of their powers and constitutions, is another art, which, amongst the ordinary run of fox-hunters, is not much considered, whereas half the secret in making a pack run together consists in a thorough knowledge of that branch of the science. I have heard many men, who were good judges too in these matters, declare that no man can hunt a pack of hounds properly without feeding them; and, moreover, that no man can feed a pack to run together without hunting them, so that he may be thoroughly acquainted with their constitutions, and the

[1] [In at least some kennels now the boiling does not last longer than about half-an-hour; the fire is then put out, and the contents of the vessel are left to simmer so long as the heat lasts—rather more than an hour perhaps.—Ed.

effect that high or low feeding may have upon their pace and stoutness. I have frequently fancied that hounds which had been travelled on the day previous to hunting, for the purpose of lying out at some more contiguous spot to the place of meeting, have not shown themselves in such *good wind*, when at work, as they generally had been accustomed to be when they had only left their kennels on the hunting morning, and this I can attribute to two causes; first of all, many huntsmen who fancy their hounds are in for an extraordinary hard day's work give them thicker feed than usual, and more of it; and, in the next place, I do not think hounds digest so easily while travelling along as they do when lying quietly on their benches; and this supposition is still more confirmed by the full appearance of their flanks upon the occasions above alluded to.

Some huntsmen are in the habit of feeding with a lump of *parboiled* flesh such hounds as are too fast for the rest of the pack on the mornings of hunting, as they will throw off any other description of feed. But it is, after all, a bad system. How can a hound work to any effect with his belly half full?[1] It is much better to get rid of such hounds at once. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in what has been said about men feeding their own hounds, as I know, by my own experience, that if a huntsman knows anything of feeding, he can generally perform that duty to better effect than a man who stays at home, and is consequently in ignorance of the way in which the work is performed in the field; besides, nothing makes

[1] [On this subject, as with most others, authorities are not of one mind. The Editor knows of one pack, the late master of which was accustomed to give the more delicate hounds about three-quarters of a pound of raw flesh on the morning of hunting if they had a long way to travel to the day's fixture.—Ed.]

hounds fonder of their huntsman, or handier in casting or lifting them, than the constantly being with them, ministering to their wants, and caressing them, and by never, on any account, striking or scolding them,

No gentleman, who is his own huntsman, should ever think of entering his kennel without first putting on a large frock, made of jean or brown holland, to protect his clothes, that he may allow his pack to come round him without the fear of their being ill-naturedly beaten or repulsed. Dogs are animals not to be trifled with; and a blow given to a faultless hound, for no other crime than soiling the coat of a dandy, may create a shyness and antipathy in the animal which can never again be eradicated. There are many first-rate amateur performers as huntsmen who do not attend to the feeding department themselves; and, to the eye of an indifferent observer, their hounds may perform their work without the slightest cause for reproach; yet I have no doubt, if these gentlemen would undertake the fatigue and trouble of doing it themselves, their performances in the chase would be much more to their satisfaction, and many a hound which is put away as not being able to go the pace, or for tiring, would be by such means redeemed.

The late Duke of Cleveland, even to the last season of his keeping hounds, was so devoted to them as to stay after hunting during the whole operation of feeding, even when his clothes were soaked with rain. And to bad health and rheumatism arising from this practice might be attributed his abandonment of the chase. Mr. Osbaldeston, although an indefatigable field huntsman, seldom or never troubled himself about the feeding: after his kennel huntsman left him in Northamptonshire, that operation was generally performed by William Gardner, his boiler;

and I must do him the justice to say that I never saw any pack of hounds in the whole course of my experience as a fox-hunter which could go at so killing a pace, both in cover and in the open, run so well together, and carry so fine a head, or last out such long and tiring days, as those of Mr. Osbaldeston; they would not only go *like a flock of pigeons* with a burning scent, but could "cold hunt" a fox with as much patience as any pack of hounds in England. They were never whipped off till it was quite dark, even if twenty miles from home, if there was the least chance of killing their fox; and, as the "Squire" hunted six days a week, and frequently had two packs out in a day, it was impossible for his head man, Jack Stevens, to feed; consequently the hounds were generally, if not always, fed during the hunting season by Will Gardner, who was considered by far the best kennel-man, and most judicious feeder of his day; he had no doubt a quick and discerning understanding, and a most retentive memory, or he never could have fed them with the exactness which he did—capabilities of a mind worthy of a higher walk in life.

"The Squire's" hounds have always been considered amongst the stoutest in the world, and no doubt the goodness of their nature must have been one great cause of their strikingly lasting qualities; yet I firmly believe, had they been fed by an ignorant or inattentive person, or one of the common stamp of feeders, that they never could have gone through the labour which they did in so workmanlike and superior a manner. The great art of feeding consists in administering that quantity of food which will produce the greatest powers of exertion, without impairing the constitution by repletion; over-feeding or giving too much at once is equally as injurious as giving too little; food intro-

duced into the stomach in too great a quantity does not digest, and totally defeats the object for which it was given, which may be seen by any dogs that have gorged too much always purging. Hounds at all seasons of the year, in my humble opinion, ought to be rather high in condition, particularly in wet weather; and, as long as two ribs are visible, the muscles on their thighs and backs cannot be too exuberant. The greatest mistake with most huntsmen is, that they do not begin sufficiently early in the summer to give strong exercise; they content themselves with crawling out at six or seven o'clock, and, because it is hot, and the hounds seem distressed (which no doubt they are), bring them in at nine; whereas they ought never to be in their kennel after five o'clock,[1] unless the morning is wet, and ought to be kept out for at least four hours. As the summer wears away, and the time approaches towards cub-hunting, their exercise must, of course, be increased; and at that period they ought to have, during two days in the week, at least about nine hours' strong exercise.

The best time to feed hounds during the summer months is about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Some huntsmen feed much later, on account of the hounds resting more quietly during the night; but, if they are to be taken out to exercise by daybreak, as they ought to be, three or four o'clock in the afternoon is quite late enough for the feeding hour, as they have then time to digest their food sufficiently before the next day. When the puppies first come up from their quarters, they should be fed two or three times a day, unless they are very high in flesh and

[1] [It may be questioned whether such early hours are now kept. —Ed.]

likely to grow too large for the pack; but, as they advance in their education and condition, and the effects of the distemper begin to wear off, they should be taught to feed only once in the day. A dog is almost a carnivorous animal; and, as he is, like all animals of that description, enabled by nature to go many hours without food, so also is his stomach formed to contain at one meal sufficient for at least one day's digestion, without feeling his strength and vigour impaired in the same degree as the horse or any other graminivorous beast would. Although dogs are, undoubtedly speaking, naturally carnivorous, we sometimes meet with accounts of their living in nearly a natural state on fish and even vegetables. In Siberia their chief food consists of fish, and we may also read that, in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, dogs are bred up on vegetables, and would not eat flesh when offered them by our circumnavigators.

Hounds should never be allowed to eat to satiety. Sir B. Graham, who at one time himself performed the office of feeder, and whose authority on matters relating to feeding and kennel management was never doubted for a moment, considered it as most injurious to condition to allow them to fill themselves at the trough. It is the custom of some huntsmen during the hunting season to draw those hounds which look thin,[1] and give them some meat in the afternoon. I must confess it is a system I do not admire: a hound fed at three or four o'clock in an afternoon is totally unfit to run a burst at eleven o'clock next morning.[2]

---

[1] [Mr. Horlock ("Scrutator") was always rather an advocate for giving what he called a little "thin lap" in the afternoon preceding a hunting day.—Ed.]

[2] The system in feeding a hound which I always endeavoured to pursue was to make him *fit for the day* and that day *alone*, and so on every time he came out.

It is a much better plan to make such as will not feed one day wait till the next; by that means they soon learn to feed at a proper hour, as they ought to do.

When animals reject their food, depend upon it there is a good reason for it; and nothing is so good for the stomach, when disordered, as a little fasting: such was the system pursued by the great Napoleon, who preferred it to taking medicine when unwell. When hounds whose constitutions are delicate become a little below the mark, the better plan is to let them miss one day's hunting; by that means they will gain more vigour than by overloading their stomachs with food, which will do them more good when it is on their backs than it will when it is inside their ribs. If you wish your hounds to run well up, and at the same time to be stout in an afternoon, keep them high in condition, always feed thick, proportioning the quantity to the work, and never later than nine o'clock in the forenoon; even eight o'clock is better.

Some wiseacres fancy that a hound fed at three or four in the evening will be stouter at the end of the day; but it is ridiculous to suppose that a carnivorous animal like a foxhound can ever feel distress from want of food during thirty-six hours, provided he is well fed at other regular and stated periods. Mr. Warde, whose grand amusement in the latter part of his long hunting career consisted chiefly in drawing and feeding his hounds, was a great advocate for a little afternoon stuffing; and, when inspecting the pack for the following day's work, would frequently draw such as he considered too fast for the rest at three o'clock, and give them what he termed "stopping balls," composed of oatmeal and barley-flour, mixed with flesh, and rolled up. But Berkshire was a slow and cold-scenting country, and the pace was not expected to be quite so good as it is upon grass.

His huntsman, William Neverd, was quite of a different opinion on the subject; and told me he thought they would have done much better if his master had given the "slow 'uns" some quicksilver balls instead.

In looking over hounds some four or five hours after they had been fed, it is impossible to form a correct judgment of the food they may have eaten, or what their appearance and condition may be at ten o'clock the next morning. Some digest quicker than others do: Rallywood, whose sides appear as if he were only just fed at two o'clock, may not have eaten any more than Vanquisher, who looks at that hour almost fit to run a burst; yet by the cover-side the next morning they will *both* look as "level as dice," and the food of both of them will be upon their backs, instead of inside their bellies, which it would have been had they been fed at three or four o'clock in the afternoon of the day before. Some, whose digestion is weak, void their food in nearly the same state in which they swallow it; and many, from the same cause, are constantly in the habit of throwing part of their meat off immediately after feeding: it is quite curious to see how such hounds are continually watched by the others, to whom they are as well known as the pieman would be near the gates of a school; for what purpose I leave my readers to guess.

When hounds are moved out after feeding, they should be walked about very slowly, and allowed to empty themselves at their own pleasure, or many will throw off part of their meat. And when the pack are going to be taken from home to be ready for the next day's hunting, they ought to be fed at least three hours before starting. When hounds lose their appetites, and when they are in the habit of throwing off part of their meat immediately after feeding, it is a certain sign that the digestive organs are impaired;

this frequently happens to puppies when recovering from the effects of the distemper; and even the older ones, whose constitutions are none of the strongest, are at times afflicted with dyspepsia: it arises generally from too great an acidity in the contents of the stomach, to which all animals whose aliment is mixed with vegetable matter are more or less liable. This tendency in the stomach to produce acid may be obviated by avoiding acescent aliments, and substituting animal food, which is not so likely to excite undue fermentation; this is evident by turning those hounds out of the kennel which have become sickly and dyspeptic, to feed on raw flesh, when they almost infallibly, in a few days, become sleek and fat. This plan, however, if for a long time or very frequently pursued, is not the most likely means of either getting them into condition, or keeping them so, even if they were in such condition, as it cannot be long continued without corrupting the state of their blood; and, as vegetable food cannot be entirely dispensed with, the excess of the acescency may be in a great measure avoided by mixing in each meal a small portion of common chalk, and administering to the hounds thus affected to each a pill, containing eight grains of calomel and thirty of jalap, on every third morning for five or six mornings, and feeding them twice a day as long as they are taking the pills: if it is in the summer, and the weather is fine, they may go to moderate exercise with the rest.

Some huntsmen are in the habit of using common reddle, mixed up in the food once a week during the summer months. I once asked Wm. Boxall, who succeeded J. Wood in the office of huntsman to the Warwickshire pack, why he used it; but the only intelligence I could gain was, that "it was a rare thing for the blood." Now, reddle is nothing more

or less than red chalk, which is an absorbent earth; and I never could discover any peculiar properties in it which are not found in the common white chalk, excepting its difference in colour. Other hounds which have the same symptoms as those described above are also at times afflicted with purging, which arises from the same causes, and is part and parcel of the same complaint; and, until a more healthy action of the stomach is produced, we must in vain look for an amendment in either the appetite or secretions. From an undue fermentation, and the digestion becoming morbid, an acid and phlegm-like accumulation takes place on the coats of the stomach; and, as Dr. Whytt has justly observed, that when much phlegm is collected in the stomach and intestines their nerves are rendered less sensible of the stimulus of the aliments, their absorbent vessels are partly obstructed, and the gastric and intestinal lymph is more sparingly secreted, or at least becomes more viscid. This observation was made with regard to the human frame; but it is well known that the organic structure in the stomach of dogs differs but little from that of human beings, both being omnivorous animals; many diseases being common to both, and having almost the same symptoms in each; for instance, the jaundice or yellows, inflammation of the bowels, and many others. Iron or copper introduced into the stomachs of those which are dyspeptic and weak in their digestions, very frequently increases the appetite and vigour of the circulation. I have tried occasionally one grain and a half of blue vitriol pulverised, and rolled up in a pill, and given every morning for a week or ten days, with great success. But, after all, the grand secret is, never to allow any hound to eat at one time to satiety, and to feed *early* and *thick* during the hunting season.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ACCIDENTS AND DISEASES OF HOUNDS, AND THEIR CURES.

"Morborum quoque te causas et signa docebo."—GEOR. 3RD.

IT may be justly remarked, that not one of the various improvements, upon which modern sportsmen can congratulate themselves, has rendered greater benefit to the cause in general than the rapid advancement which veterinary surgery has made during the nineteenth century. That dangerous and disgusting character, the old-fashioned, drunken, and ignorant farrier, has become obsolete; and a well-educated and enlightened body of men have sprung up in that niche which has so long been waiting for them.[1]

The horse, however, has almost entirely engrossed the whole of the attention of the profession, until within a short time; but during the last few years, that most useful, interesting, and companionable animal, the dog, has gradually been creeping up into the notice of those professional men who practise in the metropolis. And, if we may judge of what we read in the sporting periodicals, the rising generation of veterinary surgeons seem anxious not only to make the diseases of the horse their study, but also to extend their exertions and inquiries to those maladies and

[1] [The Veterinary Surgeons Act, 1881, has conferred a great benefit on the veterinary profession and the public. It provides that no one may call himself a veterinary surgeon without being properly qualified.—ED.]

accidents to which not only the canine race but also all other domesticated animals are liable.

Although hunting has been the most fashionable amusement amongst the gentry of England for many centuries, strange it is that the management of the hound, upon which animal all the hopes of success in the chase entirely depend, has been too frequently entrusted to a class of men whose gross ignorance, in many instances, has only been surpassed by their obstinacy.

That some huntsmen are exceedingly skilful in their vocation, and eminently successful in their treatment of many of the diseases with which hounds are afflicted, all must admit; but the generality of them are ignorant and uneducated men, who, by an indiscriminate and injudicious application, often ruin the credit of medicines and processes which, in good hands, might otherwise have succeeded to the utmost wishes of the most sanguine. Such self-taught and conceited fellows at once call to my recollection Sir W. Scott's well-drawn character of Wayland Smith, to whom he has very aptly applied the following words of Perseus:—

> "Diluis helleborum, certo compescere puncto,
> Nescius examen?"

which has thus been translated:—

> "Wilt thou mix hellebore, who doth not know
> How many grains will to the mixture go?"[1]

When a dog recovers from any dangerous disease or accident, it is generally attributed to the efficacy of

---

[1] [It used to be the weak point in nearly all works dealing with the doctoring of dogs that too little notice was taken of the proportions of drugs to be used in the cases of dogs of various sizes and ages. Some one who is not a veterinary surgeon desired to physic a dog, and on turning to the pages of some book found that so many

the remedy, and to the great skill with which the medicine or application has been used; but nine times in ten the poor animal, if he could reflect within himself and speak the real and stubborn truth, would tell us that it was the tough and invincible constitution with which nature has gifted him, which has borne him through not only the trying effects of the disease, but also through the still more dangerous consequences of cruelly misapplied nostrums and operations. Nine country veterinary surgeons out of ten, even in the most simple cases, when called in, profess the utmost ignorance of the diseases connected with the kennel; and, as the knowledge of anatomy which generally falls to the share of even the most enlightened sportsman is very limited, the cure, or rather the attempt at cure, is generally carried on in the dark, and at the utmost hazard of life or recovery. In the management of not only my own hounds, but also of numerous pointers and other sporting dogs, for the space of many years, the chief assistance upon which I could rely has been the recipes and advice of those huntsmen whom I considered the most intelligent and experienced; where recipes have succeeded, I have continued to use them, but have without hesitation rejected those which might fail in their operations.

As to the veterinary surgeons, I never could prevail upon one in any instance to attempt to assist me, either with regard to the use of different kinds of medicines, or in the performance of any common

drops of this or grains of that were prescribed. The dose was mixed and administered, and perhaps the dog died. Then it turned out that the writer of the book intended the dose given to a terrier pup to be used on a full-grown mastiff or foxhound. Modern writers, however, are more particular.—Ed.]

operation which might be necessary; but a medical gentleman[1] in very high practice in the neighbourhood where I resided, and with whom I was upon terms of intimacy, constantly assisted me, not only in many and frequent operations upon my hounds, but also in the choice of divers medicines and other remedies. I have read attentively nearly every sporting book that has ever been published since the "Gentleman's Recreation," but with little benefit to myself, as I have seldom, if ever, met with one single instance of any recipe succeeding which I may have been induced to try. The only book from which I have derived the least information is one entitled "Canine Pathology," by Mr. Blaine; and I must confess that that book stands alone amongst the many which have been foisted upon the public, as one which may be entirely depended upon.[2] No sportsman should be without it; it gives not the effects of theoretical and inexperienced advice, but the effusions of the understanding of the man who has made the study of the diseases of the dog his chief pursuit, and who has most eminently succeeded in the undertaking.

When compared with the horse, the dog is subject but to few maladies; this is, in a great measure, owing to the coldness of his temperament, the hardiness of his constitution, and the great strength of his digestive powers. He is seldom attacked with inflammation, although cases of enteritis or inflammation of the bowels are sometimes to be met with. Inflammation in the eyes, although not so frequent as one might expect, from the continual and laborious occupation

[1] I. Kemble, Esq., Knowle. [There are now veterinary surgeons who make the diseases of dogs a special study.—Ed.]

[2] [Since this was written several valuable books have appeared. Those by "Stonehenge," for instance.—Ed.]

which dogs of all descriptions are doomed to undergo when working in cover, is generally of not so formidable a character as when that member meets with severe injury in the horse; still, it is attended with much danger, and the total loss of the organ is sometimes the consequence of a puncture from a thorn or a misaimed blow from the lash of a whip.

Section First.

The distemper, which is the first disease to which hounds are generally subject, is, in the opinion of all men, the most fatal which has ever discovered itself in the canine race; thousands are annually swept off by this dreadful plague; and as it breaks out in so many various forms, the possibility of finding remedies to counteract it is rendered far more difficult.[1] In the Report of the Veterinary Medical Association for March 1838, a Mr. Simonds, in expressing his congratulations at the prospect of the diseases of dogs becoming the subject of inquiry amongst the veterinarians of the present day, goes on to say that "distemper is primarily an affection of the schneiderian membrane; thence, in certain constitutions, it is transmitted to the lungs, and we have pneumonia in one of its various forms; sometimes to the intestines, and we have diarrhœa and dysentery; and sometimes by simple proximity, or through the medium of the

[1] ["Stonehenge," no mean authority on diseases of the dog, declared that distemper in a dog corresponded to the typhus fever of man; and in his work on "The Dog" he says: "The identity of the two methods of treatment I shall take for granted; more especially as it is now generally admitted." The same writer declares that "*the essence of the disease* is some poison admitted from without, or developed within the blood, by which the various secretions are either totally checked, or so altered as no longer to purify the system."—Ed.]

ethmoidal processes, it attacks the brain, and we have epilepsy;" and he very justly adds, "It is clear that we have no specific for such a disease." There certainly is no specific for the distemper; and, not infrequently, the very medicine which is given to one dog which recovers, when administered to another will cause immediate death. I have tried numbers of remedies upon dogs of all ages and conditions; many I have cured, or rather fancied I have cured, and hundreds I have seen sink under the disease, even when they have been attended with strictest care and attention.[1]

Vaccination was considered a few years since as a certain preventive, but I have been credibly informed that the disciples of this foolish doctrine are daily on the decrease. All the several trials I have given this remedy failed, as the puppies upon which I operated all sickened soon after and died. They were vaccinated inside the flap of the ears; the incisions inflamed and crusted over, but whether they were good and genuine cowpock pustules I was unable to determine. Numerous other sportsmen with whom I am acquainted have given vaccination a fair trial, but the results have been by no means satisfactory.[2] When *very young* puppies are attacked with distemper, the only remedy is to administer gentle doses of castor-oil, keep them very clean and *moderately* cool, and nature must do the rest. Huntsmen differ as to the keeping young

[1] [A further difficulty in dealing with distemper through the medium of a "specific" arises from the fact that in any given kennel it takes various forms in different years. In one year the head may be attacked; the next year may see the lungs as the seat of disease; or the skin or bowels may be attacked. Any universal remedy, therefore, may be more effectual in one year than when tried on another occasion.—Ed.]

[2] [Professor Woodruffe Hill has a system of inoculation by means of threads which he prepares.—Ed.]

hounds, when suffering from distemper, warm or cold; I should recommend them to be kept cool, provided they were not starved, and, at the same time, that the ventilation should be pure and free.

Many years since I visited the late Duke of Cleveland's kennels at Raby, about a fortnight previous to the sale of his Grace's hounds at York,[1] to the tune of Mr. Tattersall's hammer. Upon my entering the lodging-room of the young hounds, who were stretched about in all directions, looking like sufferers from the plague in the streets of Alexandria, the whole of the windows being open, and rain accompanied by a west wind driving in, which gave the place more the character of a dairy or butcher's slaughter-house than a kennel, I remarked to the feeder, the only person about the premises, that I thought the puppies full cool and airy, but the only answer I got was—"Us always keeps 'em so." I can only add that most of them died between that day and the day of the sale. Neither huntsman nor whipper-in was in attendance; and how forcibly the old saying about "the master's eye," &c., struck at the moment! These hounds were kept cool enough, to be sure; but when coolness is recommended, it is understood that cold starvation is not implied in the treatment.

When puppies are grown to a larger size, other attempts may be made to effect a cure; but although I have tried many recipes with partial success, the only and best system to pursue is the following:—Be beforehand with the disease if you can,[2] and upon

[1] [The Raby hounds came to the hammer in miserable condition. They were sold at York in May 1840, and realised only £262. —Ed.]

[2] [As distemper lowers the system, the latter must be supported, care being taken to avoid the danger of inflammation, which may attack brain, lungs, or bowels.—Ed.]

the first symptom, which is a dry cough or husk, attended with loss of appetite and lassitude, bleed freely,[1] but not after any discharge has shown itself at the nose. Then give the following pills: to a small dog one pill, but to a large dog two pills. Remember, there is a vast difference between a terrier and a hound. Each pill should contain of—

Calomel, three grains.
Compound powder of antimony, four grains.
Camphor, half a drachm.

Give one at daylight, and tie the dog's head up for three hours, if he is strong enough to stand so long; if he is weak, he must be watched by a *trusty* person to see if he throws off his pill, and if he does he must have another. Work this off in four or five hours with a dose of castor-oil. If the dog is much purged omit the pill and oil for one night, and then dose again as before. Keep on with this remedy till a change takes place for the better, such as absence of fever and increased strength; but do not weaken him with too strong purges.[2]

The dog must be fed from the beginning, *if he refuses his food*, with *a spoon*, on the best beef or mutton broth, with a little white bread crumbled into it, or he will become so weak that he will die of exhaustion; this must be done every two or three hours, or he will die. He must be kept cool (not cold), dry, sheltered, and comfortable, with plenty of ventilation. If his eyes are much affected, put a

[1] [This treatment is not now adopted.—Ed.]

[2] [Calomel has a beneficial effect upon a sluggish liver, but at the same time lowers the system more than other aperients, and should therefore be used sparingly. It is not advisable to give calomel at all when there is much bile in the excretions. In the early stages it is well to get the bowels into good order by mild

seton in the back of his neck. If too much purged, feed also on arrow-root or flour-porridge; and if he is very ill with a violent diarrhœa, give him an ounce of barm, or yeast; but if taken in time he will not want it. If with the above treatment, with strict attention to feeding the dog well upon good light but nourishing and wholesome food, and at the same time keeping him cool and dry, he does not recover, I fear in vain must his owner seek otherwise for relief. Many young hounds die of absolute exhaustion,[1] after the worst stages of the disease are past, from cruel neglect and idleness, when a little attention to merely giving them nutritious food and strengthening medicine might undoubtedly have saved their lives.[2] The following pill given to puppies recovering from distemper, and also to older hounds which have been debilitated

doses of aperient medicine. The following recipes are recommended for the purpose by "Stonehenge":—

Podophyllin, one-third grain.
Compound extract of colocynth, twelve to eighteen grains.
Powdered rhubarb, three to five grains.
Oil of cloves, two drops.
Mix and give as a bolus to a large strong dog, or divide into two or three for smaller dogs.

Or,

Castor-oil, three ounces.
Syrup of buckthorn, two ounces.
Syrup of poppies, 1 ounce.
Mix and give a tablespoonful to a medium-sized dog.—Ed.]

[1] [When the stage of exhaustion is reached, "Stonehenge" advises the following tonic, which, he says, will nearly always be required, and when persevered with is productive of good results:—

Compound tincture of bark, two ounces.
Decoction of yellow bark, fourteen ounces.
Mix, and give three tablespoonfuls twice or thrice daily to a large dog.—Ed.]

[2] [Plenty of ventilation, clean straw, and absolute rest are required.—Ed.]

in their constitutions, I have frequently found to have the very best effect:—Take of

Quinine, twenty-four grains.
Gentian powder, half-ounce.
Bark powder, half-ounce.
Cinnamon powder, one and a half drachm.
Sulphuric acid, eight drops.

To be made into eight balls with syrup, and one to be given every morning fasting.[1]

It has been supposed that this direful disease was first introduced into this country from France, where it was designated by the term of "La Maladie." It may now, however, be considered to have become naturalised amongst the whole of the canine race in this island; and not only are some kinds of dogs more subject to the disease than others; but in some kennels this dreadful scourge seems inherent in particular breeds. I could enumerate several packs of hounds (but the exposing the misfortunes of some of the most justly celebrated establishments of the day is by no means my intention) where undoubtedly the distemper, in a very aggravated form, has been handed down from one generation to another until it has become one of the peculiar characteristics of the blood. Mr. Blaine's remarks upon distemper are so excellent that I would advise the reader to peruse them attentively; they are far too extensive to insert in this short chapter; but the few following lines are so exceedingly descriptive of the cause of the disease that I shall insert them without apology:—

"The distemper has become so naturalised amongst

[1] [Much of this treatment is now out of date. The pills made by Messrs. Holmes & Ham, of Exeter, are often used; and Frank Gillard, the huntsman of the Belvoir Hounds, has invented a "specific;" but see note, p. 141, *ante*.—Ed.]

our dogs that very few escape the disease altogether. A constitutional liability to it is inherent in every individual of the canine race, which predisposition is usually acted upon by some occasional cause. The predisposition itself in some breeds seems sufficient to produce it, and such have it very frequently very soon after birth; but the predisposition is more frequently acted upon by some occasional cause, of which there are many.

"Contagion may be regarded as the principal of these; few dogs who have not passed through the disease escape it when exposed to the effluvia or the contact of the morbid secretions received on a mucous or an ulcerated surface. Yet inoculation with distemper virus frequently fails to produce it, and the disposition to receive the contagion is likewise not always in equal force, but it appears stronger and weaker at various periods in the same animal, and is perhaps under the control of the accidental changes in healthfulness of habit, &c., &c. Cold applied in any noxious manner to the system is a very common origin of the complaint; throwing into water, washing, and not after drying the animal, unusual exposure during the night, &c., are frequently causes of distemper in young and tender dogs. I have seen it produced by violent hemorrhage, by a sudden change from a full to a low diet, and, in fact, any great or sudden derangement in the system is sufficient to call the predisposition into action. The usual period of its attack is that of puberty, or when the dog attains his full growth; in some it is protracted to two, three, or even many years old, and a very few escape it altogether. The having once passed through the disease is not a certain preventive to a future attack. It occasionally appears a second time, and an instance fell under my notice of a third recur-

rence, with the intervention of two years between each attack."

In another place Mr. Blaine says, in speaking of the effects produced by the distemper: "The importance of the subject renders it not improper again to repeat, that of all the symptoms that appear the epileptic convulsions are the most fatal. It is, therefore, of the utmost consequence to prevent their occurrence; for, when once they have made their attack, art is too apt to fail in attempting their removal. The best preventive means that I know of are to avoid or to remove all circumstances tending to produce debility, as looseness, low, poor diet, too much exercise, exposure to cold, extreme evacuation from the nose, and no less the operation of mental irritation from fear, surprise, or regret; all of which, I must again repeat, are very common causes of fits in distemper."[1]

Section Second.

Jaundice or Yellows.

This disease, which exhibits itself in many quadrupeds in very much the same form as it does in the human frame, is thus described by Dr. Thornton in his "Philosophy of Medicine:"—"If after bile is secreted its free admission into the duodenum be impeded, so that an accumulation of it takes place in the excretory ducts of the liver, it either regurgitates into the habit of the hepatic veins, or is absorbed by the lymphatic system; in either case it produces the

[1] The practice of dressing or anointing young hounds when suffering from distemper is by no means to be recommended; although the seasonable use of this most salutary application preserves health, and renders not only distemper, but other diseases, less violent in their attacks.

disease called jaundice."[1] This is frequently generated by too high feeding, without a sufficient quantity of exercise; lying in damp places will also produce it. It is exceedingly dangerous when it attacks puppies which are also suffering from distemper, and it almost invariably proves fatal; at least I never knew an instance of recovery. Blaine says that "dogs become affected with hepatic absorption in distemper and acute inflammation of the abdominal viscera; but that icteric obstruction to the flow of bile, producing human jaundice, I have not met with in them." The method which I have always pursued has generally proved successful, which is, first, to bleed freely, and then give the following pills:—

10 grains of calomel.
2 drachms Æthiops mineral.
3 drachms rhubarb.
½ ounce Castile soap.
½ ounce aloes.

Make this into six balls with some honey, and give one every three mornings. If it does not succeed, omit a day, and repeat it again; and rub some strong blister along the dog's spine.

The dog must be kept warm, and fed with broth and other light food, as with the distemper.[2] Edward Rose, huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Grafton, and son of old Tom Rose, who filled that situation with great credit for so many years, gave me the following recipe, and assured me that he had known frequent instances of its effecting a cure in the yellows,

[1] [In less technical language, jaundice is "produced by accumulation of the bile in the blood due to the suppression of the biliary functions, a retention of the bile which becomes reabsorbed" (Woodruffe Hill).—Ed.]

[2] ["Calcined magnesia should be given in teaspoonful doses in milk two or three times daily to keep the bowels active" (Woodruffe Hill).—Ed.]

when calomel and other remedies had failed; but as I never tried it myself, I am unable to give an opinion upon it. The following is the recipe:—

Mix some nitre and honey together, well melted, and give it to the dog with a spoon; it will cause him to vomit in a few minutes; and rub in along the back for a few mornings some mercurial ointment.[1]

Section Third.

On Worms.

Strange it may appear, but I scarcely ever knew a dog of any description which was not occasionally in the habit of voiding these most troublesome insects. Many remedies have been prescribed, but few have any effect in completely eradicting the disease. When young hounds first come up from their quarters, nine out of ten are generally more or less afflicted with them. In this case a few doses of sulphur and high feeding will very frequently remove them; but in some instances they appear so firmly rooted in the stomach as to defy every medicine which may be administered for their expulsion. Calomel, in doses of from eight to ten grains, given every third morning, is a good medicine; but the dog must be fed exceedingly high during that time, and also after physicking, as the disease proceeds from weakness of stomach in a great measure; after three or four doses, physic mildly with salts and sulphur, feeding very high. Turpentine has also been frequently and successfully given both in

[1] [A considerable number of the French doctors, many of whom are herbalists, prescribe stroil—the root of twitch grass—boiled into tea where we should use nitre. A French veterinary surgeon told a friend of the Editor's that two tablespoonfuls of this stroil tea every two hours formed an excellent and efficient remedy against the yellows.—Ed.]

the form of pills made with flour, and also tied up in little pieces of wet bladder-like boluses. I have tried all these recipes, but the following is the most efficacious with which I have ever met:—Give from half an ounce to an ounce of castor-oil, with a teaspoonful of turpentine in it every three or four days for three doses.

Calomel, six grains.
Tartarised antimony, one grain and a half;
Powdered jalap, ten grains;
to be made into a pill, and to be repeated if necessary,

is also an excellent prescription for foulness, as it is called, in the kennel; and assists in clearing the stomach from worms.[1]

The numerous medicines recommended for the cure of worms in dogs may be divided into two classes, the mechanical and chemical.

The mechanical are those which expel the worms from the stomach, frequently alive, by the pain and irritation they cause to them, as filings of tin, powder of cowhage, and bruised glass.[2] The chemical are

[1] [Since Mr. Vyner penned this chapter areca-nut has become largely used to expel worms. "Stonehenge," in his work on "The Dog," says that it "was first recommended in this country as a vermifuge about thirty-five years ago (*i.e.*, about 1852) by Major Besant, who had seen it used in India for that purpose." The same writer advises that reliance must not be placed on a single dose, but that it should be given every week or ten days for six or seven times, if the round-worm is present; but two or three doses will suffice for the maw-worm. The dose of freshly powdered areca-nut should be about two grains to every pound of the dog's weight. Six or eight hours after the nut has been given, a dose of castor-oil should be administered; and as a preliminary to the treatment, the hound must be kept without food for from twelve to twenty-four hours.—Ed.]

[2] It is a curious fact that, during the period that hounds may be fed upon ground oats (not oatmeal), worms are seldom perceived to

much more numerous, and of a different nature, generally of a poisonous quality, and causing death to the worms before they are brought away from the body.

By an extract from a formula written by Dr. Thornton in his "Philosophy of Medicine," I have shown the effect that the different medicines used to cure worms have upon the common earthworm, which, according to naturalists, is the same in structure, manner of subsistence, and mode of propagating its species with many of the worms found in the bodies of men and animals:—

Substance in which the Worms were placed.	Hours.	Minutes.
Aloes, watery infusion of	2	48
Jalap, ditto	1	...
Epsom salts, solution of	...	15½
Corrosive sublimate, ditto	...	1½
Calomel, a solution of	...	49
Turpeths mineral, ditto	...	1
Green vitriol, ditto	...	1
Blue, ditto, ditto	...	10
White, ditto, ditto	...	30
Filings of steel	...	25½
Ditto of tin	1	...
Tobacco, infusion of	...	14
Turpentine	...	6
Arsenic, solution of	2	...
Æthiops mineral	2	...
Sulphur	2	...
Sweet-oil	2	30
Rum	...	1

Time of their death from the action of those substances upon them.

Dogs are frequently afflicted with divers sorts of worms; but the tapeworm, or tænia, is the most common to be found. It is sometimes called "tænia articulos dimittens," from the frequency of its parting

come from them, after the first few days; the prickly husks of the oats, acting like cowhage, dislodge them all, or most of them, during the first day or two.

with its joints. It was for a great length of time supposed by many eminent men that only one worm existed in the same individual, from whence it was called *Solium*, and by the French "*le ver solitaire*." But it has since been satisfactorily proved that each link is a single worm, which has a head capable of imbibing nourishment, but that the first joint alone is possessed of the powers of reproduction. All kinds of animals are at times subject to this disease, and the worms which come away are frequently of a very considerable length. I have discovered a string of worms lying in a field, which had been recently voided by a sheep, of the length of upwards of six yards; and I have read accounts of others which were much longer.

Section Fourth.

On Dressing and Mange.

The best time to dress hounds is when their coats are stirring, and when the weather is mild and warm. A new draft should be invariably dressed previously to their being introduced into the hunting kennel, as by that means the possibility of introducing fleas and ticks, which they may have picked up whilst travelling, will be prevented.

The following is the simplest and best to be recommended:—

Dressing for Ten Couples of Hounds.

Take two gallons of train-oil and put it into a small iron boiler or pot, and add two pounds of soft soap; mix it well together, and make it hot with a gentle fire. Then put it into a large pail, and add one pint and a half of spirits of turpentine, one pint of spirits of tar, and about two quarts of train-oil, in which has been mixed with the hand, minutely, as much sulphur

as will make a thick ointment of the two quarts. Stir all together, and when cool rub it in with the hand. Boiling either the sulphur, tar, or turpentine spoils them. This will not only eradicate all vermin, but will cure the common mange; and if the black sulphur is used instead of the common, it will generally cure the most virulent mange.[1]

The Red Mange.

Is frequently attempted to be cured by the following remedy:—

Mix soft soap and quicksilver together into as strong a blue ointment as can be made, and rub a lump as big as a walnut into each knee-joint for seven or eight mornings, which will cause salivation; and give a dose of ten grains of calomel on every third day, for three mornings. This will cure the disease but ruin the dog's constitution. Corrosive sublimate and hellebore are also occasionally used; but I cannot recommend so dangerous a remedy, as I have myself suffered from its cruel effects in my own kennel more than once. The reason why sulphur does not always effect a cure in common mange is that it is seldom half rubbed *into* the dog; he ought to be *perfectly saturated* with the ointment all over every part of his skin.[2]

---

[1] [Virulent mange is rarely seen save in large and greatly neglected kennels; it is very contagious. A little insect causes this mange. A little aperient medicine should be given. "Stonehenge" recommends the rubbing in of ointment of green iodide of mercury, which should not be applied to more than one quarter of the body at once for fear of absorption. The ointment should be rubbed in till it has quite disappeared. There is also a Bishop's mange lotion. It is sold by Barclay & Sons, Farringdon Street.—Ed.]

[2] [Mercurial applications are the most effectual. Professor Woodruffe Hill says, "especially white precipitate with turpentine and oil." The hound should be kept on nutritious but not heating food; he must be kept clean and isolated from the rest of the pack.—Ed.]

Section Fifth.

When a hound requires any operation to be performed upon him in the kennel, be it ever so trifling, let him be first properly secured, as, if he once gets the upper hand, he will always be exceedingly troublesome to manage. If he is fractious he should be caught with a whip, or even two whips, in a resolute and workmanlike manner before the couples are put on him, and not hunted round the court and irritated by a bungling tailor who is frightened at him; the muzzle should then be firmly strapped on; and, with a strong cord, he should be tied up to a staple in the wall. Being thus carefully secured, the huntsman may search for thorns or stubs in his feet and limbs in safety, as all attempts to do any mischief to the operator will be unavailing.

Many are the accidents to which all dogs, but more particularly foxhounds, are liable; such as cuts, bruises, strains, and punctures from thorns and stubs, as well as from deep and severe bites from their companions. The tongue of the dog has generally been considered as the best remedy for a wound, but, from experience, I should say that in nine cases out of ten the remedy only increases the grief, by keeping the place open until it becomes morbid; and from want of sufficient inflammation to heal it, an obstinate cancerous sore is not infrequently the consequence. Blaine, in speaking of the wounds in dogs, says:—"However bad, they are not generally much attended to, from an opinion that the animal's tongue is the best dressing. This is very questionable; in some instances, I am certain, no application can be worse to a wounded dog than his own tongue. Whenever dogs are at all inclined to foulness, as it is called, a sore so licked

is sure to become mangy, and to be aggravated by the licking."[1]

After cleansing the wound from dirt, and well fomenting it in hot water, the following applications will be found infallible in all simple cases:—

For Bites and Cuts in Hounds.

Balm drops, two ounces.
Tincture of myrrh, two ounces.
Nitrous acid, half-ounce.

To be rubbed on the wound.

For a Strain or Bite in the Knee.

Spirit of wine, one ounce.
Sweet nitre, one ounce.
Spirit of opodeldoc, one ounce.
Spirit of salamoniac, one ounce.

To be well rubbed in.

Red Oils for Bites or Blows.

4 drachms rectified oil of amber.
1 ounce spirit of lavender.
1 ounce spirit of turpentine.
3 ounces white wine vinegar.

For Sore Feet.

Some huntsmen use Friar's Balsam alone, or a styptic tincture made of oil of vitriol (five drops) and tincture of myrrh (one ounce), which is a good remedy.

Eyes Weak or Injured.

First take some blood from the hound thus injured; give a mild dose of physic, and foment the eye *very frequently* with warm water; afterwards bathe it with an eye-water, composed of rose-water and white vitriol, mixed as for a human being, but rather stronger; it is

[1] [If the skin is much torn it must be stitched slightly, and a bandage applied; but the hound must be kept muzzled for three, four, or five days, when the stitches may be cut and taken out.—Ed.]

far better than goulard water, which is too harsh and drying. If the eye still continues to be inflamed, put a seton in his neck. Weak eyes are very frequently the effect of heat of constitution and want of condition. (See Blaine's chapter on diseases of eyes.)

For the Bite of a Viper.

Rub the part bitten with very strong hartshorn and oil repeatedly, and give doses of linseed oil (but olive is better) internally. If the part swells and pockets, open it below the swelling with a lancet, and rub it with the dressing recommended above.[1]

Swelled Toes.

Give a mild dose of salts, and foment continually; afterwards rub gently in the lotion for cuts and bruises.

Canker in the Ear.

This generally arises from a foulness of habit, as a thrush does in the foot of a horse; dogs much exposed to the water, as otter-hounds, are particularly subject to it. I have known hounds to have had this complaint for years, and no material inconvenience to arise from it, excepting the disagreeable sight of the animal continually shaking his head. To cure it, first bleed, keep him cool and low,[2] and inject an astringent

[1] The bite of a viper seldom or never kills a dog. "The experiments of the Abbé Fontana, which were numerous, go strongly to the proof of this point. He found that it required the action of twelve exasperated vipers to kill a dog of a moderate size; but that to the killing of a mouse or a frog, a single bite was sufficient."—Paley's *Nat. Theol.*

[2] [Bleeding is not now resorted to, and the system is better reduced by gentle purgatives. Then a wash composed of two to six grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water may be poured in the ear. Rounding is an operation now discarded in some kennels.—Ed.]

wash, composed of six ounces of rain-water, in which should be mixed as much alum as it will dissolve, to which add about twenty grains of white vitriol; let it be injected with a small syringe. Hounds seldom are afflicted with canker on the outside of the ear, as long-eared dogs are. Rounding, which is the only certain cure, prevents it.

Breaking Out and Tetters.

Hounds when at work will occasionally break out in little patches, even under the care of the most vigilant feeder; if the place is touched with a little spirit of tar, it will be easily cured. Nothing looks worse than to see a hound at the cover-side with a patch of blue ointment on his back. I must again repeat, if the insides are well attended to, and hard condition promoted earlier in the summer than is too frequently the case, red elbows and tetters would seldom or never be seen in the hunting season.

For a Fistula formed in Hounds' Legs from a Bite or other Wound.

"Fistulous wounds," says Blaine, "in glandular parts often prove very obstinate. In such cases means must be taken to get at the bottom of the sinus, and to raise a more healthy inflammation therein. This may be done by either injecting something stimulant into it, as a vitriolic wash, or by passing a seton through it. Some fistulous wounds, such as those in the feet and about the joints, will often not heal, because either the bones or the capsular ligaments are diseased. In these cases the wound in general requires to be laid open to the bottom, and to be stimulated with oil of turpentine, or with tincture of Spanish flies, daily, till the foul diseased bone or ligament be thrown off, when a

healing process immediately commences." The plan I have always pursued has been the following: in some instances I have effected a cure, but I have frequently seen hounds so diseased as to baffle the most indefatigable perseverance. First cut open to the bottom of the sinus, and dress very lightly with butter of antimony, once in four or five days. Care should be taken not to use too much of this severe application, as it will destroy the flesh and increase the evil. I once had a hound named Waterloo, whose leg became fistulous to the utmost degree, from the effect of a bite in the knee; as soon as I cured it in one place in the front, another broke out at the back, and his limb was like a honeycomb up to the very shoulder. As he ran sound, I kept him at work for three months, when a complete cure was effected by the above treatment, added to frequent mild doses of medicine; he rested occasionally, on account of the inflammation caused by the dressing; but the work itself, by invigorating his constitution, was no doubt one great cause of his recovery,

Swelled Neck and Sore Throat.

Hounds are frequently afflicted with a swelling in their neck, not unlike the mumps, and at other times we find them attacked with inflammatory sore throat; it is very similar to that disease which among human beings is appropriately designated by the name of "Cyanche Tonsilaris," from κυων, a dog, and αγχω, to suffocate. I have seen them suffering almost to starvation, and when they have approached the trough, thrust in their jaws, and attempt to eat, but, owing to the intense swelling, their mouths being gagged wide open, they have been unable to swallow. This disease has been confounded with rabies, and designated by some ignorant persons as dumb madness.

The remedy which I have always pursued, and which I have generally found to succeed, is first to bleed and then to give several doses of castor oil, if possible, and blister repeatedly with any strong liquid blister; it is a very difficult thing to get a blister to rise upon the skin of a dog, therefore the application can hardly be mixed too strong. A warm bath is also a great assistance towards relief, if the dog is kept dry and warm afterwards.[1]

On Fractured Limbs.

Although the fractured limbs of dogs will recover quicker than those of almost any other animal, and even in some instances without any assistance from even a bandage, upon their recovering their speed will almost always have forsaken them. Unless the hound is worth keeping, either as a stallion or brood bitch, the more merciful way would be to have him immediately destroyed. A broken thigh or arm, however, soon unites, if a plaster or bandage is carefully placed around it with splints. Let the patient be kept continually muzzled, except when fed, to prevent him gnawing off the bandage. Take some blood from him, and give him several mild doses of physic.[2]

Inflammation of the Bowels.

Bleed to exhaustion, and repeat if necessary; give the dog a hot bath, and inject two or three drops of

[1] For want of a better bath, and to save time, warm some water in the pudding copper and hold the hound in it for half an hour, and mind the water is not too hot.

[2] [Splints should have three or four thicknesses of flannel inside, and should be properly tied on with tapes. Sometimes it is better to have the tapes loose, and to put round the fractured limb some linen or flannel moistened with a lotion made of one drachm of extract of lead, from half to three-quarters of a drachm of tincture of arnica, and a half-pint of water.—Ed.]

croton oil in some broth two or three times a day, and dose with castor oil.[1]

Section Sixth.

On Physicking Hounds in General.

We are now about to treat upon the practice of physicking hounds, which is far from being the least interesting topic embraced in kennel management; and concerning which more different opinions perhaps exist than upon any other subject connected with condition. Food of the best quality, and properly administered, added to a well-regulated system of exercise, is no doubt the main point to be attended to in the management of not only foxhounds, but all other animals whose corporeal exertions are required to be tried to the utmost of their abilities; but unavailing would this system of care and attention prove without the timely recourse to those medicinal auxiliaries without which the various channels of the body or secretions would, from excess of stimuli, quickly become overcharged and devoid of their proper and natural tone. "It is the condition of the hound which gives him the advantage over the animal he hunts," says Colonel Cook, in his "Observations on Foxhunting." But how is this point of condition to be attained? Not by overloading his stomach with food, and, consequently, his circulation and absorbents with

[1] [The more modern style of treatment is to bleed freely in bad cases, and to give a grain of calomel and a grain of opium every four hours. The warm bath should last half an hour, and after the hound is dried he should be lightly rubbed with an embrocation made of half an ounce each of spirit of turpentine, liquor of ammonia, and laudanum. The three ingredients should be mixed and shaken before the embrocation is used. Next day castor-oil may be given. It is best to call in a veterinary surgeon in these cases.—Ed.]

grossness, but by introducing so much and no more nutriment than can be easily and thoroughly digested. Of the feeding of hounds I have spoken sufficiently in a former chapter, and shall content myself here with making a few observations upon the medicine which is considered necessary to be used in getting a pack of foxhounds into condition. Nearly all huntsmen have their favourite receipts for physic; but, although there may be various ways of producing the effect required, still the principle upon which each plan is founded must stand the same in all cases. Large bodies of animals which are kept together, such as sheep, horses, cattle, hounds, and even human beings, from living on exactly the same food, breathing air of the same temperature, and pursuing the same habits, become, by degrees, very similar in their constitutions; this is evident by diseases which are not contagious breaking out in schools, workhouses, and other places where a large body of human beings are in the habit of living together.

We may also see the same thing amongst cattle and in studs of horses, where an epizootic frequently shows itself without the possibility of its having spread by contagion. Hounds which have been kept together for months, and even years, eating the same food, and following in every way the same line of existence, become so much alike in their natures and constitutions, that medicine, during a general and periodical physicking, will have, excepting in a very few instances, exactly the same effect upon each individual; it may vary in the degree, but the nature of the effect will be the same, or nearly the same, in all. For this reason, the system of physicking in the trough is always pursued by good judges.

Some persons may exclaim, "The greedy feeders will get a stronger dose than the rest;" but that is

the very reason why the system is recommended; the hard feeders are always the foulest in their constitutions, and therefore require the most. Nothing is easier than to regulate that part of the business; and the shy and delicate may generally be coaxed into eating a sufficiency for the purpose. Occasionally old hounds are met with of so cunning and suspicious a nature, that nothing can induce them to eat that meat in which physic may have been mixed. I have known instances of them going without food for two days rather than be thus cheated. In such cases, the best plan is to give it to them in the shape of balls, taking care to tie their heads up to a staple for an hour afterwards, to prevent their *throwing them off*. If the weather is warm, they may be coupled up in the drawing court; if it is in winter, let them be tied up against the wall in the boiling-house.

Amongst the many minerals, drugs, and other medicines used amongst dogs, sulphur is the principal; and if it were ten times its price, I have no doubt it would be held in far higher esteem than it is, not only by canine practitioners, but also by those gentlemen who exercise their talents amongst the lords of the creation. Dr. Henry, in his "Elements of Chemistry," tells us that the best sulphur comes from Sicily; and that which is procured in our own island is of an inferior quality, and contains a portion of the metal from combination with which it has been separated. I am convinced that it is the best and most efficacious physic, when followed by mild doses of salts, that has ever been recommended for hounds. In cases of extreme foulness,[1] and in liver complaints, calomel and

[1] For hounds that have become very foul and half mangy you should commence with an emetic of four grains of tartar emetic.

tartarised antimony are undoubtedly indispensable; but where merely relieving the stomach of its load is the object, I should conceive that the method by which it was effected in the mildest and quickest form would be the best. For this reason, salts are the very best purgative which can be given in a general way. The practice of giving salts in human beings is objected to on account of constipation almost invariably following the operation of the medicine; but with dogs it has quite a contrary effect; and I never knew one single instance of hounds being confined in their bodies, even after the strongest dose.

The more general practice of administering sulphur is to give a good large dose of it one morning in every week during the summer months as an alterative; but if huntsmen would adopt the following plan instead, they would find the result far more salutary, and that the quantity of sulphur consumed would go twice as far. About four or five days after giving the first dose of Epsom salts, I would commence with giving sulphur in each day's feed in very moderate quantities, just sufficient to cause the hounds to smell strong of it, for seven or eight successive mornings; then miss two clear mornings, and on the third give a dose of Epsom salts. In mixing the salts, care should be taken not to scald them, as the practice of so doing will considerably weaken their purgative powers. They should be mixed in the trough amongst some very thin, lukewarm meat: the usual allowance is one large handful for each couple of hounds.

Before getting hounds into condition for the hunting season huntsmen will find the following recipe a good one:—

Syrup of buckthorn, three quarts.
Jalap, quarter of a pound;

to which add three-quarters of a pound of cream of tartar, to be mixed in very thin food. This is sufficient for twenty couples of hounds. They should be physicked early in the morning, and they should have warm broth given them twice after during the day, to work it off kindly.

Section Seventh.

On Lameness in the Shoulders and Stifle Joints.

In a previous chapter on the kennel, I set forth in a clear light the real and only cause of kennel-lameness existing in hounds. Upon the cause I shall say no more; and even with regard to an attempt at cure, the undertaking will be useless, unless the pack are first removed to another more healthy spot. The usual remedies are blistering (which seldom does any good), putting setons in the shoulders, and turning out of the kennel to run loose; but amongst the whole of the systems recommended, the last, namely, giving the animal his liberty for a time, may be considered the most efficacious.

Many hounds become unsound in their shoulders also from other causes, such as blows from rushing out of the kennel, and striking themselves against a door-way, and from kicks from horses, and other accidents; also from being lost, and lying out all night in a damp situation. By proper care and management, they may from such casualties eventually recover.

When you perceive a dog to travel badly and go tender in front, he should immediately be examined as to the locality of his lameness. If it is situated in the knee, it may be plainly perceived by gently bending in the knee-joint; but if the grief is in the shoulder, by pulling forward his leg, he will imme-

diately show you, by the pain he suffers, the seat of the misery.

The first thing to be done is to have him well fomented daily for some hours; take some blood from him in the shoulder vein; and afterwards rub in the embrocation, a recipe for which is given above. If this, with rest, will not re-establish his soundness, you must insert a seton either on the top of the shoulder or below, at the point of the shoulder; let him be turned out to run loose, care being taken to shut him up warm at night by himself, or the other hounds will gnaw off his seton.

Kennel lameness, which is neither more nor less than rheumatism, affects hounds in various ways; sometimes in the shoulders; at other times they appear to be suffering under lumbago, or a violent pain in the loins or spine, which is evident when pressing those parts with the hand. Blaine does not mention this disease under the name of kennel lameness, but, in his chapter on rheumatism, describes a complaint very similar to it, and at the same time recommends the same remedies for the one which would be used for the cure of the other.

He says, in speaking of the above-mentioned disease, that "it seldom attacks the smaller joints, but confines itself to the trunk and upper portions of the extremities; neither does it wander, as the human rheumatism, from place to place, but usually remains where it first attacked."

He also says that no dogs are ever afflicted with rheumatism without also being affected in the bowels with constipation. I have never particularly observed that in hounds; but nothing tends more to keep a pack at work, which may be afflicted by the disease, than frequent doses of mild physic, especially of sulphur. In cases of rheumatism amongst human

beings, sulphur has been found to give great relief; and in that famous recipe for rheumatism and rheumatic gout called the "Chelsea Pensioner," sulphur forms a chief ingredient.[1]

Lameness in the stifle-joints may also be treated in the same manner as when it appears in the shoulders; for an obstinate stifle lameness I have tried firing, but absolute rest is the best remedy.

Section Eighth.

Implements and Drugs used in the Kennel.

A huntsman should invariably have his different instruments nicely cleaned, and laid in such order as to be ready at the shortest notice. Amongst them may be enumerated a brand, rounding irons,[2] and mallets, two large seton needles (these should be made to order, as it is very difficult to obtain them ready made with the eyes sufficiently large), case of large lancets, claw-nippers and pliers, probe, forceps, knives of various sizes, divers straight and bent needles and silk, two or three pairs of scissors, with many other things too numerous to mention here. Also a good dry convenient cupboard, under lock and key, con-

---

[1] As many sportsmen are troubled with rheumatism to a distressing degree, from being so frequently wet about the shoulders and knees, the following recipe may not be found unacceptable:—

Half an ounce of milk of sulphur,
Half an ounce of cream of tartar,
Quarter of an ounce of rhubarb,
Quarter of an ounce of gum guiacum,
Tea-spoonful of ginger, and a small nutmeg;

to which add half a pound of honey. Take a tea-spoonful night and morning. This is a most excellent recipe.

[2] [Rounding is now (1891) going out of fashion in some kennels. —Ed.]

taining, ready for use, a large bottle of tincture of rhubarb, a large flask of castor oil, liniment for bites, cuts, &c., a box containing the calomel and antimony pills, some Venice turpentine, mercurial ointment, jar of sharp-water, spirit of tar, bottle of eye-water, a pound or two of cream of tartar, &c. To these may be added, to be kept dry, two or three hundredweight of sulphur, and a large stone bottle of spirit of turpentine; also a large barrel of chalk. In using any lotion, sharp-water, &c., a small quantity should be poured into a bottle for immediate use, as constantly opening a large bottle considerably weakens its medicinal properties.

Section Ninth.

On Rabies Canina, or Dog Madness.

It may seem almost impossible, amongst the various opinions that have been given by those authors who have before written upon this subject (and whose authority upon other canine diseases may have never been for one moment called in question), both with regard to the origin and also the reproduction of this dreadful malady, for any one to decide positively whether "Rabies canina" can be produced in dogs spontaneously, or from the effects of a wound inflicted by the teeth of a rabid animal alone. Facts, however, as we have been often told, are "stubborn things," and to facts alone ought we to look for the proof of that doctrine which we may wish to establish.

The disciples of Dr. Hamilton are considerably on the decline, but are still occasionally to be met with, although Mr. Blaine, in his "Canine Pathology," has most clearly explained that the disease is not produced without inoculation. In page 226 he says,

in one of the marginal notes, in speaking of the epidemic fury with which it *seemed* at times to have raged, according to many historical accounts: "Not that I believe the rabid malady ever arises spontaneously, but that sometimes the inoculation of it takes place under circumstances particularly favourable to its rise and future propagation." And on page 234 we find the following remark:—"As far as my own experience goes, as far as close observation and attentive consideration have enabled me to judge, I have no hesitation to give it as my opinion that the disease is never now of spontaneous origin. Among my most unlimited opportunities of remarking the subject, I never met with one instance of rabies in a dog wholly excluded from the access of others." If any one will give himself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, of reading Mr. Blaine's chapter upon canine madness, he will meet with abundance of anecdotes illustrative of the positive proof of the disease being propagated by inoculation alone, and of the extreme folly of supposing that it is produced by excessive heat, unwholesome food, an acrid state of the blood, or from any other remote causes. I will, therefore, merely refer my readers to those interesting pages, without copying out their contents, as it is far from my wish to crowd this book with information that can be so easily procured elsewhere, or to gain to myself the imputation which has been laid to the charge of Mr. Gillman, on his "Prize Dissertation," of wearing plumes gathered from the "Memoir" written by Mr. Blaine upon this disease, and which was afterwards inserted in "Rees' Cyclopædia."

At a later period, we find Mr. Youatt,[1] who, in

[1] [Mr. Youatt had a wide experience of hydrophobia, and wrote much that is worth reading now; and it is curious to note that

his early life, was a partner of Mr. Blaine, bringing forward the subject in an enthusiastic and masterly manner in the pages of the *Veterinarian;* and by the scientific way in which he has exposed the absurd errors by which it has been surrounded, we may look forward with increased hope that the day is not very far distant when a thorough knowledge in every branch of a disease which is more to be dreaded than any other in the whole range of veterinary practice, will not only be firmly established, but that some certain remedy for it may also be discovered, to which it may eventually yield.[1] Mr. Youatt, like his predecessor, denies the possibility of the disease being propagated except by inoculation, and which he distinctly proves by a long course of well-digested reasoning and undeniably authentic anecdotes.[2] Of the numerous instances of rabies showing itself in sporting dogs, and which have come within the pale of mine own knowledge, the few following will suffice to convince my readers that there is just reason for entertaining the same opinion as Mr. Blaine and Mr. Youatt upon the almost certainty of the disease being propagated by inoculation alone. What makes the circumstances more extraordinary is, that they all happened during the same year, namely, at the end

---

he, in opposition to Mr. Grantley Berkley, declared that one of the incidents of the fever which always attends madness is an "urgent thirst."—Ed.]

[1] In November 1845 Professor Sewell, in the course of his lecture at the College, Camden Town, said that "Rabies canina" was incurable by the administering of any internal agent; but that the remedy he had hitherto practised, and would still continue, was to bleed to exhaustion, and then renovate the patient, whether man or beast, by an infusion of healthy blood. The poison produced inflammation on the brain and spinal marrow.

[2] See *Veterinarian* for July 1838.

of the winter of 1835–36, which might give some persons the idea that it must have been some kind of epizootic by which the hounds were attacked, and not by the real "Rabies canina." But the fact that only one pack in each establishment was attacked would, I should suppose, with any reasonable person, set that doubt at rest. At the close of the winter above mentioned, the "bitch-pack" of the Warwickshire hounds showed evident symptoms of madness, upon which they were taken out no longer, but each individual was chained up separate from the rest, so that there could be no possibility of their biting each other. After the space of about six weeks ten couples died, or were destroyed in a state of the most raging madness. Amongst the dog hounds, which formed another pack, and were kept at the same kennels—but, of course, in separate lodging-rooms and courts—there was not one single instance of the malady showing itself, although they had been fed from the same trough, breathed the same air, and were exactly in the same state of condition, having, previous to the malady breaking out, worked alternate days. The disease had evidently been introduced among them by inoculation, as it was a well-known fact that about three weeks or a month prior to its first appearance, when hunting at that celebrated cover, Woolford Wood, the hounds were joined by a cur dog, which was observed by the whipper-in to quarrel with and bite several of them. By taking the precaution of separating the hounds, upon the madness first breaking out, the remainder, about fifteen couples of valuable bitches, were saved. Thomas Day, the huntsman, was bitten in the hand while administering a ball to one after she had become attacked, but a timely application of the knife and lunar caustic effectually prevented any fatal conse-

quences.[1] As to the cure, I do not believe that any faith whatever can be placed in any remedy excepting the knife and caustic, by a timely application of which the progress of the malady may be safely arrested previous to the *second circulation* taking place through the absorbents, and which is necessary to enable the virus to produce "confirmed rabies."

The second instance which I have to record is the destruction of part of Mr. Hall's hounds, which hunted Somersetshire. The malady was traced to a terrier which belonged to the pack, and which had been bitten by a wild-looking setter dog during one of the hunting days. The hounds were divided into a large and a small pack, and it was the large pack which were out on this unfortunate day. Amongst this lot every single hound either died raving mad, or was destroyed upon suspicion of having been bitten, but in the small pack not one single instance of rabies occurred. During the same year, but rather later in the season, Mr. H. Combe's hounds—which had formerly been so celebrated when the property of that excellent sportsman, Mr. Osbaldeston—were taken into Lincolnshire to "hunt the April month" in Sir R. Sutton's woodlands. They travelled by water from London, and while waiting at one of the wharfs before embarking, a cur dog was observed by W. Gardener, the boiler, who was one of the persons attendant upon the hounds, to wrangle with

[1] William Smith, huntsman to the late Earl of Yarborough, had the credit of possessing a recipe which is a certain cure for the malady, and which had been handed down from father to son for several generations. Whether it is infallible or not, I cannot pretend to say; but it is a well-known fact that it has been frequently used with supposed success; and amongst other patients who have availed themselves of it, we may mention Jem Shirley, huntsman to Sir J. Cope, who was bitten by a mad dog some years since in Ireland.

them and bite several of them. No particular notice was taken at the time, it being looked upon as an incident frequently occurring to hounds when travelling. However, within about three weeks of the time, several couples of them died mad; the rest were only saved by separating them.

I will relate one more instance of hounds going mad in the kennel *from being bitten*, before I close these few observations. I received the account from that well-known old sportsman, Major Blagrave, who was master of a pack of harriers for many years. In the year 1806 the Major resided at Ashdown Park, in Berkshire, and was at that time in possession of a very clever pack of harriers. Upon the puppies coming up from their quarters in the spring, he was informed that one of them had been bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, which had been roving about the neighbourhood, and he was advised to keep an eye upon him. However, after the dog had been shut up some weeks, and no symptoms of madness being evinced, he was placed in the kennel with the other hounds, where all went on well for some days.

In the course of a short time this suspended puppy was observed to have a most extraordinary propensity for fondling upon and biting at, in a playful manner, not only the other hounds, but also his master and the feeder. He was immediately condemned, and being placed in confinement by himself, died in a few days raving mad. The whole pack were shortly afterwards destroyed, some in a most confirmed state of rabies, and the rest were put away to prevent the possibility of their propagating the malady.

I will conclude by declaring that I have never known a dog to be really hydrophobous where the disease had not *been proved* to have been introduced from inoculation from a bite alone, nor do I believe that any

other person can adduce one single instance to the contrary. Dogs may be known to suffer under extreme feverish excitement, approaching to madness, from constipation, the effects of distemper, or from other causes. They may also be afflicted with bronchitis, or with a violent inflammation of the fauces, the symptoms of which I know, by mine own experience, greatly to resemble rabies; but to one who is well acquainted with both diseases they are as different as light from darkness.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS.

"My hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad the horizon round."—CHASE.

THE opening of this chapter shall be the commencement of a new season, and in it I will endeavour to lead my reader through the whole of the economy of the hunting kennel; and, although topics may be introduced, and incidents recorded, which may at first sight appear extraneous and heavy, still they will be found to be so interwoven with the main object, that they are absolutely necessary and convenient to carry on the design; and that, like a firm building, the cavities must be filled up with such stones and mortar as are proper and in keeping with the strength of the fabric, and not plastered up with such perishable materials as are inconsistent with the intention of the architect; nor will any foolish attempt be made to introduce that kind of flowery language so prevalent in books of modern days, by which the reader may be misled into a different kind of pleasure, quite foreign to that which is designed in the present work.

According to the acknowledged custom of fox-hunting, the season commences in November; some establishments begin to advertise their fixtures early in October,[1] but the first Monday in November opens the

[1] [In some countries the regular season now begins during the last week in October.—ED.]

winter campaign in Leicestershire at Kirby Gate; on that day may be seen at that celebrated place of meeting most of the regular Melton men, and undoubtedly the finest display of horseflesh that can possibly be exhibited in any country in the world. In humble imitation of the great men in this metropolis of hunting, the numerous possessors of inferior studs, who flock to the various other minor hunting quarters for the sake of enjoying the pleasure of the chase, date the commencement of their hunting season from this period. But it is quite another thing with the master of a pack of foxhounds; his new year begins on the very day after the last day of the bygone season; that is, if he hunts till the 30th of April, his new season opens on the 1st of May; and although the following six are called the dead months by the generality of fox-hunters, they are perhaps nearly as full of labour as the remaining half year. From that day his whole attention must be taken up in renewing his forces for the ensuing campaign; in weeding his ranks of the disabled and vicious; and supplying their places with a new entry of recruits, which may be either of his own breeding or may consist of drafts of other kennels.

The young hounds are generally sent in from their quarters by the end of March; few farmers being prevailed on to keep them even to so late a period, on account of their lambs and young poultry. Sometimes they shut them up close in a small pigsty or outhouse, where their limbs become deformed; and, by constantly sitting on their hams watching to escape, they grow sickle-hocked and weak in their quarters. When a puppy is discovered to be treated in so brutal and unfeeling a manner, the sooner he is rescued from his dungeon, the better; as by good food, and being allowed the free use of his limbs, he may still recover

after coming into the kennel.[1] By the first week in April, however, we may conclude that they are not only all come in, but that out of the whole body those which are to form the entry for the ensuing year have been selected to be "put forward" from those which, on account of their size and matching with the rest, or from inferiority in symmetry, power, colour, and general appearance, are drafted from the kennel.

The first thing to be done after the requisite number have been selected is to round them,[2] as by the time the soreness of their ears has recovered, and the natural timidity and wildness arising from the novelty of their new mode of living has gradually worn off; they will become sufficiently tractable to walk out in couples; and to proceed in some sort of order from their court-yard to the feeding-room. Some of the forward puppies will come in as early as Christmas; these should be walked out in couples daily, and taught their names from the very first period of their entering the kennel. But the education of a young hound may be said to commence from that time when, after having recovered from the effects of rounding, the new entries are first taken out in regular order to foot-exercise in couples. Some huntsmen defer rounding their puppies until they have had them in couples more than two months, and half broke them. This plan may be right; but there are two objections to it, if not more, in my humble opinion. In the first place, the later the operation

[1] The reason for confining puppies is sometimes on account of their hunting in the fields and disturbing the neighbouring preserves; this, however, may be easily prevented by sending over a whipper-in to round their ears whilst at quarters, which will effectually put a stop to their rambling propensities for at least a month or five weeks. [As already mentioned, rounding is not now universal.—Ed.]

[2] [See notes to pages 156, 166.—Ed.]

of rounding is performed, the more hot the weather becomes, and the more troublesome the flies; in the next place, when their ears are chopped off when they first come into the kennel, there is no interruption to their education.

Care should be taken not to draft too close, as the ravages caused by the distemper have very frequently so thinned the number "put forward," that there has not been a sufficiency left without having recourse to the second draft of another pack. It is a most excellent custom in many kennels, where the number of puppies will allow of it, to put forward twenty-two or twenty-three couples, and to make a second draft as soon as the young hounds have recovered, and may be considered safely landed from the effects of the distemper. *Three hours on the flags* may be very agreeably spent at this season of the year by a real sportsman; but it is *a sad bore to one who is not an admirer of the symmetrical.* The usual routine commences by drawing the hounds of the year in litters, and showing them with the dam, and also the sire, if he be at that time in the kennel, and so on from the two, three, and four-season hunters to the end of the chapter.

Now, if the said visitor is what is termed a *houndsman*, he is twigged in one moment by the huntsman; and the raree-show goes on with all the alacrity and scientific display which the showman is capable of exercising. Huntsmen like to talk with sportsmen about their hounds; and the more questions asked and remarks made by one of the craft, the better they are pleased. Judicious observations, added to a well-merited praise, will, in many instances, go much further with such men as Tom Carter, Will Goodall, or Tom Sebright, than a guinea presented by an ignoramus.

What fun I have seen, to be sure, with some men

during an inspection of hounds! Poor fellows! they wished themselves well out again, after having been introduced to about three or four couples; and, generally speaking, this description of inspector is not treated with an individual sight of each hound, but the whole pack (especially if it be near walking-out time) are taken out *en masse*, and shown altogether in the paddock. I don't wonder at huntsmen getting tired of exhibiting their hounds to some men;[1] for the ignorance displayed, and the silly and trivial questions asked, are enough to weary the patience of Job himself. The following case, that occurred at mine own kennel, I must record as an instance of the awful state of neglect to which some gentlemen's hunting education has been exposed. A young master of hounds (though no *houndsman*), who lived within a hundred miles of my kennel in Warwickshire, did my pack the honour of a visit in the spring, and of passing judgment on their merits and demerits. As a matter of course, an M.F.H. being present, the puppies were drawn and shown first, when, on one presenting himself of rather a solemn aspect and counsellor-like visage (in kennel language termed "sour about the head"), my unfortunate visitor—for I really consider it as one of the most melancholy cases of barbarism on record—giving the puppy a tap with his stick, inquired, "How many seasons has this old Solon-like fellow been at work?" Observe, most attentive reader! his ears had not been even chopped off; and now you may, I think, be allowed to ask which were

[1] [Two very well known huntsmen have told the editor that, although nearly every one talks to them about the pedigree and performances of horses; the goodness or badness of the foxes; and the duration and pace of the different runs, it is the rarest possible occurrence for them to find any one to talk intelligently about the hounds.—Ed.]

the longest, those belonging to the hound or to his admirer. I can only add that, after such an exposé, the whole lot were shown out *en masse*.

Where hounds are to hunt four or five days a week, sixteen or seventeen couples should be entered; where the number of hunting days is only twice a week, or five times a fortnight, seven or eight couples will be quite as many as will be required. If there are not sufficient good walks in a country to make it worth while to attempt breeding, at any rate during the first two or three years after commencing the formation of a pack, the more advisable plan for renewing the defalcations of the past year will be to procure the young drafts of some other well-known and accredited establishment, engaging invariably both first and second drafts, from one year to another, and not to hazard the chance of picking up young hounds from various different kennels; by this means it will be far easier to obtain a pack of the same stamp and character—a very material point to be looked to by any one wishing to excel.

How frequent a thing it is to meet with a pack, in high estimation too, which, when viewed as a body, appear to have been purposely selected from every kennel in the universe; although, if each individual be drawn out separately, no particular fault can be discovered in him. The main points in their symmetry, when examined by themselves, may be all strikingly good; but when a few couples are mixed together, their style, countenances, and general character vary so exceedingly, that the dissimilarity is immediately obvious to any one who is a close observer of such matters. Appearances are certainly much more considered than they used to be in former days, and in many instances, I fear, before other qualifications of greater consequence; still, in the days of Somervile,

equality of size and similarity in *character* were looked upon as essentially necessary in the selection of a pack, which is beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

> "As some brave captain, curious and exact,
> By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
> His gay battalion; as one man they move,
> Step after step, their size the same, their arms,
> Far gleaming, dart the same united blaze;
> Reviewing generals his merit own;
> How regular! how just! and all his cares
> Are well repaid if mighty George approve.
> So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
> Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
> But, above all, take heed, nor mix thy hounds
> Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
> Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
> Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack."

The sort of hound put forward must depend, to a certain degree, upon the taste of the breeder;[1] for instance, no two descriptions of hounds could differ more widely than those of the late Mr. John Villebois and those of Squire Osbaldeston,[2] both being allowed to be first-rate judges *in every way* connected with

[1] [To a certain extent the nature of the country suggests the type of hound most suitable. Where hills are prevalent, many masters prefer a somewhat small and light hound. They argue that in coming down hill a heavy hound shakes himself so much. On the other hand, the Devon and Somerset staghounds are exceptionally large; it has always been the custom to have them so.—Ed.]

[2] [As previously pointed out, Mr. Meynell and Mr. John Warde differed completely as to what a foxhound should be. Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, would never have recourse to Mr. Meynell's blood. In *Post and Paddock* "The Druid" says that Mr. Warde would never cross with Mr. Meynell, whom he affected to hold cheap. Mr. Warde once obtained two of Mr. Meynell's draft hounds which he used to show to his friends as specimens of the Quorn pack. "He called them Queer'em and Quornite; but we believe he never entered them; and kept them as a derision on the pack."—Ed.]

hounds and hunting. The symmetry of those of the former was, in the opinion of many sportsmen, spoilt by a loaded neck and quarters inelegantly short, that is, short from the hip-bone to the setting on of the stern; in other respects they were perfect, with deep chests, wide backs, round ribs, and legs and feet formed to endure the incessant flint-beds of Hampshire. Now the Squire's were in many respects the very opposite to these, as to some of their points; for example, he never put a hound forward that was not clever in his quarters. However, they did not give much trouble to the selector, coming, as they did, nearly all fit to go forward, the result, no doubt, of first-rate judgment in the breeding of them. His good taste led him to prefer light necks and perfectly-formed shoulders; in fact, without the latter no hound can go in any country. You seldom saw a throaty hound amongst Osbaldeston's, but old Finder was an instance to the contrary, from whom he bred for several seasons, warranted by the excellence of his work on the line, and his extraordinary stoutness in chase. He afterwards went to the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel, and was used as a stud hound for several seasons.

Still, with all this variety in taste, there are certain rules to go by, a deviation from which must inevitably end in failure and disappointment; for instance, a puppy may be not quite straight in his forelegs, and yet as strong and speedy as those which are as straight as darts; but then the crookedness must be at the knee-joint, and not at the elbow; if he turns his toes out from the elbows while those joints turn in, he is not worth a farthing; and if his knees bend back—a defect which is called by some "calf-kneed," as resembling the limbs of that interesting animal—he is only fit to sell to the foreigners. But he still may be a little

crooked at the knee as you stand before him, and on looking at him sideways, you may perceive that his knees are straight *that way*, and full of bone, with the ankles large and not bent back; if he came of a good family, and was clever in other respects, I would never reject such a hound, unless *very strong* in the year's entry.

The next point is his ribs, both fore and aft; if he is not deep and thick through the heart, he can never have wind to chase and run up—*don't try him*; and if he has no back-ribs, it is ten to one about his lasting through a day's work, unless he has an extraordinarily good back and loins, and then he may; but he must have strength somewhere about his middle-piece. I don't object to a "wheel-back," or "roach-back," as it is sometimes called: hounds so formed are generally speedy and strong, especially in hilly countries. Of shoulders I have spoken before; if in the least upright, reject them at once. As to hind-quarters, they should be chosen the same as a race-horse's, but plain ones go well sometimes. The houghs should be near the ground, angular and bony; what are termed sickle houghs are generally weak: at any rate, they are very unsightly, although they may sometimes stand.

Hounds which are loaded about the neck or fleshy under the throat, or, as it is generally termed, throaty, are usually found to be slow, patient hunters, but not quick enough for modern fox-hunting; and I have, moreover, frequently observed that where *extreme* elegance of form existed about the head and neck, the possessor was, nine times in ten, a rogue,[1] when he

[1] [Good judges have said that for necks and shoulders the bitch pack that Mr. Chaplin had when he hunted the Blankney country was unsurpassed both on the flags and in the field.—Ed.]

had the opportunity of so distinguishing himself. The form of a hound's foot should be round and compact, like that of a cat; and although some sportsmen fancy that a more open foot is more capable of enduring hard work, my experience has always led me to prefer round hard feet, especially in a flinty country, and I am convinced that hounds which have too open feet are continually laming themselves in climbing banks, and in various other ways getting them chafed and injured. A hound ought to carry his stern up, and slightly curved over his back, although many excellent hounds travel with them level with their houghs; nor would I reject a curly-sterned hound, if good in other respects, for the sake of one of the best and truest hunters I ever knew, and that was Osbaldeston's old Rambler.

As to their tongues, we can say nothing about that point till they are entered and tried; they must then learn to "speak out," and, as an old writer has it, "with such tuneful notes to assemble their fellows, and give tidings to their master" when they have got master Reynard on his legs, or, as Will Price once expressed himself to me, they should have "a nice 'ticing tongue" to call the others to the line.

The most extensive breeders of hounds who may be said to have done any fundamental good to the various packs of the present day, were the first Lord Yarborough,[1] Mr. Meynell, the Duke of Rutland (grand-

[1] The Yarborough or Brocklesby Hounds (taking their title from the name of the seat of the Pelham family) were established considerably upwards of a hundred and fifty years ago; and it was under the auspices of the first Lord Yarborough that the character of the pack rose to the high pinnacle of fame to which it has so justly attained, his Lordship being, at the time of his decease, the "father of the field." This nobleman was also a rival, although a friendly one, of the celebrated Mr. Meynell of Quorndon. One of the not least remarkable features connected with these hounds is,

father of the present Duke), the Duke of Beaufort (do. do.), Lord Fitzwilliam,[1] Mr. Osbaldeston, and we must also add the late Mr. Foljambe; but all the same, his pack was descended in a great part from Mr. Osbaldeston's, grafted on Lord Scarborough's pack. The Yarboroughs or Brocklesbys, the Beauforts and the Belvoirs, are still flourishing intact, of course with divers crosses in their veins, so are the Fitzwilliams, and long may they deserve their well-established renown. Numerous other noblemen and gentlemen depend upon the produce of their own kennels for the rising generation; but most of the minor establishments are composed of drafts from the packs of their richer confrères.

---

that the office of huntsman has descended through the same family of Smiths for four, if not five, generations. The late huntsman to these hounds succeeded his father, who had filled the office before him for about twenty-five years, being killed by a fall in hunting, which fractured his spine, while leaping a ditch in the parish of Barnoldby-le-Beck, near Grimsby.

[1] The Earl of Fitzwilliam's hounds are descended directly from that pack purchased from Mr. Foley and Mr. Crewe (afterwards Lord Crewe), who bought them of Mr. Child, the banker, who hunted Oxfordshire many years; Mr. Child had them from Lord Thanet, who also hunted Oxfordshire when it was a perfectly open country. His Lordship was supposed to have been possessed of the best pack of hounds of the day; he was the breeder of the famous Gallant and Gameboy, two stud hounds, of whom more will be said hereafter, which by a union with two bitches, Vicious and Victory, laid the foundation of Mr. Meynell's celebrated pack at Quorndon. When Lord Fitzwilliam purchased the hounds of Mr. Foley and Mr. Crewe, he took them away from Oxfordshire, and Will Dean, who had been first whipper-in, accompanied them as huntsman; he had been brought up under the famous Will Crane, who, when speaking of Will Dean, used to say, "he would not boast of his own qualifications, but he could say that he had formed the best huntsman in England." Will Dean was allowed by the old sportsmen of that day to have been the most agreeable and sensible man who had ever been known *in that line.—Extract of a letter of an old sportsman, aged* 90.

As the Brocklesby is one of the historic packs of England, it may be well to give a few particulars of them. Somewhere about 1590 the Tyrwhitt family possessed the lordship of Kettleby, and lived in a hall surrounded by a moat with fortified drawbridge, near Bigby, on the high-road from Brigg to Caistor. In 1799 some remains of the hall were still standing. The Tyrwhitts, in time of Edward II., intermarried with the Skipwiths. Close by Bigby, at Melton Ross, lived the Ross family, who, in the year 1603, meeting the Tyrwhitts, with whom they had a feud, out on a hunting party, an affray ensued, and many were slain on both sides. James I., on his progress from Scotland, hearing of the transaction, set up a gallows near the spot, and threatened to hang the first, gentle or simple, who dared to appeal to arms without royal authority. So the frays were put down, but the Skipwiths continue hunting on the wolds of Lincolnshire to this day. The Tyrwhitts, who have taken the name of Drake, are to be found hunting, too, in Oxfordshire, and still retain an estate within a ride of their ancient lordship. As you ride by the road from Brocklesby to Great Grimsby, you will pass through Aylesby, at the foot of the Wolds, a parish with one church and of two farms only. One of these, occupied by William Torr, of shorthorn and Leicester sheep celebrity, has outhouses, very recently called "the Kennels," although long used as stables, where, a hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt kept a pack of hounds. By a memorandum in the possession of the Earl of Yarborough, dated April 20, 1713, it is agreed "between Sir John Tyrwhitt, Charles Pelham, Esq., and Robert Vyner, Esq." (another name well known in modern hunting annals), "that the foxhounds now kept by the said Sir John Tyrwhitt and Mr. Pelham shall be joined in one pack, and the three have a joint interest in the

said hounds for five years, each for one-third of the year." And it was agreed that the establishment should consist of "sixteen couple of hounds, three horses, a huntsman, and a boy." So, apparently, they only hunted one day a week. It would seem that under the terms of the agreement the united pack soon passed into the hands of Mr. Pelham, and down to the present day the hounds have been branded with a P. We also found at Brocklesby rough memoranda of the kennel from 1710 to 1746; after that date the stud-book has been distinctly kept up without a break. From 1797 the first Lord Yarborough kept journals of the pedigree of hounds in his own handwriting.

In the time of the first Lord Yarborough his country extended over the whole of the South Wold country, part of the now Burton Hunt, and part of North Nottinghamshire, and he used to go down into both those districts for a month at a time to hunt the woodlands. There were, as he told his grandson, when he began hunting, only three or four fences between Horncastle and Brigg, a distance of at least thirty miles. We presume the old fashion was pursued of meeting at daybreak, and dragging up to the fox by following the line of his night-foraging rambles to where he lay down to digest his prey.

The number of young hounds purchased annually to go to various parts of the continent, and even to the East Indies, is very great,[1] although the numbers exported some few years since far exceeded what are now sent from England. The average price per couple in India is twenty guineas, as I have been informed, upon

[1] [At the sale of the late Mr. Henry Brassey's harriers, the Boxley, which took place in the summer of 1891, nearly the whole of the lots were said to have been purchased by Mr. Wilton, the hound-dealer, of Hanwell.—Ed.]

good authority, by a gentleman who resided in that country for some time, and was in the habit of joining a pack occasionally, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, which hunted jackals in the same manner as we hunt the fox in England. He describes the sport as a bad imitation of bad cub-hunting. The number sometimes killed is very great; and although the jackal appears to come nearer to the species of the dog than the fox does, yet the hounds never refuse to break him up, but "tear him and eat him" in as good style as if they had killed him from Owston Wood or Charnwood Forest.

Young hounds, after they have commenced their education, should on no account whatever be trusted at exercise, or even when moved out into the paddock, without a sufficient and effective number of persons to attend them, and prevent the *possibility* of their breaking away or getting into the slightest mischief. The ice once broken there is an end of all confidence in them; and if the old hounds are taken out along with the puppies to exercise, as in the case in some cocktail establishments, the matter is made a thousand times worse. I once knew an instance of a lot of wild young hounds being moved out into a field adjoining the kennel where they were kept, and where a long-tailed black pony was grazing, attended by the feeder *alone*. From wantonness, one of the hounds bayed at the pony, which induced another to do the same, and the pony, to declare his approbation or disapprobation by repeated snortings and caprioles. The main body concluded it was a signal for a rush, when away went the little horse over the fence into the adjoining lane, and away went the hounds full cry, to the dismay of the feeder and the rest of the establishment, who were so suddenly summoned by the music of the pack. However, to conclude my story, they were not stopped until

they ran the pony five miles, but without any further damage to any of the party except sowing the first seeds of irrevocable wildness whenever an opportunity might offer itself. There is an old story told of the Beaufort hounds, when that pack was being first formed a great many years ago. A new draft of hounds, which had arrived on the previous day, were let out into the paddock to be inspected, when they commenced running the crows which frequently fly skimming along close to the ground in windy weather; and, as the old kennel man who had the care of them declared, that he believed they would have never been stopped if they had not, by the blessing of God, changed for a jackass. Beckford also mentions the fact of the whipper-in belonging to a pack of foxhounds being thrown from his horse when at exercise, when the horse galloping off caused the hounds to break away after him, they being full of rest and wildness, after which, finding themselves without control, they commenced rioting; and, falling upon a flock of sheep, destroyed many of them before they could be stopped.[1]

It was not a very uncommon practice in former days to try young hounds, before they were entered, with a drag or train scent. From an old collection of hunt-

[1] [With these incidents may be ranked one which occurred to the Croome hounds in August 1887. About sixty couples were being exercised in the neighbourhood of Powick. They had been on the western side of the river, which they recrossed at Pixham Ferry. The whippers-in came over by the ferry boat, the hounds swimming over, and getting across in advance of their attendants. On the other side a boy was running after a donkey. He shouted "Tally-ho!" and away went the hounds after the donkey, who eventually "soiled" in the river, when the pack were whipped off (*Worcester Journal*, 27th August 1887). In one of the old volumes of the *Sporting Magazine* is an account of a run the Brighton Harriers had after a cur dog, which, after leading the pack through about sixteen parishes, was pulled down and eaten.—Ed.]

ing memoranda in my possession, which belonged to an uncle of mine who was a worthy D.D.,[1] and a real lover of fox-hunting, and who passed many a happy winter in hunting with the hounds of the first Lord Yarborough and Mr. Meynell, I have taken the following extract, relative to the hounds of the latter gentleman.

"Lord Thanet's Gallant and Gameboy were got by Brusher out of a daughter of Lord Chedworth's Gamester. Crane brought with him the dam of that bitch when he came to Lord Thanet. Brusher was bred by Lord Ossory, and supposed to be got by Mr. Taylor's Rivers, of the same litter with the dam of Gameboy and Gallant, there were nine in the whole, all remarkably good-winded and speedy, though coarse-looking hounds; they were called the 'Royal Family,' from their excellence. However, this litter were most of them to have been drafted on account of their plainness, but Crane begged they might be tried up a *trailed*

[1] Dr. Vyner was the intimate friend and companion of the first Lord Yarborough, passing the hunting season at Brocklesby for many years. He was a prebendary of Canterbury, and also held two livings in the neighbourhood of the Brocklesby Hunt, Withern and Authorpe, besides that of East Peckham, in Kent. He was also an intimate friend of the celebrated Mr. Meynell, with whom he occasionally hunted. Dr. Vyner was considered not only a first-rate judge of breeding hounds and everything connected with their work, both in the kennel and in the field, but one of the most elegant and accomplished horsemen that ever steered a hunter across a country, which was the more remarkable at that period, when every young man could not ride to hounds *a bit*, as most of them can at the present day. Amongst many good nags to be found in the Doctor's stable was a magnificent roan horse, which was a present from Lord Yarborough, and which had been given up by himself, his huntsman, and his whips, as a dreadful and incurable puller; but the light hand and resolution of this sporting divine were a match for this Bucephalus, and he rode him gallantly for several seasons, by the aid of merely a plain snaffle-bit. Dr. Vyner died in November 1804.

scent before they went, and in running this *trailed scent* the whole family distinguished themselves in a very remarkable manner."

Many matches are on record of hounds running a trailed scent; and, in or about the year 1808 or 1809, the late Mr. Digby Legard, who at that time hunted the country afterwards hunted by Sir Tatton Sykes, made a match to run two couples of hounds four miles, against two couples of Mr. Osbaldeston's, on a trailed scent, which he won in the neighbourhood of Malton. The trail used was a horse rug, which had been placed under a tame fox for two or three days. The following extract was copied from a Cork paper:—

"I will back for two hundred sovereigns, hounds from mine own kennel, running a drag scent, to beat any horse carrying 10 stone, four miles, over a fair sporting country;[1] and mind you, by beating I do not mean a head or a length, but the hounds shall be at the finish two hundred and forty yards before the horses; or, in plain words, the hounds shall distance the horses. My money is lodged in the Provincial Bank, Cork, where it shall lie fourteen days to be covered, and where the challenger's name and address shall be learned on that being done."

The author of an old book entitled the "Gentleman's Recreation," which was compiled about two hundred years ago, in speaking of the manner in which horses were matched in racing in former times, says that, "first, then, the old way of trial was, by running so many *train scents* after hounds, this being found not so uncertain and more durable than hare hunting, and the advantage consisted in having the train scents

[1] [Somewhere about the year 1866 there were two matches between hounds and horses near Windsor; in one the hounds were successful; but in the other the horses won.—Ed.]

laid on earth most suitable to the nature of the horses. Now others chose to hunt the hare till such an hour prefixed, and then 'to run the wild-goose chase,' which, because it is not known to all huntsmen, I shall explain the use and manner of it. The 'wild-goose chase' received its name from the manner of the flight which is made by wild geese, which is generally one after another; so that the two horses, after the running of twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the leading, to ride what ground he pleased, the hindermost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipt up by the tryers or judges, which rode by, and whichever horse could distance the other won the match. But this chase was found by experience so inhumane, and so destructive to horses, especially when two good horses were matched, for neither being able to distance the other, till both were ready to sink under their riders through weakness, oftentimes the match was fain to be drawn and left undecided, though both horses were quite spoiled. This brought them to run *train scents*, which was afterwards changed to three heats and a straight course."

The most celebrated match which we have recorded, and which took place about the end of the last century, was between Mr. Meynell and Mr. Smith Barry,[1] over Newmarket Heath. Will Crane, Mr. Meynell's huntsman, had great difficulty in making his hounds run the drag at first; they were trained in Essex, and exercised at it three times a week, from the 1st of August to the 28th of September, the match coming off on the 30th of that month; the food used was oatmeal and sheep's trotters. The drag was drawn

[1] [Mr. Smith Barry began to keep hounds in Cheshire prior to 1765; he died in 1784.—Ed.]

up-wind from the rubbing-house near the town, to the rubbing-house at the stabling, near the B.C. The result was as follows:—Mr. Barry's Bluecap[1] came in first, his Wanton second (very close), Mr. Meynell's Richmond third, and a bitch of his never came in at all. Cooper, Mr. Barry's huntsman, was first up, his mare being ridden blind; Crane the eleventh, on a plate horse called Rib; the time occupied was eight minutes and a few seconds. Odds at starting, 7 to 4 on Mr. Meynell, whose hounds were trained on legs of mutton. This species of amusement is now seldom practised, excepting in Lancashire and some of the northern counties, where matches are occasionally made by owners of harriers, numerous small packs being kept in those lawless districts.[2]

We will now suppose the new entry to be recovered from the effects of the distemper, to have learnt to answer to their names in the kennel, and to have begun to go daily to horse exercise along the neighbouring roads, the wild ones in couples, the rest with a pair buckled double on their necks, being occasionally taken for an hour at a time amongst sheep and cattle, in which way they must be employed until within a month of cub-hunting, when they may be taken every morning by themselves into a deer-park, or amongst hares. When this part of their education commences, they should be cross-coupled, and if they show any inclination to riot, they should be severely chastised. In the course

[1] [There is an inn now called the Bluecap at Sandiway Head, near the North Cheshire Kennels. Bluecap's grave may be seen close by.—Ed.]

[2] [In the Lake Country these trail scents are still in vogue. Hounds are kept on purpose to run them; and at the Grasmere sports a trail hunt is one of the features of the programme.—Ed.]

of three or four days they will be so accustomed to them that they may be trusted amongst them without being coupled, taking care to enlarge only a few at a time; they may then be taken out with the old hounds, and thus exercised for about eight or nine hours each morning till the cub-hunting commences. With regard to showing the young hounds hares previous to entering them, huntsmen differ widely in opinion; it is the custom of some to show them riot almost daily for many weeks previous to cub-hunting—flogging them most severely for attempting to chase.

Charles King,[1] who lived so many years with Lord Althorp (afterwards the late Earl Spencer), acted in quite a different way: his opinion was that it was not only useless; but that it tended considerably to dispirit and spoil young hounds, to awe them too much from riot before they were well entered and blooded; and with the exception of showing them deer in Althorp Park a few times (although the kennel was close to it), and two or three times finding a few sitting hares, to teach them to know the meaning of a rate, they were not broken from riot until after they had killed two or three brace of foxes from the Brigstock kennel; they were then taken every morning, when they did not hunt, for a couple of hours into Rockingham forest, and severely rated from deer, hares, and rabbits, the place being particularly adapted to the purpose. The Pytchley hounds were no less remarkable for their steadiness than they were for their stoutness and hunting quali-

[1] [The father of the late Harry King, who became huntsman to the Queen's Staghounds, in succession to the late Charles Davis, in 1867. King died at Ascot on 30th December 1871; and, curiously enough, Harry Freeman, who had been his fellow whipper-in with the Royal pack, died on the previous day.—Ed.]

ties; and I have no doubt that this system considerably increased their handiness afterwards in the field.

Jack Wood, whose rudiments of hunting were learned under the renowned Philip Payne (many years huntsman to his Grace the late Duke of Beaufort), and whose first-rate knowledge of the science, both in the kennel and in the field, was partly acquired when living as first whipper-in under Charles King, was of the same way of thinking. Having hunted with him many seasons, and having commenced from the first morning at early dawn, I have had many good opportunities of not only observing and admiring the quiet and workmanlike manner in which he drilled and educated his new entry, but also of conversing with him upon the various subjects relative to entering young hounds, and other matters connected with the chase.

He considered it a most useless and cruel practice to chastise and rate animals from that mischief which in a few days they would not only have so many opportunities of indulging in, but be, as it were, encouraged to commit; and that by too early and severe a system of education, huntsmen not only cowed and dispirited their young hounds, but absolutely destroyed in a great measure that *dash* so requisite in a foxhound, or, in other words, "flogged the fox completely out of them." While the body of old hounds are running a fox with ever so good a cry, it is impossible for the young ones to distinguish whether they are running the hares which are continually jumping up before them in cover and crossing them, or not; but when they have been blooded by two or three brace of foxes, and perceive that they are not assisted by the old ones when pursuing hares and other riot, they will soon learn to leave them, and join that portion of the pack that is settled to a fox.

To gain this end, Wood considered that downright hard work and perseverance were the only means; and no man ever acted up to his own maxim in a more determined manner. I have seen him frequently, in some of the largest and thickest covers in Warwickshire, with hounds torn and cut all to pieces, absolutely walk up to a beaten fox, which had been crawling before him with a miserable scent for hours, and kill him at last. I have seen him repeatedly do this when another huntsman would have been dead beat by the heat of the morning or the distance from his kennel, and have contented himself with riding home and murdering a fresh fox in a gorse cover on the next hunting day, by way of keeping his pack in blood. Long tiring mornings in the early part of the season, when the weather is hot, are by no means to be recommended; but one stout fox hunted fairly up to with a moderate scent, in a large thick woodland, will do more good than killing six brace in gorse covers or small hollow spinnies.

It is a question that has been often mooted amongst sportsmen, why some packs of hounds are so much wilder and more vicious than others; whether vice descends in the blood, or if it proceeds from an injudicious and unskilful management of the pack when at *work* or *exercise*. I should say, undoubtedly from both these sources, and also from other causes, over which a huntsman has no control, viz., scarcity of foxes, and the circumstance of covers and country being, in their nature, inaccessible to whippers-in.[1] Hounds invariably imbibe the nature and temperament of their huntsman, and are, according as they are generalled,

[1] [I have hunted with the late Lord Portsmouth's hounds, and theirs is perhaps the most unrideable country in England, but no one could call the hounds wild.—Ed.]

flighty or slow and plodding; shifty or line hunters; steady or incurable hare-hunters; as the case may be. Although vice of all descriptions (and none more so than unsteadiness in drawing, or, in other words, speaking to hare-scents) is proved to be transmitted, in the breed of hounds, from one generation to another; still, a great deal towards eradicating this evil may be done, by persevering exertions, after cub-hunting has commenced.

Where things are done on a grand scale, and there are plenty of horses at command, there can be no excuse for vicious hounds. On the rest-days, the rogues can, without trouble or inconvenience, be taken out early in a morning, well drilled amongst deer or hares, and brought back again in time enough to be fed with the lot drawn for the next day's hunting, of which they may form a part. But in small and "scratch" establishments, where, in nine cases out of ten, matters are conducted on a more than economical plan, few hacks are kept, perhaps not more than one for all purposes; and the hunting stable not affording any spare nags, the employés are glad of an excuse to give the cavalry a chance. In these cases, the riotous hounds only get an extra cut or two in going to cover the next morning, instead of three hours' good drilling on the previous day over some neighbouring manor, where the proprietor has kindly given permission for the foxhounds to be exercised and awed from riot, whenever their huntsman may be disposed to take them there.

Amongst the various descriptions of riot that are met with, none is more vexatious and destructive to good sport than the roe-deer[1] (luckily confined to part of

[1] [In Surrey, too; and Mr. Dubourg hunts them with his pack of hounds.—Ed.]

Scotland and the west of England). They are animals that seldom show themselves in the open at any season of the year, but abide perpetually in the most thick and remote covers; consequently, it is impossible, when exercising and breaking young hounds, to show and awe them from them with any effect. Various schemes have been attempted to make hounds familiar with them by bringing up the fawns tame, to live about the kennel, &c.; but the plan adopted by Captain Barclay, when he hunted the Turriff country in Aberdeenshire (where the roe abounds more than in any other county in Scotland), was one of the most extraordinary. He procured a dead roe, which he had stuffed and placed upon wheels, and by this means dragged about the neighbouring fields when the pack were at exercise; and he declared that the practice rendered his hounds infinitely more steady than they had been before this novel experiment had been tried.[1]

Although in all packs some hounds are to be met with of so impatient a disposition, that, if a fox cannot be found in the first or second cover drawn, they must have a fling at something or other, yet thoroughbred foxhounds will invariably prefer a vermin scent to that of hares or other game; and I have frequently seen them throw their tongues on a polecat or fitchet, as also on the common house cat, when met with in woods at a distance from home. An extraordinary

[1] ["The Druid" relates how old Stephen Goodall, who hunted Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds in Oxfordshire, endeavoured to make his hounds steady from rabbits, by keeping a buck which he used to turn down in the kennel. He previously armed every man with a whip, and directed them to flog with a will any hound that dared even to look at the rabbit. The men at last grew so utterly weary of all the flogging that, during Goodall's absence, "the boiler ate the rabbit, and so put an end to the system."—Ed.]

instance of running a polecat to ground occurred with the Warwickshire hounds, many years ago, when Jack Wood hunted them. I was very young at the time, and had only just begun to take notice of the work of hounds, but knew pretty well when they turned in a big wood of 300 acres, or if they were running in two or three bodies. However, to hunt up to my story, we found a fox in the Kenilworth Woods, and after giving him a devil of a dusting for about two hours, ran him to ground in a small head of earths in that well-known cover—Long Meadow Wood. I was attending to the cry of the hounds, just before they went to ground, expecting to hear them stop and kill their fox, when suddenly they were divided into two bodies, both of which ran to ground at the same place, and within one minute of each other. Upon going down to the earth, I remarked to Jack Wood that there were two scents, and I fancied a brace of foxes were gone to ground.

"There were two scents," said Wood; "but I am sure there have never been two foxes before the hounds this morning: it certainly did appear very strange for them to divide as they did during the last ring; but we shall see."

We dug down, and first of all found a huge polecat, and in a few more minutes (the terrier still keeping at work) the hunted fox.

"Well done, Master!" said Jack Wood, "you have got the best ear, for a young one, I ever met with in my life."

I felt half a foot higher upon the strength of such a compliment from such a quarter.

In the spring of the year hounds are frequently more inclined to be riotous than earlier in the season, for the following reasons:—In the first place, March winds

are great promoters of wildness; and, in the next, the old jack-hares smell so awfully strong, during that peculiar period, that old hounds, which were considered perfectly steady before, have suddenly broke away, on hare scents, in the most determined and ungovernable manner. Moreover, when there is any vice bred in young hounds, it is allowed by all huntsmen to show itself at that *peculiar* season of the year. In the spring I have also frequently seen a pack of hounds leave the line of a vixen fox and refuse to hunt her: this may appear strange, but it is perfectly true; and I have no hesitation in saying, that nine *old* huntsmen out of ten will confirm what I have written, from their own experience.[1]

Another thing which contributes to the rendering of young hounds, or even old ones, skirters and shifty in their work, as it is termed, is the practice of continually cub-hunting them in gorse or whin covers, as they are enabled when distressed to come to the outsides, and meet the fox in the rides and rackways. This, however, is unavoidable in some open countries, where this description of covers abounds without any woodlands. No pack of hounds can be made and kept

[1] [Mr. Thomas Smith, author of "Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman," and sometime master of the Pytchley, Craven, and Hambledon hounds, wrote a most interesting book called "The Life of a Fox." He therein makes one of his fox characters say, "I pounced on a hen which was sitting in a hedge, but the state she was in gave such an unpleasant taste to her flesh, that after eating a little I left it, and have never since touched a bird of any sort when sitting, . . . and I believe that no old fox will take one for his own eating, though a female may sometimes carry one off when hard pressed for food for her young. The same instinct which prevents hounds from hunting a fox with young, thus prevents much destruction of birds when sitting. It seems like a design of Nature to save the race of birds that have their nests on the ground from being entirely destroyed by ourselves or by vermin such as stoats and weasels."—Ed.]

steady, in my opinion, without a good drilling, at the commencement of the season, in large holding woods; and I have no hesitation in saying that a pack which can do their work as they ought to do in deep and extensive covers, running well to the head, and driving abreast without tailing or skirting, would not fail to cut a good figure, and give a good account of their foxes in *any* country.

Owing to the large, ungovernable fields of horsemen which, in these days, are in the habit of attending hounds, even from the very commencement of the regular hunting season, I have always looked upon the cub-hunting months to be by far the best time for a man fond of the *work* of hounds, to indulge his venatic taste, without the danger of being either himself ridden over, or having the greater part of his hounds trampled down or destroyed. Long before I kept hounds myself, I was in the constant practice of beginning with the first morning's cub-hunting, and going out regularly, through the summer and autumn, with the pack which hunted my neighbourhood in Warwickshire; and many is the run I have seen in those woodlands which would not have disgraced December, and many the fox killed when the lazy world were snoring away their time in bed. Even when a schoolboy, I never lost the opportunity, when it offered, of running on foot for miles to get a sight of the hounds, either as they were passing from one cover to draw another, or where they might be even seen for a few minutes on their return home from hunting; and, as five of my boyish years were spent with a private tutor in the cream of the Pytchley country, it is not much to be wondered at that the innate love of hunting should have been cherished till it became "the ruling passion," and that the remembrance of those early and dearly-loved scenes round Hemplow Hills and Win-

MY FIRST BRUSH"

steady, in [illegible] good drilling at the comme[illegible] in large holding woods; and [illegible] saying that a pack which can [illegible] they ought to do in deep and exte[illegible] ng well to the head, and driving abre[illegible] ng or skirting, would not fail to cut [illegible] and give a good account of their foxes [illegible]

Ov[illegible] large, ungovernable fields of horsemen whic[illegible] days are in the habit of attending hounds [illegible] from the very commencement of the regular [illegible] ng season, I have always looked upon the cub[illegible] [illegible] the best time for a mar[illegible] [illegible] his vomitic [illegible] the danger of being either himself ridd[illegible] or having the greater part of his hounds tran[illegible] own or destroyed. [illegible] before I kept hou[illegible] lf, I was in the [illegible] tice of beginning [illegible] first morning's [illegible] and going out [illegible] with the [illegible] wick [illegible] those wood[illegible] have disgraced December, and [illegible] when the lazy world were snori[illegible] Even when a schoolboy, [illegible] t the opportunity, when it offered, of runni[illegible] for [illegible] get a sight of the hounds, either [illegible] were passing from one cover to draw anoth[illegible] they ought be even seen for a few minut[illegible] return home from hunting; and, as five o[illegible] years were spent with a private tutor in the [illegible] he Pytchley country, it is not much to be wo[illegible] hat the [illegible] love of hunting should have [illegible] shed [illegible] "the [illegible] sion," [illegible] dearly [illegible]

MY FIRST BRUSH"

wick Warren should be amongst the fondest of my by-gone days.

"*My first brush*," that trophy so sought for and valued by the old school, now become by far too dirty and odoriferous for the white gloves of the modern fox-hunter, was gained in that Paradise of the chase, Northamptonshire. It was late in the month of March, during the season of 1816 and 1817, when the quiet village of Guilsborough was aroused from its accustomed tranquillity by the cry of the Pytchley hounds, at that time the property of Lord Althorp: they had run their fox, after a most brilliant burst of fifty minutes, from Nethercote's Gorse up to the gardens which surround the village; and, amongst a most heterogeneous mass of cobblers, tailors, and snobs, of every grade, and curs of low degree, they killed him. Not having far to run from the house of my tutor, I was lucky enough to be "*in my place*" at "the finish," and by the joint assistance of a large stick and a few kicks from the hobnails of a yokel, the fox was saved; and I bore him away in triumph into the middle of the next field. But where are the horsemen? Where is Charles King? Where is Jack Wood? Where is Mr. Bouverie? Where is Vere Isham? Where is Davy, *cum multis aliis?* In the middle of Naseby Field, lost in a fog, and floundering their way through those far-famed receptacles for beaten horses, the Naseby Bogs. Why, the fox has been killed these ten minutes! But here comes one in a cap; 'tis Jack Wood first; and in five minutes more come "the field." It was a good run, and a good finish—all were delighted, and none more so than he who on that day gained his "first brush."

It was under the keen eye and by the quick discerning judgment of Jack Wood, that the far-famed Warwickshire pack, then the property of Mr. Shirley,

was first formed,[1] in a great measure from hounds esteemed, by good judges, of the very best blood in England, besides the progeny of several stud-hounds from Northamptonshire, amongst them the renowned Laundress, Darling, and Ottoman, bred by the late Lord Sondes; they had several stallions and brood bitches from the kennel of the late Duke of Beaufort, of the Dorimont and Nectar blood; and with such materials in the hands of so skilful and experienced a person, it was no wonder that in a few years a pack was produced which might compete in steadiness, speed, and the qualities of enduring, with any other in the world.

Of their extreme steadiness in chase I think the following anecdote will bear ample testimony. It was in the December of the year 1829, when the pack were under the management of that well-known and excellent sportsman, Mr. Robert Fellowes of Shotesham, in Norfolk (but who then resided at Talton, near Shipston-on-Stour), that the circumstance to which I allude occurred. An afternoon-fox was found at Witnash-gorse, and it being a good scent, and the hounds getting away close at his brush, a tremendous burst over a severe country was the consequence; pointing at first for Oakley Wood, and then bending to the left, the direction taken was over part of the Chesterton enclosures and Harbury Field. At this point a hare jumped up in view of the whole pack, who were at that time driving along with a breast-high scent, and continued to run for at least half a mile in the exact direction which had been taken by

[1] [Mr. Vyner does not mean to suggest that this was the first pack to hunt Warwickshire. Mr. Shirley was master from 1822–1825; he succeeded Lord Middleton, who had hunted the country for ten seasons; while prior to Lord Middleton came Mr. Corbet, who succeeded the famous John Warde.—Ed.]

the fox. The anxiety and despair depicted in their huntsman's face at this moment may be better imagined than described; the pace was so great that to get at them, or attempt to stop them, would have been impossible. Turning to me, who happened to be at that moment in a pretty good place, he exclaimed, "By G—, sir, they are running hare! And yet," said he, pausing for a few moments, "they cannot be, for old Bashful[1] is leading." He was right in his second supposition, for the hare, finding himself distressed, turned short across the field, and this gallant pack kept straight forward upon the line of their fox, without one single hound deigning to look for one moment in which direction she had taken herself off out of their way.

Forty-three minutes completed this excellent run up to Itchington Heath, and in four more minutes the fate of the fox was sealed, and his death proclaimed by a thrilling who-whoop. This incident, to the common run of hard riders, might appear to be without interest, and unworthy to be remarked; but to me, to whom the behaviour of the hounds, and the manner in which they perform their work, are ever of the first consideration in a day's sport, it was particularly striking.

I once had a long conversation with William Shaw, who was many years huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, upon the system of entering the puppies to hare in the spring, when they first came up from their quarters. He was a great advocate for this plan, and he told me he always practised it, taking them out with two or three couple of old harriers, and declared that he was convinced that when they were

[1] By the Duke of Beaufort's Boxer, out of Virulent, who was by the Pytchley Ottoman, out of their Vengeance. This most excellent hound could run up to the very head when in her tenth season.

thus entered, they turned out invariably better hunters afterwards, and that they were by no means more unsteady amongst hares than others which had not been entered in that manner. Nevertheless, with all his experience in the matter, and eloquence into the bargain, he could not succeed in making me a convert to his system, although I believe him to have been a most excellent judge of hunting, and a very first-rate performer both in the field and in the kennel. Old Will Carter, many years huntsman to Sir Mark Sykes, was another of these hare-hunting fox-hunters; he was an "out-and-outer" in his way, and had a very good pack of hounds, as old sportsmen who have lived in Yorkshire, and who hunted with him for years, have informed me; but they were always, as I have understood, fond of "currant jelly" in wild weather. The great Mr. Meynell was, I believe, the first who brought this system into fashion, but like a good many more of the absurdities of our forefathers, it has now become exploded.

We will now return to the old hounds, which, when we had left them, had just concluded the by-gone season. Their services are now at an end for the present, their energies will no longer be required in the field for at least three months, and by comparative rest and indulgence their mutilated feet and battered joints are to be freshly braced up, and their nerves restrung with a new vigour for the labours of the next hunting season; but this rest must not be increased to slothful indolence, nor this indulgence be allowed to grow into a contraction of laziness and fat. The stamina is to be preserved by good and nourishing food; but the elasticity of the muscles and the clearness of the respiratory organs must be kept in tune by a proportionable quantity of exercise and occasional doses of mild physic and alteratives.

As soon as the hunting season is finished, it is the custom of some huntsmen to bleed indiscriminately throughout the pack, without regard to age, condition, or constitution. As far as I can judge from mine own experience, I should say it was a very improper practice; but to bleed about a fortnight before cub-hunting[1] has a most salutary effect, and I never knew any kind of harm arising from it, but on the contrary hounds thus treated have always thriven by it during the whole hunting season, and have been in themselves in much better spirits and estate of body than when they have not undergone this kind of discipline. The whole pack should be bled, young and old, with the exception of such as are exceedingly delicate; and who, I ask, if he could help it, would keep one of that sort long in his kennel?

For summer treatment first give a dose of regular physic about a week or so after the season has ended; then wait a fortnight or three weeks, and begin to give sulphur every morning for a week or ten days; miss a couple of days, and then give a mild dose of salts. In about three weeks pursue the same system again with a second dose of salts, and for a third time if necessary. Dress your hounds during hot weather, say about the middle or end of July, whilst their coats are a little stirring, as by attending to that they will be much brighter and kinder in their coats than if you wait till they are set. Give a regular strong dose of physic (by the recipe I gave above) about a month before cub-hunting, and then I recommend you to bleed them all round about a fortnight before you begin regular work. Never mind what the new-fangled theorists say about not bleeding; I am sure, when properly

[1] [This is now no longer done.—Ed.]

done, it is a good system. Remember to regulate the hounds' exercise according to their physic, &c.

If you keep their insides clean and cool, their outsides will naturally become the same; if any of them appear foul in their bodies, or become subject to worms, besides the above course of physic, they should have administered to them an emetic, consisting of four grains of tartar emetic, and a ball composed of calomel and antimony, the recipe for which I have given in the chapter on physic.[1]

The condition of hounds, although a subject continually discussed, is not much understood by the common run of sportsmen. How frequently we hear high encomiums passed on a pack of hounds for their *fine* condition, when, in fact, they are a mere army of phantoms and skeletons, without one atom of muscle. Some men think that a pack of hounds must be drawn as fine as hurdles to run, and as long as their ribs and points are all visible they are considered in splendid *going* condition. There is no other animal which will endure reducing and raising again in condition in so short a period as the game-cock and the dog will; nevertheless, the latter, with all his natural propensities to improve most rapidly, must, in being prepared for hard work, be allowed a certain time necessary to get him *fit* to perform such extraordinary labour as the foxhound is called upon to endure. Not only from mine own experience, but also relying on the opinion of those whose judgment I could depend upon, I should say that a

[1] [These remarks on the treatment of hounds have been purposely left as Mr. Vyner wrote them; and no good purpose would be served by the addition of many notes explaining the modern treatment. Nearly every huntsman has his own recipes, and his own manner for treating distemper, the yellows, &c., and he has his own ideas of conditioning and physic.—Ed.]

dog, whether hound, greyhound, or any other dog used in the chase, was in greater perfection of condition when raised again to a certain pitch after he had been reduced below that pitch, than if he had been merely reduced from a lusty state of body down to that certain standard of condition. The flesh which is then on him is all muscular and healthy; whereas, in the case of his being merely reduced down to his condition, he is more frequently than not as loose and flabby as a Smithfield bullock. Perhaps some of my readers may ask, "Why then begin with hounds in cub-hunting in *high* condition, as they generally become lower after?" I answer, that they had been prepared for three or four months, or ought to have been; moreover, they generally sink a little after a week or ten days' work, and then go up again, after the first feverish excitement of cub-hunting is got through, before the regular season begins.

A hound to be well and really fit to go should not only look clear and bright in his coat, with the muscles on his shoulders, loins, and thighs well developed, but he should also be firm to the touch, and be able to travel on the road at a jog-trot, with his *mouth shut*, and his stern up over his back. His eyes should be clear and free from any mucous secretion; when much of which is seen in a morning in the inner corners of his eyes, you may be well assured that he is feverish, usually the result of hard work, without a due and proper preparation beforehand. He should also not only empty himself with freedom, his evacuation being firm and free from a bilious or slimy mixture, but he should also stale without difficulty, and rather frequently than otherwise, or he should have administered to him in his feed a small quantity of cream of tartar for about

two days, which will set matters all right on that point. Take a handful of the skin of a hound on his back and pull it up, and if it flies back to its place like India-rubber, with a nervous shiver, he is all right; but if it remain in an unsightly ridge, clammy and sluggish, as it returns to its natural position, depend upon it that his condition is far from being what it ought to be—in fact, he is not fit to be put to hard work without further preparation.

Dressing the hounds will affect many of them equally as if they had a strong dose of physic; some of them will be more or less swelled in their limbs and testicles, particularly if the turpentine or spirit of tar is rather stronger than usual. During the time they are confined to the kennel from the effects of the above discipline, which will be about four days, the whole of the court-yards and floors of the lodging-rooms should be carefully covered with straw, particularly in the doorways, to prevent them from slipping and breaking their thighs, which I have known to occur, the grease from their coats rendering the ground as slippery as ice. Sometimes I have seen a portion of mercury added to the dressing, but unless the mange has shown itself, it had better be omitted, as, from the heat and fever occasioned by the ointment, the hounds will be continually lying on the open floors, and when under the influence of that powerful mineral, animals are more likely to take cold than at any other time.

By the first of August the whole of their physic requisite to prepare them for their approaching labours should have been administered, consisting of two more doses of salts and sulphur, as before directed; and after the old ones have been walked two or three times into a deer park and amongst hares, particularly the

two and three-year-olds having had a few extra bouts by themselves, the new entry may be taken out with them, and regularly exercised until cub-hunting commences, going every day, if possible, into that country where the covers are situated in which they are about to hunt. The exercise of hounds during the summer should be slow and protracted rather than quick, particularly in the early part of that season. The keeping them out with slow walking exercise does their constitutions as well as their legs infinitely more good than "long trots" or "brushing gallops."

The period for the commencement of cub-hunting varies exceedingly; in some countries where the limits of the hunt are not extensive, and the foxes rather scarce, the covers cannot be broken until the middle of September; but in many others it is the usual custom to begin the first week in August, or, at any rate, as soon as the corn is sufficiently cut to allow of it. By a book published some years since, entitled "The Operations of the Belvoir Hounds," it appears that, in the year 1808, his Grace the Duke of Rutland commenced as early as the 4th of July; and Mr. Meynell began some seasons on or about the 4th of June.[1]

In the north the harvest is always, of course, much later than in the midland and more southern districts, even when the season may be genial; but the close of the year 1839 and the commencement of 1840 presented scenes which few of the oldest of our contemporaries can, I suppose, remember. In December, and also in the January ensuing, it constantly occurred in the Holderness country while hunting to pass

[1] [I have heard it stated that, when Mr. N. Snow hunted his wild country on Exmoor, he was accustomed to occasionally exercise his hounds after a fox during every month in the summer.—Ed.]

through fields of beans and oats in which the farmers were employed in leading or carrying them.

Even supposing the corn to be cut, few packs could begin so early as that, as the necessary destruction of young foxes would be far greater than most countries could afford. But when the number of the litters in the Belvoir country which were returned averaged about sixty-five or seventy, and during some seasons the number of foxes which were killed amounted to nearly seventy brace, two or three brace having been murdered in a morning in the early part of the season, we cannot wonder at there being some impatience to commence operations. In the Earl of Yarborough's country—which is far too extensive for any one pack of hounds to hunt regularly and impartially—the foxes are so numerous that the whippers-in and earth-stoppers were at one time frequently employed during the frost and snow in digging and destroying them in places which are ill calculated for sport. How different is the system in other hunts, which it is needless to mention, where there is scarcely a litter of cubs which is not put down in the summer, and which have not found their way either from Mr. Herring's menagerie in the New Road or from Mr. Baker's celebrated shop in Leadenhall Market, to the cost and detriment of other hunting countries. Fox-dealers may lie and humbug as much as they like about only selling foreign and Welsh foxes, but it is a well-known fact that all are fish which come to their nets.

The Pytchley—always the first to commence the campaign, at least in their palmy days—were, during two seasons, hunted a few years since by a Mr. Smith,[1] who was well known, previous to his taking the

[1] [This is the Mr. Thomas Smith mentioned *ante* in note on p. 199; and *post* on p. 213.—Ed.]

Northamptonshire, in the Hambleton and Craven countries. This gentleman, during the early part of his second season, attempted to introduce the system of evening cub-hunting instead of going out in the morning; and some persons put down Mr. Smith as the founder of the system; but that supposition was erroneous, as it was occasionally practised, or rather attempted, years before Mr. Smith had ever seen or heard of foxhounds. How any sportsman could advocate a system so universally condemned, *after trial*, by all good judges and *practical* men, is perfectly astounding. To say the best of it, it is a lazy, unworkmanlike system, and only fit for some poor old invalid, whose constitution may have been so much impaired that the labour of rising three days in the week at four o'clock in the morning is too great a fatigue to be long pursued with impunity.

However, upon extraordinary occasions it may be found necessary when three packs have to be taken out for the inspection of visitors. During the last week in August 1840, the author was upon a visit to the late Mr. Foljambe, of Osberton; the party consisted of the late Lord Ducie, the late Mr. William Wyndham, and himself. We hunted on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, twice a day; taking the dog pack out at half-past four in the morning, home to breakfast at nine; rested till three in the afternoon; then out with a pack Mr. Foljambe had just bought, and which he wished to try. Dinner at half-past seven. The following day the same as before, only with the bitches instead of the dogs, in fact they worked on alternate mornings. Thursday hunted again at four in the morning, and after breakfast had no hunting, but a regular kennel day. Friday again two bouts at hunting. Ditto on Saturday: all returning home on Sunday. There were plenty of foxes every day,

but the weather was very hot, and the ground as dry as snuff. We killed several cubs, but there was hardly scent enough for hounds to show themselves, excepting in their steadiness.

That the season of cub-hunting is a punishing period to a man who works hard, and does his duty to his pack, all huntsmen know too well; and that is the reason why so few "*gentlemen huntsmen*" are in the habit of cub-hunting their own hounds. If a gentleman rises three or four mornings in the week two hours before daybreak, and undergoes the fatigue consequent to hunting a pack of hounds in heavy and deep woodlands, he cuts but a very moderate figure at the head of his table at seven o'clock in the evening; and as one or the other must be given up, why, of course, fox-hunting "goes to the wall." Our forefathers dined at one or two o'clock, and as they had the choice of hunting early or late, and as it is well known that both systems were tried by them, it is natural to conclude that they would stick to that system which was most conducive to their sport, which was in those days pretty much what good cub-hunting is at the present time during the whole of the season. At a later period the afternoon system was tried again, and again abandoned, for the best of reasons—viz., that it was found not to answer. In the first place, the day is every moment becoming *darker*, after you have thrown off, that is if you hunt late enough to derive any benefit from the falling dew; and in some countries a fox has to be looked for an hour and a half before he can be found, therefore I think I need not comment any farther upon that point.

In the second place, there is no drag, and the foxes being empty, have too great an advantage over the young hounds. In the next place, the hounds have to be travelled to the place of meeting in the heat, instead

of a nice cool dewy morning, a material point, in my humble opinion; again, the hounds and horses have to be attended to in the dark upon their return from hunting, and thus the drawbacks, without the advantages of a perpetual winter, are introduced into the hunting calendar. Moreover, going out hunting, even after a moderate dinner, is not very agreeable, and most huntsmen and whippers-in have too much of the animal about them to put on the setting-muzzle at one o'clock; consequently their powers of exertion are considerably diminished, while "the foxes become *stouter in their natures* towards night," as Mr. Smith observes in his "Diary of a Huntsman."

I could go on enumerating a dozen more objections to the system of *evening cub-hunting*, but I should consider those already adduced quite sufficient for any purpose. If hounds were taken out cub-hunting in the afternoon regularly, it would be a great inducement to people to join them who would never have the least idea of such a thing if they were to be summoned from their beds at four or five o'clock in the morning. Such a concourse of sportsmen at such a season is the very reverse of desirable; for if hounds set to running but ever so short a distance "the field" would set to ride, and press upon the hounds. What is usually denominated sport during the regular season ought never to be looked for in cub-hunting; and as long as the young hounds are taught to hunt the line, and are kept at work chiefly in cover, where they can be more effectually drilled until they become steady, and are well blooded, the grand object is obtained.

The whole system of cub-hunting is so much changed during the last fifteen years that it is now quite a different kind of amusement; in the first place, hounds do not begin so early in the summer as formerly, partly on account of their cub-hunting ground being dimi-

nished by the numerous preserves of pheasants in many hunts, wherein the proprietors will on no account allow a hound to enter until the regular hunting-season. A curious, and, at the same time, erroneous, supposition is cherished in some parts of England, even in these enlightened times, and amongst others at Rise, in Yorkshire, the property of Mr. Bethell, where the custom of celebrating the fifth of November is still kept up by all the idle vagabonds in the neighbouring villages, and who maintain their right to fire off their guns not only after sunset, but during the whole of the day. There being a large preserve of pheasants in Rise Wood, it has been considered next to treason to allow a hound to enter the cover prior to the fifth of November, for fear of the pheasants, which *might* be driven out, becoming a prey to the Anti-Papists, who are absurdly enough permitted, without let or hindrance, to range about the neighbouring lanes with their guns.

In speaking of the changes which have taken place in hunting, no one particular feature is more strikingly altered than the absolute manner of handling the pack and hunting them at the present day. We seldom or never now hear hounds spoken to or cheered by their names; the silent system is carried on in some establishments to such an extent, both by the men and packs themselves, that you can hardly tell when hounds are on the line and when they are off. In fact, some modern huntsmen are actually afraid to speak to their hounds, for fear they should begin to drive and fly all over the country.[1] I never go out with such a pack that it don't put me in mind of a man who once offered

[1] [It is open to question whether any huntsman of the present day, professional or amateur, keeps silence from this reason. Moreover, it is quite possible to have too much cheering on the part of a huntsman.—Ed.]

himself to me as a groom; upon my inquiring of the stud-groom under whom he had lived as to what sort of a hand he was, I was informed that he was a capital servant, but "could not *abear* to be spoken to"—a pretty fellow for a groom to a man with a short stud and a still shorter purse. Well, these hounds are just like this man—they "can't abear to be spoken to," being so desperately tetchy and wild.

I am not advocating the constant practice of whooping and lifting hounds to every halloo which may be heard; but when you see the old system of cheering a body of hounds which may have got the lead done away with, I always think that fox-hunting is robbed of half of its spirit. Who can ever forget old Tom Rose's rattling holloas, when coming away from Whistley Wood with the Duke of Grafton's hounds. The echoes have hardly died away while I am writing this; and I fancy I still see his fine old white locks flying in the wind, as he was wont to cheer the pack, cap in hand: but, poor old man, he has departed. That was the way to bring hounds out of cover! There was another famous fellow in Northamptonshire—he was before my time—but I have heard so many capital stories of him that I almost fancy I have hunted with him; that man was Jem Butler, father of Butler who afterwards hunted the Badsworth. He lived many years with the late Mr. Warde when he hunted the Pytchley country; and was considered about the best huntsman of his day. His system was to be always with his hounds, and, by cheering them, make them hunt the line as well as run: he had a splendid voice, but always used it to some purpose; nevertheless, he sometimes spoke to 'em rather faster than his master considered advisable, and he has been heard to say on more than one occasion—

"Gently, Jem—gently, Jem! Don't be in such a

desperate hurry; old Rifleman never spoke to it, did he?"

"No, sir," says Butler, giving another rattling cheer; "but I can see he will directly."

Jem Butler was right.

When a large body of hounds are thrown into a wood in cub-hunting, it is of no consequence into how many lots they may be divided after the cubs are on foot, as long as they are at work on right scents; care having been taken to place the whippers-in in such positions that it is impossible for any foxes to go away, excepting the old ones, which on no account should be put back.

If part of the hounds should kill a fox by themselves, he should be quietly taken from them and placed out of reach in the fork of a tree, and kept till the end of the day, when he can be broken up with another, if they have the luck to kill one; these hounds will soon join the cry of one of the other bodies. Hounds after they have regularly broken up a fox seem satisfied, and never go to work with a fresh one *immediately* with the alacrity they would show if they had not had blood; besides, their baying at the dead fox would draw many of the other hounds away from their work. When the cubs begin to sink, the different bodies of hounds should be quietly stopped to one fox, the signal for which is the huntsman's holloa, who now begins to exert himself, having been a mere spectator for upwards of an hour, quietly sitting in the middle riding on his horse, watching the young ones as well as the old, and taking particular notice who are leading, and if any of the young ones show an inclination to work at the head, or if they are noisy, or indicate skirting, or any other vice in any way.

If the fox persists in running his foil, the following practice is sometimes resorted to by some huntsmen,

who watch the opportunity, and *catch hold*[1] of six or seven couples of "*wide hounds*" which may have just left the line of another fox, and throw them in at head, or, as they term it, "give him the meeting." This so alarms him, having fancied that all his enemies were in his rear, that he immediately tries fresh ground, which is a great relief to the hounds, as affording a better scent. When he is pretty well "*wound up*," he should be kept back in a quarter of the high cover, where the hounds can fly at him all abreast, and with proper and workmanlike management he can there be vanquished, without being allowed to slip over by a parcel of bunglers, when in all probability he will be changed for a fresh fox during the next ring. The practice of meeting a fox in the above way is much deprecated by some sportsmen, as teaching hounds to skirt for one thing, but its being done constantly by some of the first performers of the day is, I should suppose, a sufficient guarantee for the legality of the manœuvre; besides, it is only admissible in cub-hunting, where many artful dodges are constantly put in practice which are never dreamed of after the first of November.

When hounds are running hard in cover and suddenly come to a check, they on no account whatever ought to be interfered with, or even spoken to; the fox has either laid down or turned short back. If the whippers-in know their business the fox's escape is next to an impossibility; sit still and make them hit it off themselves—some of the old ones are sure to make it good before many moments are passed, and then one word from old Hyale or Laundress is worth a dozen hoicks or view-holloas. If it can be managed, the day's work should always finish with blood: therefore, if the hounds have had upwards of an hour or two's

[1] "Catching hold" is stopping and calling quickly along.

work of the right sort, and killed their fox, and the sun is getting hot, and there is little probability of there being a holding scent sufficient to keep 'em at work, they had better be taken home, and brought out a day earlier for the next hunting morning; but, if a fox has not been killed, the pack should be kept at work as long as it may be reasonably supposed that there is the least chance of the hounds catching hold of a cub either above or below ground.

The sooner you can begin after the corn is cut the better, as it gives hounds so much more advantage when the foxes are not come to their full strength; a good beginning is half the battle; and that is one reason why it is generally recommended to wait for a shower of rain to cool the covers and improve the scent. Work of the right sort, added to blood, is what is required; one without the other is of little avail; and when good luck forsakes you, cubs are scarce, and if the great desideratum cannot be obtained by fair means, others must be resorted to, let them be what they will, to gain the point; however, anything in the world is better than turning out a bagman, the scent of which is as different from the natural smell of a wild fox as a red herring is from a fresh mackerel. The ill effect which the custom of indulging hounds with this spurious kind of blood produces will soon discover itself if frequently put in practice; hares, cur dogs, &c., will be all alike to them, and their hurry and wildness in drawing will be no less manifest than their unsteadiness in chase. Even foxhounds which have before been steady, after too much rest frequently become wild and ungovernable. Some years ago, when Lord Middleton hunted Warwickshire, and his celebrated pack stood as high in the estimation of fox-hunters as any in the world, a most unfortunate occurrence took place, and which is a convincing proof that

during any part of the year when the pack are not at work they cannot have too much strong exercise. After a long and severe frost, the hounds met at Walton Wood, and having forced a fox into the open, were running him with a good fair scent, when suddenly they changed his line for that of a dark, red-coloured dog (which had no doubt been coursing him), and fairly ran into him and pulled him to pieces before any one could get to them to stop them.[1]

A misfortune of the same nature also happened to Mr. Corbet's hounds in the same country, namely, Warwickshire; and Will Barrow, his huntsman, found out the mistake just in time to stop them before they would undoubtedly have killed him. The cur ran a footpath through eight or nine stiles in succession—a thing which a fox never does, always avoiding every stile, gate, or flight of rails, if he can possibly find a meuse in the hedge by which he can make his way instead. As Will jumped the eighth stile he exclaimed, "They are running a dog, by G—! as no fox would run through a line of stiles like this." And he was right, and stopped the pack in time to save them from such a disgraceful finish.

I may have once or twice in my life hunted a "put-down fox," as it is sometimes called; but it is a custom I never approved of, nor have I ever known any good judges of hunting who recommended it. I once killed a fox in rather an extraordinary manner: he was not a bagman, although he appeared to have been just shaken from the soot-sack of a chimney-sweeper. The facts were as follows:—I was sitting late one winter evening, and just upon the eve of retiring for the night, when a neighbouring farmer brought me, in a large basket, a fox which he had

[1] [See note to pp. 187 and 188.—Ed.]

just taken in an outhouse. As everybody was gone to bed except myself, and I, not being able to shut him up in a better place of security, left him in the room where I was then sitting for the night, and gave orders that he should not be disturbed till I came down in the morning. However, the next day a maid-servant, going in to light the fire as usual about seven o'clock, opened the shutters, when the fox, perceiving the light, jumped from the chimney where he had gone to ground, and, darting through the window like a rocket, made his escape. I was immediately informed of the departure of the prisoner, and perceiving that a heavy storm of snow had fallen, it being ankle-deep and still snowing, and the chance of hunting on that day at the regular hour being completely gone, I ordered the horses to be saddled; and in less than ten minutes they were out, the men mounted, and every hound in the kennel (forty-one couples) on the line of the fugitive. It proved to be a most burning scent, and, after a sharp burst of about two miles, we killed him as he was running in a direct line for a well-known head of earths; if the scent of Reynard was good, the smell of the soot was much more pungent, as it might be winded the whole way. The animal, when killed, certainly looked like a hunted devil; and the hounds, after they had eaten him, appeared as if they had had their moustachios blackened for a masquerade. The hole through which he had escaped was triangular, exactly the shape of his head, and so small that it seemed impossible for him to have forced his way through it. He had been during the night up and down the chimney some dozen times, as might be seen by the black marks all over the room. He had tried the chimney-piece, pictures, all the chairs, and had entered, as far as he could, into a hat and two caps which were on a table, to

try to find an exit. This calls to my remembrance the anecdote of—

> "Mr. Stubbs, a crack rider, no doubt, in his time,
> Who hunting on Sunday considered no crime."

He kept a pack of harriers, with which he used occasionally to hunt bag-foxes, and his plan for getting them into condition was to shut them up in a small place, with a hole to admit the light about six feet above their heads, at which they would continually employ themselves in jumping, to endeavour to escape, and by that means got into good wind and condition.[1]

Before I conclude this chapter, I must be permitted to write a few words on the cocktail and unmanly amusement of bag-fox hunting. I cannot but express my surprise and disgust that any one calling himself a sportsman should be found to advocate the practice of so barbarous and pitiable a substitute for hunting. Let the hard riders of Ireland catch their foxes in the mountains, and shake them in the plains, if they please; or let the English residents at Naples solace themselves with a four-mile gallop after an unfortunate cur dog, rendered more than half mad by a good shaking, and then ejected from a sack; but never let that gallant animal, the fox, be tortured or vanquished in any other manner than by legitimate hunting.[2]

---

[1] [Mr. George Templer, of Stover, Devon, hunted a country in which there was, for some years, scarcely a fox to be found. He was therefore reduced to hunting bag-foxes, and kept about twenty in two large yards. The object was to save the fox alive at the end of the run; and one of the foxes, known as "The Bold Dragoon," was said to have been turned down and recaptured thirty-six times. See "Memoir of Rev. John Russell."—Ed.]

[2] [When Mr. Vyner was master of hounds, and even before his time, hunting bag-foxes was very common; there were infinitely

Some owners of packs have been known to possess a fox that has lasted their hounds for half the season, when, by a little mobbing and manœuvring, they have been enabled to pick him up by the brush, and thus save him before he could be injured by the hounds, then reconduct him to his dungeon, and reserve him for another day's torture.[1] Talking of making a fox *do for twice* puts me in mind of a story told of Jack Shirley, who so long hunted Sir R. Sutton's hounds some years ago. He was out with the hounds of a noble lord, which hunted within reach of the country where he lived, viz., the Burton, when, after a very severe run, every one being beaten off but himself and a hard-riding young farmer, the hounds caught hold of their fox. Shirley, who was close at hand at the moment, and took him from them uninjured, and, cutting off the brush,[2] pitched him over the hedge, which being an awfully thick one, allowed master Reynard time to escape to some distance, refreshed as he no doubt was by the galvanic application of the knife, before the hounds could get once more upon his line. Just as Shirley had climbed into his saddle, the huntsman of the pack and the rest of

more foxes turned out then than there are now. In the earlier volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*, and in newspapers of the beginning of the century, there are innumerable accounts of runs after bag-foxes, many of the foxes having been turned down before packs of harriers. When bag-foxes are hunted now it is almost exclusively on the land of fox-killers, who, to keep up their reputation, get one when the hounds are coming to draw their coverts. It sometimes happens that when a fox is dug out after having run to ground, he is taken to some particular covert and let go by arrangement on the approach of the hounds; and sometimes a fox that is captured in an outhouse is turned out on the next hunting day.—Ed.]

[1] [See note, *ante*, p. 221.—Ed.]

[2] [This was surely scarcely acting up to the above-mentioned doctrine of "never let that gallant animal, the fox, be tortured or vanquished in any other manner than by legitimate hunting."—Ed.]

the horsemen came up, but too late to witness the operation.

After about half a mile more running, the fox was *killed* the second time, when the regular huntsman took him from the hounds, and was about to cut off his brush and present it to Shirley, who had requested to have it: what was his astonishment when he found it gone! It certainly was a strange and wonderful occurrence; he was first up; no one could have got it, or he should have seen him taking it; he looked round amongst the hounds to see if one of them had pulled it off in worrying their fox—no; it was not there! When Jack Shirley pulled the brush from his pocket, and in perfect good humour threw it to his brother knight of the couples, giving him the following piece of advice:—"The next time your hounds are killing their fox, take care and stick a bit closer to 'em, or maybe I shall cut his brush off again before you, if I happen to be out, Master W——."[1]

The late Mr. Mytton was, I am sorry to record it, rather addicted to bag-fox hunting; but this arose from that innate impetuosity of disposition which marked all his actions through life. On one occasion he absolutely turned out a fox during a hard frost and deep snow, and then letting out the whole pack, unattended by any horseman, retired with his visitors to the top of the house at Halston, to see what he termed *the fun;* after this frolic some of the hounds did not return to their kennel for two days. On another occasion the turning out of a bag-fox was attended by circumstances of a more ludicrous nature, and, as it proved, was a capital *exposé* of so childish an amusement. At the period above alluded to, the man who had the *shaking* of poor Charley had strict

[1] [We should not call this very good form now-a-days.—Ed.]

orders to make himself invisible as soon as possible after he had enlarged his charge, either by treeing like a marten-cat, or in any way he thought best. But whether the fellow considered the servant's hall at Halston was the most retired spot in the neighbourhood; or whether he was compelled by the pangs of hunger, occasioned by two hours' close watching in the wood previous to the hounds being thrown off, has never been decided; he was determined, however, to "break cover," and, creeping along a thick hedge in the opposite direction to the field where the horsemen were collected, he escaped nearly to the house. The hounds, who had found the fox, but in a ring which he had described in the cover, changed for the line of the bearer, who being lazy, had dragged the bag along the ground instead of carrying it, when they fairly ran into him full cry, in view of the whole field, who were no doubt much amused at the stupidity of the fellow who had marred the plot.

A "Friend to all Sports," in an excellent letter which appeared in a popular weekly sporting paper some short time ago, very justly observes—"Give each sport its fair patronage; encourage fox-hunting with foxhounds, hare-hunting with harriers, but do not encourage them to interfere with each other's game,[1] and, above all, let the non-hunting portion of the community know that half the pleasure of the chase consists in giving the hunted animal a fair chance—a bag-fox never has! You might as well expect a convict escaped from the condemned cell of

[1] [It has often been said, and with truth, that a pack of harriers, properly carried on, is of great service to the master of foxhounds hunting over the same country. The harriers help to drive outlying foxes into covert, into which, of course the harriers should not enter.—Ed.]

Newgate to run as stout as a trained pedestrian, as a bag-fox to show the sport of a wild one."

Hounds always stick to that style of hunting they were first entered to; draft foxhounds are too wide and flashy to hunt hares with in a proper way; and harriers don't fling enough and get forward, especially in a middling scent, to kill foxes. How curious it is, too, to see a pack of harriers hunt an otter, when they have not been accustomed to that description of chase; as soon as they come to anything like a check, from the otter having dived, instead of persevering to work up to him in the stream, and amongst the sedges by the river's side, they almost invariably commence trying away towards the meadow hedges, as the most likely ground to hit him off, so difficult is it to overcome the first impressions of their attempt to follow their game by its scent.

Hounds should undoubtedly be kept to their own game,[1] if they are expected to hunt and run together in anything like decent order, and with credit; playing tricks with drags of aniseed, or "nineted bagmen,"[2] as

[1] [Somervile insisted on this in the following words:—

"A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chase
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatched destroy. . . .
. . . . . .
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play; by nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries; t'unravel these,
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell."

No modern writer could have put this in more forcible language; and we may fairly conclude that, at least in the time of the first Georges, masters of hounds had found out that hounds which would hunt anything "from an earwig to an elephant" did not show the best sport.—Ed.]

[2] Some years ago, when Sir Thomas Mostyn hunted that part of Oxfordshire now occupied by Sir A. Peyton [now, 1891, by Lord

old Tom Wingfield used to call them, is one of the most unpardonable insults that can be offered to a master of hounds; but such things have been done, to the everlasting disgrace of the perpetrators. No doubt a pack of foxhounds would run anything they were capped on to; and some of those who read this book may recollect Mr. Osbaldeston going to draw for a wolf, in the neighbourhood of Sibbertoft, which had escaped from a caravan at Lutterworth, and had devoured a considerable number of sheep. The wolf, however, was not found, but was afterwards shot by some farmers near that place. The pack out on that day was what the Squire called his Saturday pack, which consisted of a mixed lot of dogs and bitches, considered inferior to either of his other packs. As to the hounds running this wolf, is one thing, and as to whether the novelty of the chase would injure them in point of steadiness, is another; at any rate, I do not suppose the Squire would have attempted it with either of his other packs.

This anecdote recalls to my recollection another, related of a hound-bitch of the late John Mytton's, of Halston.[1] A litter of cubs having been brought to the

Chesham.—Ed.], his foxes were much thinned by reason of a club of Oxford Collegians, who were in the habit of purchasing his foxes from the fox-catchers who infested that neighbourhood, and hunting them with a scratch pack of harriers, rubbing them over with aniseed to ensure a more burning scent. At that time Tom Wingfield was Sir Thomas Mostyn's huntsman, and the worthy baronet got rid of the nuisance by presenting these young sportsmen with a few couples of his draft hounds, to hunt deer with instead.

[1] [John Mytton was born on the 30th September 1796, and died in 1834. He kept a pack of harriers from his boyhood; and when Mr. C. Pelham gave up the Shropshire and what is now called the Albrighton countries, John Mytton succeeded him in 1817, and kept the hounds till 1821. He afterwards bought the hounds of Mr. Newman in Essex, and with them hunted a limited country round about Halston. See "Life of John Mytton," by "Nimrod."—Ed.]

kennels, and the said bitch having lost her whelps, was introduced to them in the capacity of foster-mother, which office she performed with wonderful care and affection so long as their infancy lasted. In course of time, however, when the young foxes were turned out into the neighbouring covers, and, of course, all recollection of her darlings had vanished, she, without remorse, assisted in tearing and eating those very bantlings which, but a few weeks before, she would have defended from injury to the last drop of her blood.

As summer wears away, and the cub-hunting is drawing nearer to a close, the time of meeting may be at a later hour. But as that period of the year ought undoubtedly to be given up to the master of the pack for the purpose of educating his young hounds, and getting them into such order and condition that they may acquit themselves with credit when the regular season arrives, I would never meet at such a time as that the lateness of the hour would be an inducement to cause a number of persons to come out. Men who make a practice of going regularly cub-hunting are generally good sportsmen; and, instead of doing harm, frequently do a great deal of good, by assisting to keep foxes back in large woodlands; but a numerous field in October is never to be desired, and the only way to prevent it is never to meet later than about seven o'clock. When beset by the entreaties of gentlemen who may be subscribers or good preservers of foxes, a huntsman may be over-persuaded to draw covers which it may at that time not be convenient to disturb, and to endeavour to show sport in the open, which at so early a day is never to be desired.

One of the best runs I ever knew in my whole life was on the 5th of September, with the Warwickshire hounds, when Mr. Shirley was master of them. It was an accident, as the hounds broke away, and the men

were not mounted to go with them, and consequently could not stop them. They found at five o'clock in the morning at the Bull and Butcher Wood, which is situated on the edge of the largest woodlands in the county, six miles from Coventry, on the Oxford road, and killed their fox close to Crick, in Northamptonshire, fifteen miles from point to point; but as the line taken was circuitous, it was at least twenty miles. The pace was tremendous, and no one who started with the hounds was up at the finish except William Boxall, who was then the first whipper-in. There were nearly fifty couples of hounds out, seventeen and a half couples of which were of that year's entry, and had only been out four times before that day. It proved an old barren bitch fox. The country traversed for the last eight miles, till within two of the death, was what is known as the Dunchurch country. In those days there were no covers in that neighbourhood as at the present time; Cooke's gorse, Hill Morton gorse, and Bunker's Hill were then not even planted, or a fox would hardly have held on so straight without touching some of them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF HOUNDS CONTINUED; COVERS, &c.

"Hail! greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power."
—BLOOMFIELD.

"We come! ye groves, ye hills! we come!
The vagrant fox shall hear his doom,
And dread our jovial train."
—*Ibid.*

AMONG the numerous collateral branches appertaining to the science of hunting, we may, without any apology, introduce the subject of covers, the various descriptions of them, and the best mode of making the most of a country which may by nature have been but moderately gifted with these indispensable requisites for the preservation of the "crafty animal," and consequently for the ensurance of sport. Various are the kinds of covers and the names by which each variety is distinguished according to their locality. For instance, what is termed in the midland counties a "gorse," or "gorse cover," is called in the north a "whin," and in some places a "furze-brake;" "gullies," "dingles," "dumbles," and "bottoms," are also synonymous terms. Woods also are defined by "holts," "roughs," "coppices," "spinneys," "brakes," "stubbs," and "scrubs," according to the counties in which they may be situated; and no less varied are the tastes of sportsmen, which may lead them to pronounce in favour of either the "woodland wild," or what in these "haste-making" days may be denominated "a nice little handy gorse to get away from;" giving one the very

idea of something pre-eminently dreadful in the mere presence of a wood or any other temporary shelter, which may either entice Reynard from his line, or retard but for one instant the steam-like velocity of a modern "burst."

Large woods and cliffs, clothed with briers and brushwood, were no doubt the only places where our forefathers first bid the echoing horn to speak at early dawn; but as "hunting the fox," which in those days might be compared to the refined amusement of badger-baiting, gave way to the "noble science," and as this princely diversion, which owes much of its patronage to the graceful and manly accompaniment of horse-manship, gradually progressed to its *climacteric*, means were resorted to, to enable the sport to be enjoyed entirely in the open, and leave the "dirty woodlands," as they are called, for cub-hunting, or for by-days, when some neighbouring pack may be reached at a more genial fixture. Desirable as a fine open country is for fox-hunting, how often do we see the thing well done, and good sport shown, in many of the provincials, where the nature of the covers and enclosures is just the reverse; and where the natives, from a truly English and laudable desire to spend their incomes at home, and promote the general good of their neighbours, and wishing to enjoy, in the best manner they can, "the goods the gods have provided them," set a far better example to the rising generation than those debilitated scions of debauchery who are daily wasting not only their health, but their exchequers, in the support of foreign allurements and frivolities.

Although a large woodland cannot very conveniently be dis-afforested, and converted into a flying-country at a year's notice, nor the shades of Whittlebury be metamorphosed by a magic touch into the far-famed grass grounds of Misterton; yet, by proper manage-

ment and attention to a very few points, really good sport may be obtained in almost any country, let it be ever so dark and severe, provided the occupiers have spirit and liberality to pursue the following plans. Let bridle-gates—or riding-gates, as they are sometimes termed—be placed at divers points for the convenience of not only the sportsman in general, but more especially to enable the men attendant on the hounds to get at them quickly, and assist them as occasion may require, without the risk of breaking their limbs at some great boundary fence or other impassable barrier; let small wooden bridges be thrown over the worst of the larger dykes or ditches; let the rides be kept well trimmed, the rackways, trigs, or small by-rides kept open, and the earth-stopping department properly attended to, and it will be seen that sport of the first order may be had, provided that the rest of "the means and appurtenances" be in equally good keeping.

To the neglect of the above management, and to the well-known fact that the generality of masters of hounds would rather at any time draw the open under an uncertainty of finding than run the risk of a long day in the woods, and to the destruction of foxes by unfair means consequent upon such neglect, may, in nine cases out of ten, be attributed the odium attached to woodland hunting. I can only add upon this point that, if more days were devoted to rummaging the woodlands than the modern system allows, there would be fewer blank days, and more clipping runs in the open, and the necessity of going to Messrs. Herring and Baker would be altogether done away with. The large woods and cliffs before mentioned were undoubtedly natural covers, and to these may be added brakes, composed chiefly of blackthorn and the brier, or blackberry; these are the favourite resort of foxes, and indeed all other wild animals, from the almost impenetrable nature

of the plants which compose them; and although not nearly so numerous as they were thirty years ago, when agriculture was not attended to as it now is, they are occasionally to be met with, particularly in open fields; and where the land is what may be termed "fox ground," a find usually accompanies a draw.

One great recommendation to encourage brakes is the impossibility of shooters and poachers walking in them, especially during the night; consequently they are quieter. We may also add to the list natural gorse covers, which are met with generally upon the sides of hills, or what are termed "hangings;" these are considered by many persons as much more preferred by foxes to kennel in than the artificial gorses (of which I shall speak hereafter), and one reason given by old sportsmen is, that when the gorse is young, after having been cut, the sheep and cattle eat away the grass as it grows up, which allows the gorse to shoot stronger; moreover, that the bare places occasioned by the cattle grazing make excellent kennels for a fox, where he can bask in the sunshine, and dry himself after wet weather. Let it also be remembered that gorse which grows upon stiff clay soil, although longer in coming to perfection, remains in full vigour during many more seasons than where the soil is sandy, and consequently more congenial to a quick growth.

As to artificial fox-covers, they may be classed under the heads of gorse, broom, osiers, and stick or faggot covers.

The oldest artificial gorse cover in the Pytchley country, as I have been informed upon good authority by several sportsmen who have hunted in Northamptonshire all their lives, was a cover in Yelvertoft-field; there were two, but the one known as Lord Spencer's cover was the oldest, and to that I now allude. Since those days, the numerous covers which have been made

(and if half of them were destroyed it would be all the better for sport) would fill a roll which might reach from Melton to Brixworth; but a quick find and a sharp burst are all now required; and whether seven minutes and a half racing—where the amalgamation of horses and hounds will scarcely allow of determining which are leading, and to which the powers of scent may by nature belong—is sport or not, I leave for others better qualified than myself to pronounce judgment upon. Producing a cover by means of sowing or planting gorse has always been a favourite substitute for the absence of a natural asylum for foxes; and the old and well-known toast of "The Evergreen," alluding to the never-failing exuberance of that plant, is a striking proof of the estimation in which it has always been held by sportsmen. The beautiful effect which a large patch of gorse in full bloom, like burnished gold, gives to rural scenery, can never be surpassed amidst the numerous attractions of spring; and which, even to a certain extent, is to be met with during the whole year; and which was the origin of the old saying, "When gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion." For the sake, then, of the best and fairest of our species, as well as ourselves, let it be hoped that fox-hunting and "the evergreen" may flourish for ever!

The best spot to fix upon for making an artificial gorse cover is, if possible, upon rather a lightish soil, which is rendered the more difficult from the country in which it is most desirable being grass, and consequently, more frequently than not, a stiff clay;[1] however, let the soil be what it may, it should be in the very best state of cultivation previous to the seed being sown; it should be fallowed and well cleaned, and pre-

[1] [Compare what is said *supra*, p. 232, on the merits of light and clay soils.—Ed.]

pared in every respect as for a crop of turnips. The seed should then be sown by drill; about seven or ten pounds of seed to the acre is sufficient: and it should be kept well hoed and hand-weeded twice a year, until the gorse has out-topped the grass and weeds. From the nature of the soil being more genial to this kind of plant, some covers will hold a fox in three years, while others will scarcely hide a rabbit in double that time.

April is the best month for sowing the seed, which may be procured, at any of the first-rate seedsmen in town, at two shillings per pound; and it may not perhaps be generally known that nearly all the gorse-seed sold in this country is imported from France. Some persons have recommended mixing broom with the gorse in equal quantities; but it has been found not to answer, as the broom comes to its growth some years before the gorse, and consequently requires cutting at an earlier period, which not being practicable, it perishes, leaving large patches either bare or so thin and weak as to be of little use for the purpose intended. I have occasionally seen a fox-cover made by sowing the seed with a crop of oats, beans, or wheat; this practice may do very well where the soil is heathy and the plant indigenous, but in a stiff clay, like some of the Leicestershire country, it must be nourished and cultivated exclusively, or the labour and expense bestowed will, in all probability, end in a failure and disappointment. If the land be wet, it should be well soughed through all the furrows, or the plants will perish everywhere during the first winter, excepting upon the tops of the land, where it is dry and sound. Some covers have succeeded to admiration, by first sowing the seeds in a nursery ground, and then setting out the plants at two years old during the autumn. Gorse

is a plant which makes a prodigious shoot very late in the year; it consequently becomes settled and rooted in the soil before winter sets in, and the dry weather in the spring and summer does not materially injure it, as it would if planted out in March or April.

When a furze cover is established, there is still almost as much labour and skill required to keep it constantly in perfection and sufficiently strong to hold a fox as there was to produce it. To achieve this, care should be taken to cut about a fifth each year, after it begins to get hollow and weak, until the whole has undergone the operation, when, after a couple of years' holiday, you may recommence at number one. In speaking of cutting, the system of burning is highly to be recommended, for several reasons; in the first place, the faggots will hardly pay for tying up; and in the next place, the operation renders the ground perfectly clear from all weeds, which are totally eradicated by the fire: not so the gorse, the roots of which extend too far into the ground to be injured by the heat; moreover, the ashes form a most excellent manure to the new shoots, and the long black stumps, which should not be cut off until two years have expired, are a most excellent preventive against persons either riding or walking upon the young buds and destroying them.

When the aid of flames is resorted to, the cover should be cut out in quarters, or the whole may be inadvertently set on fire at once, and the day chosen for the conflagration should be one on which the wind blows from a favourable point; it is also to be highly recommended to take the precaution of cutting round the part intended to be burnt for the space of about four or five yards, to prevent the

possibility of the flames extending to the hedges or the adjacent parts. Burning a cover has a most extraordinary effect upon the hares and rabbits which inhabit it: when the flames are at their greatest height, so paralysed are these unfortunate sufferers by fire, that, instead of attempting to escape, they run headlong into the devouring element, and are thus consumed. Artificial covers are also occasionally made of privet and blackthorn, and even of laurel; but a severe winter is a terrible destroyer of the latter, the ravages of which two genial seasons will scarcely replace.

Osier or withy beds (as they are called in some counties) also form excellent covers, and are invariably favourite places of resort for foxes, partly on account of their *principal* food, the field-mouse, abounding there; but more especially because the high banks on which osier beds are formed afford such dry lying even in the wettest weather. I recollect many years ago, when I was an "Oxford boy," seeing a quick thing of near thirty minutes from the osier bed at Deddington turnpike with the hounds of the late Duke of Beaufort;[1] the brook on the lower side of the cover was more than a bumper, and the pack had actually to swim over to draw this small island, flooded as it was, and which is scarcely half an acre, before the old gentleman made his exit; however, he beat us after a sharp burst, by going to ground in Sir Thomas Mostyn's (now the Bicester) country near the village of Adderbury.

Modern invention has in some places substituted covers made of dead wood instead of planting or

[1] [Till the year 1835, when the Heythrop became a distinct hunt, the Duke of Beaufort's hounds used to hunt the country.—Ed.]

sowing. These are denominated "stick covers," "faggot covers," or "dead covers;" they may be found to answer occasionally in the total absence of real brushwood until a regular gorse cover can be raised; but they are also highly objectionable on many accounts. In the first place, a good wild fox will seldom lie in them; and secondly, they are dreadfully distressing to hounds when drawing, on account of the thorns breaking off after they have punctured them, and in consequence frequently causing an obstinate lameness; lastly, they are awfully expensive, and at the best only last about three years. Where there are many old whitethorn bushes (of twenty or thirty years' growth) upon the side of some warm and sequestered bank, the boughs may be advantageously nicked down, and the interstices filled up with strong stakes and dead wood; by this means a good cover of several acres may be at once formed quite equal to any gorse cover, which will last for many years without renewing, and to which foxes will be found to take more kindly than if the whole were composed of faggots and such rubbish. An artificial earth may also be made in one corner; but it will be found of but little avail for the purpose of rearing turned-down cubs in unless there is a good supply of water close at hand; this is indispensable, as without it young foxes will inevitably wander away and be lost, and thus be starved to death or destroyed.

The best time to stock a country with young foxes is during the months of June or July; of course they must be fresh taken. As they are old enough to get their own living, put them into the crops adjacent to covers, or into covers where there are no natural bred cubs: old foxes having cubs of their own will very frequently kill cubs artificially put down near their own earths.

No game should be encouraged in a cover which is rented or kept up solely as a fox-cover, for reasons too obvious to mention; and even rabbits, where they are allowed to get to too great a head, defeat the object for which they were at first introduced by attracting every idle boy and cur dog within six miles of the place to hunt them. The more frequently large woodlands are ransacked the better, but small gorse covers or spinneys should on no account be disturbed oftener than about once in every three weeks or a month, that is if the find is to be booked as a certainty. Beckford recommends the encouragement of gorse covers as a great protection to foxes from poachers and fox-catchers: such might have been the case in the days of that great authority; but it is well known by every one conversant with that nefarious practice that there is no place in the world where foxes can be more easily taken than from gorse covers, unless well watched and preserved by persons employed for the express purpose.

In drawing small covers, it matters but little whether you go up wind or the reverse into them; if the animal is at home, and a moderate share of pains taken, he is almost sure to be found; and two or three cracks with a whip in the adjoining field, and calling the hounds back with a loud voice as a huntsman usually does when travelling along, will generally give sufficient warning for a fox to get upon his legs and prepare himself for a start, without the danger of being chopped. Where there is a large riding in a cover, the field had by all means better be collected to that point, as there will be less chance of the fox being headed back than when each person is left to his own discretion: the jealousy of getting a good start has been the chief cause of spoiling many a good run.

I have occasionally seen a small cover drawn by about four or five couples of hounds, the body of the pack being kept in reserve at some distance, and must confess that, although the motive was excellent, viz., that the fox should have every advantage in making his point away without being overpowered by numbers and chopped, it took away in no little degree from the true spirit of the thing. Colonel Cook mentions, in his "Observations on Hunting," the circumstance of Mr. Meynell's hounds waiting in the same field, while a few couples selected from the pack were running hard in an adjoining gorse; nor did they attempt to break from the whipper-in until cheered to the cry by Jack Raven.

In some hunting countries where earths are scarce, and it is found necessary to establish an artificial one for the sake of rearing young cubs, which may have been put down, the best method of making one is by digging a deep trench on the sunny side of some rising ground, inside the cover which is intended to be stocked, if possible. When you have dug the first trench, which ought to be about four feet deep, and about of the same width, being in a semi-circular form, with two entrances, and from the centre turning off into an oven or den, lay a drain of very small soughing tiles, placed upon flat ones, to prevent rabbits from working under them; by this means the artificial earth will be kept perfectly dry after severe soaking rains.

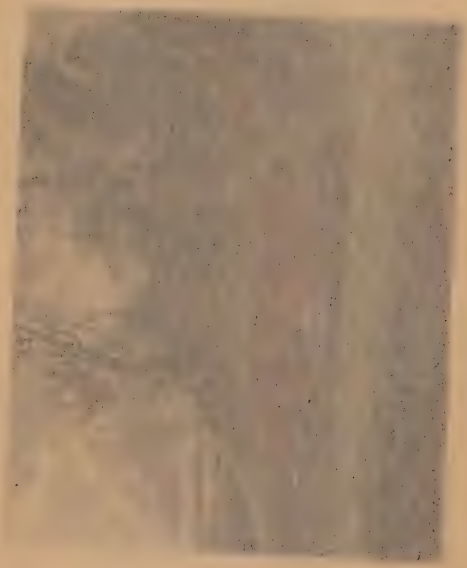
Having formed the large trench in which the earth is to be made, lay the bottom with large flat stones, which may be generally procured from the rubbish of stone quarries at a low price, taking care to build in the afore-mentioned oven or den, a kind of raised kennel, in which the foxes may lie secure and dry, having two or three small spouts in the sides, into

which a fox may stick himself, with his head only exposed, in case of a terrier being sent in by a poacher or fox-catcher; by taking this precaution it will be next to an impossibility for a dog which is small enough to creep into the earth to bolt or draw a fox out. The earth may then be built of stones or bricks upon the floor, terminating at each entrance with a hole of such a size as not to admit a dog larger than a fox.[1] The mouth should be made with a heavy stone or large piece of timber, to prevent its wearing away. A large mound of soil should be heaped over the earth, and, for a better protection, a quantity of dead cover placed upon that.

Great care should be taken to select a dry place for an earth, or the foxes will become mangy, and, by dying in the earth, spoil it for ever. Badgers are a sad nuisance when they take to an artificial earth, and should be immediately caught, or they will in a short time pull down and destroy the whole of the interior. The best plan for taking them is by placing sacks or large purse nets made on purpose in the entrance to the earth on a moonlight night, and hunting them in with terriers from the lower grounds, where they usually go to feed about midnight.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known, but nevertheless not the less curious, that badgers go twelve months with young; this fact I learned from a neighbour of mine in Warwickshire, who some years ago dug out in the spring a sow badger and pigs. The young ones were destroyed, but the old badger was confined in an outhouse for twelve months, where I

[1] [The passages of artificial earths are often made too high; and when this is the case a terrier has more chance of drawing the fox. Nor should the chamber or den be too lofty. In this event foxes will not always come out to evacuate; and the collection of filth in the den or chamber is one of the causes of mange.—Ed].



which a fox may stick himself, with his head only exposed i[n] of a terrier being se[t] to [w]
b[y] by taking this precaution [a]
p[o]ssibility for a dog which is [e]
[e]n[t]e[r] into the earth to bolt or draw a fox
[o]u[t] [m]a[y] then be built of stones or bricks
[u]p[o]n [t]h[e] [a]lternating at each entrance with a
[s]t[o]ne [s]o [a]s not to admit a dog larger than
T[h]e [g]r[a]t[e] [s]hould be made with a heavy stone
[a]t [e]a[c]h [e]n[d] to prevent its wearing away.
[T]h[e] [e]n[t]r[a]n[c]e[s] should be heaped over the earth,
[i]n [a] [l]a[r]g[e] [q]uantity of dead cover
[t]h[r]o[w]n [o]n.

[T]h[o]s[e] [w]h[o] [w]ish to select a dry place for
[t]h[e] [k]e[n]n[e]l [o]f some mangy, and, by
[m]a[n]y [o]t[h]e[r]s [o]t[h]er. Badgers are a
[g]r[e]a[t] [d]e[a]l [o]f artificial earth,
[a]n[d] [i]f [t]h[e]y [a]re [d]ug they will in a
s[h]o[r]t [t]i[m]e [m]ake the whole of the
in[s]i[d]e [o]f [t]h[e] [k]e[n]n[e]l by placing
sa[n]d [o]r [g]r[a]v[e]l [o]n the
ent[r]a[n]c[e] [t]o [t]h[e] [e]a[r]th, and
hun[d]s [a]r[e] [k]e[p]t [h]ounds,
wher[e] [t]h[e]y [a]re [n]ot

It i[s] [n]o[t] [a]n [e]a[s]y [m]atter to [k]ee[p] ver-
theless [f]o[r] [a] [c]o[n]s[i]d[e]r[a]b[l]e [t]i[m]e
months [o]r [m]o[r]e [a]n[d] [t]o [m]ake it
bour of [a] [t]a[m]e [b]adger, who some
dug out [a] [w]i[l]d [o]ld badger and p
young on[e]s [a]r[e] [t]a[k]e[n], but the old bad
confined in [a] [h]o[u]s[e] for twelve months, [a]

[1] [The passa[ge] [m]ay[s] are often made too l[ong]
when this is the [case] [t]h[e]re [i]s [a] chance of [f]
Nor should the [ter]r[ier] [b]e [k]ept [f]o[r] [m]o[re] [t]han
will not always [d]o [t]h[e] [w]ork [a]lone, the collection of fil
in the den or chan[nel] [i]s [o]f [t]h[e] [u]se of mange.—Ed].

frequently saw her, about which period she produced one young one. During her confinement it was impossible for her to have been visited by a male, which is a conclusive proof of what I have stated about the period of their gestation.

It is generally given as the opinion of most sportsmen that foxes are not so stout as they were fifteen or twenty years ago; and that there are not anything like the long runs there had used to be in those days. There is without doubt a good deal of reason in this: for, in the first place, the country is much more enclosed than in former times, nor are there nearly such good scents as there had used to be, when the land was in a more primitive state of cultivation; sheep in those days were generally folded or kept in large flocks; and not, as they now are, divided into small lots of eight or ten, and placed in nearly every field you pass through in a run, where they never fail to follow the fox, and stand jambed-up in the hedge just in the way of the hounds. Moreover there are such numbers of bad French foxes turned down every season, and they being weak and obliged to be fed for a considerable length of time, cannot possibly have the least knowledge of the country exceeding about two miles from the place where they have been brought up, nor strength to stand before hounds with anything like a scent if they did. Roads and railroads are on the increase; the whole face of the country is being now built upon; and a fox can seldom go any great distance without being headed from his point. Game preservers and traps of all descriptions also lend their aid to defeat the object of the fox-hunter.

The modern system of hard riding, where all are in such a hurry, men, horses, and hounds, involves that the fox gets almost immediately blown, when he either turns short back or lies down in some convenient

ditch, whence he carefully retraces his steps as soon as the whole cavalcade have unwittingly passed him. Such poor devils as these cannot be expected to show long runs over a straight line of country; but a good old dog-fox, such an one as used to be found at Hampton Coppice or Tyle Hill in my earlier days, going straight across the enclosures, without deigning to sneak under a hedgerow, would take more killing than half the flying packs of the present day could find time to bestow upon him; and unless there was a real *ravishing scent*, he might truly exclaim with Coriolanus—

"On fair ground I could beat forty of them."

During the first part of the cub-hunting season, as long as there is a chance of finding and killing foxes in large woodlands, hounds should never on any account be taken to draw small spinneys, or be suffered to work in the open; it is impossible to keep so large a body together as are generally taken out at that time of the year, and the mischief they may be led to commit and the vices they may contract will be much easier acquired than cured by such a practice. Some countries are so extensive, and the foxes so well preserved, that the two packs necessary for four days a week may be divided from the very outset, which is a most excellent plan; and some masters of hounds are in the habit of so arranging matters from the very commencement of the season. When the young hounds begin to show an inclination to work, and to enjoy a scent, and to be tolerably steady, about a fortnight before the regular season the two packs should be formed; they may then be allowed to work over the open, and such as are noisy or cannot go the pace, or are guilty of any flagrant vices, should be immediately put back. At this time it is the custom in some

kennels to rest for a week, dress, and give a mild dose of physic. I should consider a week spent in hard work to have a much more salutary effect, as nothing is so prejudicial as too much rest, particularly during the autumn; and by hunting three days instead of four it is a very easy thing to give each pack a mild dose, which is all that is requisite.

It is an excellent practice to stir up every cover before November, except where the foxes are very shy of lying, and where "the find" is always uncertain; it teaches them to break sooner when they are regularly hunted; and by this means better runs will be obtained previous to Christmas than by nursing them, as is too frequently the case in some favourite covers until the end of November, when they show but little or no sport. There are very few districts of large and deep woodlands but where the foxes might be made to fly, by continually hunting them for three or four days in succession; however, very few huntsmen have courage or inclination to go through with so arduous an undertaking if they can possibly find cubs and get a sufficiency of blood in smaller and more handy covers.[1] Some years ago Mr. Assheton Smith adopted the following plan for instilling terror into the foxes in the great Collingbourne Woods, which are situated on the borders of Hampshire, on the Berkshire side: he caused large fires to be lighted and kept up all night at certain places, so that the foxes should be rendered more shy and inclined to fly their country,

[1] [When Mr. Osbaldeston took the Burton country in 1810, he took his hounds to the Wragby woodlands six days a week for five weeks at a stretch, and at last made the foxes so anxious to get away that he betted a friend a guinea his voice would be enough to make the foxes break. The friend was stationed at a particular spot; the squire went into covert, cheered an imaginary pack of hounds, and a leash of foxes went away in view of the friend.—Ed.

which seemed to be all up in arms against them when found in the day-time by the hounds. When proper persons can be employed to keep an eye to the preservation of foxes from fox-stealers, main heads of earth are indispensable; not only as sure and safe places for vixens to lay up their cubs in; but also as inducements for good old travelling foxes to come long distances home, and by that means afford better and straighter chases than by ringing about a district of country and covers without any particular object to allure them to a distance. If the stopping of such places may be found expensive and inconvenient, they can very easily be well smoked and stopped up in October for the season, taking care to have them well opened by the first week in March.[1] No head of breeding earths ought to be *stopped* after the first week in March, but merely *put-to* when the hounds are in the neighbourhood. The difference between stopping and *putting-to* is, the former being stopping the earths in the middle of the night, and *putting-to* only placing the kid or faggot in the mouth of the earth late in the morning, to prevent a fox getting in after he is found by the hounds. The earth-stopper[2] should invariably unstop all his earths before dark, after they have been stopped, unless those which have been blocked up for the season. Foxes lie very much at earth in the spring of the year, after they have begun to draw the earths out for breeding.

[1] [Some authorities have advocated stopping *all* earths as soon as November opens, and keeping them stopped all the season through. Others have denounced the plan as tending to drive foxes away from their haunts.—Ed].

[2] [The earth-stopper is no longer a functionary of the hunt. Under modern arrangements the stopping is usually entrusted to the keepers having charge of the coverts; and the keeper loses the money to which a find entitles him if the fox gets to ground in any place which he should have stopped.—Ed.]

When a country has been drawn blank for some time, you may very frequently re-stock the covers by smoking *all* the large heads of earths; and in a very dry season, in the autumn, where large stone drains abound, the foxes will lie continually in them, three and four in a drain sometimes; but, as soon as the wet weather sets in, they will again be found in those covers which before had been drawn blank. It is a good system to let all large drains be either staked up, or guarded by an iron grating; this, if attended to, would be the cause of ensuring many good runs in the course of the season. If the number of hunting days in each week is four, one of them ought, without fail, to be in the woodlands; and as fifty couples of hounds, which would be necessary to hunt four days a week, would be all the better if they hunted five, when the country is sufficiently extensive, and the "sinews of war" will allow of it, a fifth day should be invariably devoted to rattling those covers which, from being situated in the worst part of the country, are not favourite fixtures: it would only be the expense of three more horses for the men. By this means each pack would get a woodland day every week, which would keep them steady, and their condition would be much better than if they hunted only four; the foxes, too, would be better preserved by the farmers who might reside on that side; and, by driving them so continually out of the large covers, they would fly to the smaller ones, and afford much better runs when found afterwards, from their geographical knowledge.[1]

[1] [This is perfectly true; but at the same time I venture to think that it is only after the woodlands or hills have been well worked regularly and for a considerable time that the low, or open country receives any material benefit. So far as my own observation has

The possession of fifty couples of really good and steady hounds is certainly a desideratum which is not so easily accomplished as some persons may suppose; a thorough knowledge of the individual capabilities of the animal, and a quick discernment in the difference of their constitutions and speed will be found absolutely necessary for the arrangement of the pack, so that they may run together; and that their labours may be performed with the correctness and regularity of a well-constructed piece of machinery.

While hounds are running a fox, especially in cover, they should all work as if they were trying to get to the head: hanging *too much* to the line will produce a slackness, which is undoubtedly a great obstacle to killing a fox handsomely and with spirit. I like to see them (as long as they do not skirt) score a little, as if looking out for him, and work abreast when the fox is sinking before them; I love to see them with their bristles up, flinging themselves right and left, and looking well out for him in his last shifts and artful dodges, like what old Wells (who hunted Mr. Wickstead's hounds for so many seasons) used to call "rale (real) fox-killers." In very stormy and bad weather all hounds will fly about and riot a little, and then it is excusable; but they ought to stop when the huntsman speaks to them or chides them. A riotous pack are generally more inclined to be vicious immediately after blood, being then in the highest spirits; consequently they should be watched closely, and waited upon on such occasions. Now, the young sportsman, to whom I am more particularly addressing

extended, foxes driven out from woods, or down from hills that are drawn only occasionally are back in their strongholds in a few hours; and it is only after these nurseries have been hunted continuously that the foxes will lie out long enough to give the hounds a chance of running them back again.—Ed.]

myself, and whose knowledge in drawing his pack has not been matured by much observation and experience, would be saved from a great deal of anxiety and disappointment, if he would consider before he commences this important part of the duty of a huntsman, why he classes together such and such hounds.

The grand point to be achieved is to get them to run and work together: their being all of one height is quite a secondary consideration, although I grant that perfection cannot be said to be obtained until that is the case. The fashion of the present day is very frequently to hunt the dogs and bitches separately; but, unless the forces are very numerous, I fear that the ranks will not be filled up with much credit and satisfaction. A man must be either a very successful breeder, or a very extensive purchaser, who fancies he is to achieve so difficult a task during his first two or three seasons. Mr. King, who hunted the Hambleton country in Hampshire for many seasons, had a pack composed entirely of bitches, in fact, about forty couples, only reserving two or three dogs as stud-hounds. And Sir Bellingham Graham was repeatedly heard to say that, if his kennel could afford it, he would never take anything into the field but bitches. They are, no doubt, much quicker in their work than the dogs; but, at the same time, they are more inclined to fly a little too much. The dog-hounds, I think, are generally closer to the line, and do their work better and steadier in the long run.

Another method is to divide them according to their size, so as to form a large and a small pack, which is far more advisable than hunting the sexes separately; by so doing the necessity for drafting the smaller dogs may be dispensed with, and consequently the services of some of the handsomest and best shaped of the puppies are secured. But the best

of all systems is, in commencing a pack of hounds, where it is a four-day country, to form one good pack first, composed of the *élite* of the kennel; none should be older than four-season hunters, and no two-year-olds which are very wild, nor any of the last entry, should be admitted, but such as take a share in the work, and such as are tolerably steady. The other may be considered the awkward squad, consisting of old line hunters, which can always be depended upon, particularly as finders, and such as require perpetual drilling in the woodlands to keep them in order. Be, if possible, strong in hounds at the beginning of the season; it is very easy to put away the incorrigible and such as cannot run up; and by strict attention and perseverance a few years will produce a second pack equal to the first, both in capabilities and appearance.

Nothing will be found to be of greater importance in the well conducting of the operations than steadiness and persevering exertions on the part of the whippers-in; servants of that description are quite as difficult to meet with as a first-rate huntsman; a master who "puts up" a booby of a groom, merely because he can ride young horses and scream like a fish-woman, must never expect to see his hounds anything else than wild and vicious in their drawing, and heedless and unhandy in their attention to the huntsman when casting. It was the opinion of Mr. Beckford that first-rate abilities in a whipper-in were of more consequence to the promoting of good sport than they were in a huntsman; and, although I must beg to differ from that universally acknowledged oracle in hunting matters, in considering that it is impossible for a huntsman to know too much, or to be too *au fait* at his business, yet as my opinion with regard to the knowledge and acquirements of a

whipper-in so exactly agrees with the ideas of that great man, I will give them in his own words, omitting such parts as I may consider immaterial:—"I must, therefore, remind you," says he, "that I speak of my own country only, a country full of riot,[1] where the covers are large, and where there is a chase full of deer and full of game. In such a country as this, you that know so well how necessary it is for a pack of foxhounds to be steady and to be kept together, ought not to wonder that I should prefer an excellent whipper-in to an excellent huntsman. No one knows better than yourself how essential a good adjutant is to a regiment; believe me, a good whipper-in is not less necessary to a pack of foxhounds. But I must beg you to observe, I mean only that I could do better with mediocrity in the one than in the other." And again he says:—"I cannot but think genius may be at least as useful in one as in the other; for instance, while the huntsman is riding to his headmost hounds, the whipper-in, if he have genius, may show it in various ways: he may clap forward to any great earth that may by chance be open; he may sink the wind to halloo, or mob a fox when the scent fails; he may keep him off his foil; he may stop the tail-hounds and get them forward; and has it frequently in his power to assist the hounds, without doing them any hurt, provided he may have the sense to distinguish where he may be chiefly wanted. Besides, the most essential part of fox-hunting, the making and keeping the pack steady, depends entirely on him. In short, I consider the first whipper-in as a second huntsman,

[1] In these days, owing to the increase of game preserves, all countries are full of riot.

and to be perfect he should be not less capable of hunting the hounds than the huntsman himself."

When hounds divide into two parts, the whipper-in should *invariably* stop to the huntsman's holloa; but if they are in doubt which is the hunted fox, those which are furthest down wind should be stopped, as they can hear the others soonest; moreover, the down wind fox is most likely to be a fresh one which has been disturbed by the hounds. Mr. Beckford goes on to say:—"Most huntsmen, I believe, are jealous of the whipper-in; they frequently look on him as a successor; and, therefore, do not very readily admit him into the kennel; yet, in my opinion, it is necessary he should go thither, for he ought to be well acquainted with the hounds, who should know and follow him as well as the huntsman.[1] To recapitulate what I have already said, if your whipper-in be bold and active, be a good and careful horseman, have a good ear and a clear voice; if he be a very Mungo, here, there, and everywhere, having at the same time judgment to distinguish where he can be of most use; if, joined to these, he be above the foolish conceit of killing a fox without the huntsman, but, on the contrary, be disposed to assist him all he can, he then is a perfect whipper-in." Added to these qualifications, he should be fond of work, and habitually sober.

---

[1] An extraordinary instance of a quarrel between a huntsman and first whipper-in is related of Dick Foster and Shayer (commonly called Sawyer), who both lived with Mr. Villebois, in Hants, so many years. Foster having been led to suppose that Shayer wished to supplant him in his office of huntsman, resolved to cut him, and consequently no intercourse took place between these two men for three years, excepting in their business relative to hunting; nevertheless, the work in the field was conducted in first-rate style, and without any apparent jealousy or bad feeling.

There can be but one opinion upon the vice of drunkenness in any man; and the second fault in either a huntsman or whipper-in ought to be the last to be overlooked. Many of my readers may have, I doubt not, been disgusted in the course of their lives by such an outrage; but to see a whipper-in drunk on champagne would be rather a novel sight. I recollect once meeting at the house of a jolly good fox-hunter "of the olden time," who shall here be nameless, where he had a most splendid breakfast set out upon the occasion; and our worthy host, not being content with giving his guests plenty of that exhilarating beverage, absolutely sent a bottle out to the men who were waiting with the hounds upon the lawn; the result may be imagined. Upon remonstrating afterwards with the elder of the two upon this most disgraceful occurrence, the answer was, that he was sorry for what had happened, but that he thought there could be no harm in the contents of the bottle, as he had seen a lady drinking some of the same kind through the window just before. This man had but one fault in the world; in other respects he was a most excellent and trustworthy servant, and one of the quickest and best sportsmen I ever saw handle a whip; he had lived twenty years in two of the most noted hunting establishments in England, but gin became his ruin.

A few rules for a whipper-in, which the more he attends to, the more he will please the Duke of Grafton.—The following rules were put together by the late Duke of Grafton, for the guidance of his whippers-in; and as they are most excellent, I shall insert them without further comment or apology:—

"The Duke of Grafton's system of hunting is to have everything done as quietly as possible, and never with hurry, bustle, or noise. Before finding—that is,

in drawing—the Duke of Grafton is against driving, whipping, or scolding hounds into cover; but he is for encouraging them as quietly and with as little noise as possible; but when hounds are running in cover, skirters ought to be driven and whipped to cry, especially in furze-covers, but in such a way as not to disturb those hounds that are working. When a hound is from behind running for the head, the Duke of Grafton holds that this is not skirting, but what every good hound ought to do. In drawing cover, or in rating hounds, nothing can be more to the Duke's liking than John Randall's present method. When Tom Rose or the Duke of Grafton are forward with the leading hounds, the whipper-in's great attention should be turned to get up the tail-hounds, and never (if it can possibly be helped) leave a single hound behind in cover. The Duke of Grafton would have the huntsman alone (if he is up) speak to the hounds, while trying at fault; and the whipper-in should be at the head (but not amongst them), ready to turn any who do not come to the huntsman's call.

"At *hunting*, particularly at *cold-hunting*, the Duke of Grafton would have the hounds allowed their own try, and not put off from it by the whip, unless they showed a wildness in such try. When hounds go away, and the Duke and huntsman are both left back with another parcel, the whipper-in is to stop them, and bring them to the others *without fail*. When hounds are behind, and stopped from another scent, the Duke of Grafton would have them brought up quietly, without hurry, and no faster than they may hear the hounds forward, particularly when in cover. The Duke of Grafton is of opinion that the usual method of capping and screaming them on at a full gallop makes them wild, brings them up blown, and in the end makes them slack under difficulties. Nothing

is more desired by the Duke of Grafton to be attended to, than to prevent the hounds being divided during the chase, which, from the nature of the two countries he hunts, requires much active observation and attention from the whipper-in. On finding, or touching, even when the hounds are perfectly known as to steadiness or otherwise, our system is not to be too hasty in rating, for a young hound may find a fox; nor should any one be encouraged or spoke to too quickly, excepting it be to such as are quite sure.

"It is unnecessary to say that a whipper-in ought to be a good horseman, who never drives his horse without occasion, spares him when he can over deep and bad ground, and takes no great leap when a good way through is at hand."[1]

In giving a description of what an efficient whipper-in should be, before we attempt to enumerate the various qualifications of an accomplished huntsman, it may appear to some of our readers like delivering the epilogue before the commencement of a play, but it must be remembered that, according to the regular notion of the thing, a man ought to learn to whip-in before he presumes to catch hold of a pack of hounds to hunt them; and I have no hesitation in saying that all our *first-rate performers*, as amateur huntsmen (to let alone the professionals), had made it their study to know what the duties of an efficient whipper-in were, as well as of a huntsman, long before they attempted to exhibit their own prowess in the hunting-field. The life of a huntsman is one of great labour, trust, and liability to accidents in the chase (healthful as the pursuit of hunting undoubtedly is)

[1] [In 1891 Colonel Anstruther Thomson published a little book of "Hints for Huntsmen." It should be carefully studied by every amateur or professional who aspires to huntsman's duties.—Ed.]

from falls and other disasters; yet the generality of men of that calling usually live to a good old age. Amongst the many extraordinary and disastrous mishaps may be recorded the accident which occurred to Joe Maiden, the late huntsman to the Cheshire hounds, many years ago, when he was whipper-in to Mr. Chadwick who at that time hunted the Sutton-Coldfield country, which lies partly in the counties of Stafford and Warwick. Being short of hands in the boiling-house, Joe Maiden was assisting in placing a large piece of flesh in the copper, and to carry out his intentions with greater facility he was standing upon the greasy edge of the boiler when he unfortunately slipped nearly up to his middle into the boiling broth. Although immediately extricated, he was scalded in a most awful manner; and being carried to his bedroom he lay for many weeks in a most dreadful and pitiable condition. After a certain time suppuration came on to such an extent that it was found necessary, to carry off the quantity of matter formed, to place pipes made of hollow canes reaching from the sores about his limbs to a large vessel by the bedside. This drain upon his constitution lasted for some time, until at last, by judicious treatment, aided by a natural constitutional soundness, he totally recovered the use of his limbs, although the muscles on his legs were so much reduced as to oblige him to have artificial pads to protect him from injury when on horseback.[1]

---

[1] In after life the bad effects of this sad accident returned, and he was obliged to undergo the painful operation of amputation of the limb. [As Maiden's devotion to hunting seems to have been something phenomenal, a more extended notice of him may be not uninteresting. Maiden was born on the Willey estate, Shropshire, about the beginning of the century, and therefore about four or five years after Tom Moody was buried in Barrow churchyard near Willey Park, at the beginning of December 1796. Joe Maiden

A curious instance of a whipper-in with a cork leg is related of a man of the name of Jones, who fractured his knee-pan in so dreadful a manner with the iron hammer of his hunting-whip while attempting to break

---

began his hunting career as whipper-in to Mr. Whitmore's harriers, at Apley; and then went to Mr. Garforth, his next berth being with Lord Middleton in Warwickshire. He then became second whipper-in to Mr. Hornyhold, in Worcestershire, and on that gentleman giving up the country took service for one season under Sir Bellingham Graham, after which he went to the Surrey Union before returning to the Warwickshire, then under Mr. Hay. His next place seems to have been with Mr. Shaw of Cliffe House, near Tamworth. In the preface to Mr. Egerton Warburton's Hunting Songs Sir Harry Mainwaring says that Joe Maiden came to him from Mr. Shaw in 1832, and remained till he gave up the Cheshire hounds in 1837. The aforesaid accident occurred in 1829; and considering how great was the injury sustained, it is unlikely that Maiden left Mr. Shaw and took another place between 1829 and 1832. This rather looks as though Mr. Vyner had inadvertently substituted Mr. Chadwick's name for Mr. Shaw's. Mr. Chadwick took, in the year 1826, a part of the country that had been hunted by Lord Anson, afterwards Lord Lichfield, and as he kept the country, part of which was in Warwickshire and part in Staffordshire, he may have been hunting at the time Joe Maiden fell into the copper; but Sir Harry Mainwaring, master of the Cheshire, must surely have known from whom his huntsman came. In 1841 Maiden gave up hunting and took the Sandiway inn, and a year or two later was called out of his retirement to form a pack of hounds and hunt them for Mr. Davenport of the North Staffordshire country. All this time it must be remembered Maiden was riding under difficulties, one stirrup was considerably shorter than the other; and he was obliged to add at intervals a little to the height of the heel of his boot. In 1855 he caught a chill while exercising hounds in Trentham Park, and it flying to his leg rendered amputation necessary, twenty-six years after his first accident. Even in this state, however, he could not be kept out of the saddle. He had two false legs made, one to ride with and one to walk with; but not finding either of these quite to his taste Maiden came to London and was fortunate enough to discover "Palmer's patent American leg," weight $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and with this appliance he hunted Mr. Davenport's hounds till 1862 when he retired, and lived at a farm till he died on the 24th October 1864.—Ed.]

a padlock on a gate when out hunting, that the limb was obliged to be amputated; yet he recovered sufficiently to perform his duties, and was well known as an excellent hand in Shropshire for many seasons. Amongst some of the first hands which have been known as quite "top-sawyers" when they were only whippers-in, many cut but a very indifferent figure when they came to be promoted to the office of huntsman. As an instance of this, we may enumerate Jack Stevens, so well remembered and appreciated as one of the very best whippers-in and first-rate hands over a severe country that ever attempted to turn a hound, whether in the open or a deep woodland. With one of the most brilliant and musical voices (till rendered in after life ropey and hoarse by hard work—and the too usual concomitant—drink), with a flow of hunting language and phraseology never surpassed by another of his craft, with a nerve the most undaunted, and a constitution of iron pervading his diminutive frame, weighing in the saddle only 9st. 2lbs., with an unflagging buoyancy of spirits, a fine temper, and a most respectful deportment towards every sportsman in the field, and with a strict determination to assist his master through a run without jealousy, to show sport and kill his fox, did Jack Stevens whip-in to Squire Osbaldeston for fourteen consecutive seasons, the last eight of which were passed in the Pytchley country. But he is gone, and at the early age of forty-two his cold remains were placed under the sod in the quiet but sporting churchyard of Brixworth, in Northamptonshire.

The natural ambition inherent in almost all men, and from which it is absurd to suppose even a first-rate whipper-in to be exempt, had prompted many to attempt to soar in a sphere in which their experience in their calling has but imperfectly prepared them. As an instance, however, to the contrary, we may

mention Old Tom Ball, who was long known and respected as an excellent whipper-in in the Old Berkeley country. He had been frequently offered the situation of huntsman to several packs of foxhounds, which he invariably declined, modestly observing that he was not sure of having talent to succeed in his new appointment; and that the mortification of returning to the place of whipper-in would be too great for him to hazard.[1]

Changed as the system is during the last fifty years for the better, still the old school had a deal of the right sort of knowledge, gained by extreme patience and the observation of circumstances. The pace of the present day is too fast to allow time for a huntsman to reflect; all he thinks about is, "How they are going! I shall be all behind with these jealous fellows;" and his eyes are on the horses instead of where they ought to be, on his hounds. Hunting was no doubt at its zenith about forty-five years ago, when men rode well enough to get to the hounds without doing mischief; the huntsmen of that day had been mostly bred up as whippers-in under real good sportsmen;[2] *they* could

[1] [Tom Rance, who lived as whipper-in with the Cheshire under seven masters and six huntsmen, used to say that he would rather break stones on the road than hunt a pack of hounds.—Ed.]

[2] The deliverer of the following speech may justly be ranked amongst the first performers of the present day. He hunted the hounds of his noble master for many seasons, giving great satisfaction. He succeeded old Philip Payne in that situation at the time of his death:—

"A Huntsman's Speech.—At the dinner given to Will Long, the Duke of Beaufort's huntsman, the old boy returned thanks, on his health being drunk, in a sportsman-like style. When silence was obtained, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have got on my legs, but I assure you I could have got on the saddle with far more confidence (*cheers and laughter*). Indeed, I am puzzled to find suitable terms to thank you for the honour you have conferred on me; perhaps every one present has heard my voice, though I may safely say that no one

hunt as well as *ride*, and knew what they were about, whether in the woodlands or the open: but the modern huntsman has been put up since steeple-chasing came in, because old Tom Castwell, or Jack Cheerly, had got too slow to ride against *modern fields;* but Tom generally killed his fox or run him to ground every

---

ever heard me make a speech (*cheers and laughter*), and I fear if I make an attempt I shall soon be at fault (*laughter*), or perhaps I shall break down altogether. However, trusting to your kind indulgence, I'll do my best to hark forward (*Hear, hear*); and if in my efforts I should come to a check, I hope you will allow me to try back, and if possible, to regain the scent and get out of my difficulties (*cheers*). Gentlemen, through thirty years of fox-hunting I have had the good luck to spend many pleasant days in your company; but none so pleasant as this, for this is the day of all days. I shall never forget it. It has always been my study to show sport; I have had many fears about being able to succeed; whether those fears were groundless or not, you are the best judges; but from your kindness to me this day, I think I may flatter myself that I have not been altogether unsuccessful (*loud cheers*). To ensure sport there requires a liberal master, good hounds, a good scent, and last, not least, a good fox (*Hear*). I hope we have had all these things. Of the noble duke it hardly becomes me to speak; but this much I must say, that a kinder master or a better sportsman never entered the field (*loud cheers*). Of the hounds you must form your own opinions; they are as good as I can make them; and I hope when next they meet, every one of you will be present to hear and approve their music. As to the scent we must take that as it comes; but with respect to foxes, I am happy to say they are strong and plentiful, thanks to the liberal fox preservers whom I see around me (*cheers*). We owe it to them that we had not a single blank day last season, and, from what I hear, there is no fear that we shall have one in the present (*cheers*). I hope we shall all meet soon in the field; a good start is half the battle; and when I see so numerous a company as is now assembled, I cannot but think we have made a good beginning, with a fair prospect of a good finish; when we finish elsewhere, I hope you will all be in at the death (*loud cheers*). Gentlemen, I am fairly run to ground (*cheers and laughter*). Allow me again to thank you for the honour you have done me, and to drink all your healths in return, wishing you health and prosperity, and may you be happy at last, when you can see no more hounds (*prolonged cheers*).'"—*Devizes Gazette.*

day he went out, and his hounds could hunt through deer, hares, or village gardens,[1] and Jack Cheerly's system of working his hounds through woodlands, without their dividing or changing their fox, was the admiration of all sportsmen far and near. But the modern performer seldom kills his fox *after a run*:[2] to be sure, he mops up a good many weak, stupid brutes, that have no knowledge of hounds, and, in fact, have not been introduced to the pack since their arrival in a perforated box from the "Forêt de Guines," or "the large woods in the vicinity of Amiens," whence poor things! they were cruelly forced from the tender embraces of their anxious mothers. The old huntsman, although a shade slow, "knew hunting and hounds well;" he was not only a huntsman in the modern acceptation of the word, but a sort of *maître de chasse*. When he did not hunt, he shot for his master; and when he did not shoot, he either fished or was vermin-catching, not by trap, but by hunting

---

[1] Nothing is more prejudicial to scent than the smoke from a wood or turf fire which hangs about small cottages. This may be easily perceived by hounds generally getting into difficulties when approaching those places.

[2] [Is it not possible that Mr. Vyner in his admiration for the old school has done rather an injustice to their successors? As already suggested, draining and artificial manures have probably affected for the worse the scenting properties of the soil; countries are smaller than they used to be; yet there is much more hunting now than formerly; and this necessitates a far greater supply of foxes than was found fifty years ago; while the huntsman's horror "a man in every field" is not the rarity it was. Add to this the number of persons who come out hunting is far in excess of that seen early in the century, and they are more jealous. The modern huntsman therefore works at a manifest disadvantage. In the course of a long experience in many countries the editor has seen hound work and science which he ventures to think would compare favourably with anything that huntsmen and hounds of a past time could show.—Ed.]

them with terriers, and digging them. In reading a very old French book *in old French* on hunting some *years* since, I was much struck with the following passages, which I shall quote, and which shows that the Frenchman's ideas of what a good sportsman should be were not very far from the mark. In describing a good sportsman, he says—"Un bon cognoisseur; c'est un veneur qui a toutes les cognoissances des bêstes dont il traitte. Un bon piqueur, c'est quand un veneur, et un bon cognoisseur, homme de jugement, et experimenté à faire chasser les chiens courans."

And again, in describing the qualifications of a good huntsman, or, as he terms it, "un bon piqueur:"

"Il est donc à-propos qu'il soit homme de jugement, vigoureux et hardi, afin qu'il n'apprehende pas de franchir, et sauter un fossé, ou les brances et les épines le pourront égratigner, et s'il le rencontre bon sonneur, il s'en fera mieux entendre, et en donnera plus d'emotion aux chiens."[1]

Before hard riding was considered—as it is, I fear, at the present day—the only qualification necessary for a huntsman, these men almost finished their earthly careers in the performance of the duties of their profession. A good sample of the old huntsman of days gone by might be found in old Thomas Johnson, who died in the service of Charles, Duke of Richmond, and was buried at Singleton, near Chichester, December 20, 1744. His epitaph says, "His knowledge in his profession, wherein he had no superior, and hardly an equal, joined to his honesty in every other particular, recommended him to the service and gained him the

[1] Venerie Royale, 1665. [Within recent years two very good books on hunting have been published in the French language: M. Donatien Levesque wrote *Chasse a courre en France et en Angleterre;* and *Manuel de Vénerie Française* is from the pen of Le Comte le Conteulx de Canteleu.—Ed.]

approbation of several of the nobility and gentry: amongst them were, the Lord Conway, the Earl of Cardigan, the Lord Gower, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The last master whom he served, and in whose service he died, was Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Aubigny, who erected this monument to the memory of a good and faithful servant, as a reward to the deceased and an incitement to the living:—

"'Go and do thou likewise.'
—Luke x. 37.

"Here Johnson lies. What huntsman can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh?
Deaf is that ear which caught the opening sound;
Dumb is that tongue which cheered the hills around!
Unpleasant truth! Death hunts us from our birth
In view; and men, like foxes, take to earth."

The following is the epitaph on William Barrow, huntsman to Mr. Corbet, in Uffington Churchyard, Salop:—

Underneath
Are interred the remains of
WILLIAM BARROW,
Many years huntsman to John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Esq.,
Who departed this life the 6th day of March 1820,
Aged 55 years.

Of this world's pleasures I have had my share,
For few the sorrows I was doomed to bear;
How oft have I enjoy'd the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes striving for the race!
But hark! the knell of death calls me away,
And sportsmen, all farewell! We must obey.

In the same county, on a flat stone over the grave of Tom Moody, in Barrow Churchyard, near Willey Park:—

TOM MOODY
Was buried November 26th, 1796.

Epitaphs on Two Hounds.—I copied this from two tablets on the park wall at Euston, the seat of the Duke of Grafton, Sept. 11th, 1860:—

1799. GARLAND,[1] the spotless rival of her grand sire's fame.	TROUNCER,[2] 1788. Foxes rejoice, here buried lies your foe.

There are, undoubtedly, some few first-rate performers as "gentlemen huntsmen;" but, taking all things into consideration, a master of hounds had much better give up that part of the business to "a professional;" according to the modern state of affairs, they are not in their places; and as Mr. Bunn, in his book entitled "The Stage," justly observes, that when actors are managers and actors too they certainly labour under a great disadvantage.[3]

The "*nascitur non fit*" is equally applicable to huntsmen as to poets; moreover, for a man to fancy that he is entirely to learn the way to hunt a pack of hounds, upon paper, is absurd: his actions must be guided by circumstances; and, although there are no *immutable* rules for drawing, casting, or following

[1] The grand-daughter of old Trouncer.

[2] The poet Bloomfield also mentions old Trouncer and his monument.

[3] [When a field requires much keeping in order, the master's eye and voice are generally of the greatest service in keeping order. Some amateurs, no doubt, could be replaced with advantage by a professional, but others are very good; and of these some would not keep hounds at all unless they hunted them. We are certainly not justified in saying of amateur hunting what Dr. Johnson said of ladies holding forth in public, "that it is like a dog dancing on its hind legs: it is sure to be done badly, but the wonder is to see it done at all."—ED.]

the line of a fox, still I will endeavour to give a few hints upon these subjects, and how to assist a pack, when necessary, over a country. In drawing covers, the more usual method is to give the hounds the benefit of the wind; but I really think that precaution is needless, except in large woodlands; and then either drawing against the wind, or rather with a side-wind, will be of great service to the pack, not only in finding, but in getting together; moreover, a fox will not be so likely to get a long start, and slip away with perhaps only a couple or two of hounds, hearing and more especially *winding them as he would for nearly half a mile*, when they were approaching the cover down wind.

Foxes, and indeed almost all wild animals, trust more to their noses than they do to the power of their visionary organs. Look, for example, at the wild duck, and we may even add all kinds of game. Though hounds in drawing should be controlled to a certain extent, and so drilled that they should draw each quarter of a cover by itself and with regularity, still they should be allowed to range, and encouraged as much as possible to trust to their own exertions to find a fox by his drag, and not expect him to be whipped up for them as they crowd round the huntsman's horse, or wait to be holloaed to a disturbed fox, as is not unfrequently the system. If there are some low meadows on the side of a wood about to be drawn as the first cover in the morning, it is not a bad plan to walk quietly up them while waiting for the arrival of the field. A huntsman who knows *anything* will see with half an eye by the old hounds, although their indications will hardly amount to *feathering*, if there are foxes in the neighbourhood; as, if there are, they would, nineteen times out of twenty, have come off their

feed from these meadows, having been amusing themselves during the previous night in hunting the moles and large field-mice which abound in such places, and which undoubtedly form the chief food of not only foxes, but of most wild animals of prey, from the wolf to the weasel.

You will almost invariably find in the same quarter of a cover, provided that part has not been cut too lately: there is something attractive in peculiar spots, whether from dryness or shelter, which induces foxes to kennel about the same identical hillock or bank year after year; and we may see the same thing in partridge-shooting, where we usually find a covey of birds, not only year after year and day after day, but even several times in the same day, exactly in the same identical part of a field, whether it be wheat, turnips, or any other crop.[1] If, in drawing a cover, you have been disappointed, and, at the same time, know that there are some foxes in the neighbourhood, you should, upon coming away, just allow the hounds to run through what is termed in some counties "the spring," or what was the last year's cutting. I have very frequently seen foxes found there, more especially if there are some heaps of faggots still left, which afford nice warm places for kennels, and indeed even for vixens to lay up their cubs in.

I once found a fox in the cars below Beverley in a very curious place. We had been requested by a farmer to meet at his house in that neighbourhood, to disturb the foxes in the month of March, as, to use his own words, he was "nearly eat up with them." Now, there was no cover within two miles

[1] [It is also true that foxes will suddenly, and for no apparent reason, forsake coverts which have for years been favourite ones.—Ed.]

of the place that would have concealed a rabbit; nevertheless, in drawing a long line of open and perfectly bare plantation of fir trees, I could plainly see by the hounds that a fox had been on his feed at a very late hour in the morning, as they could almost speak to it: at last, as we were coming away, and giving it up as merely the stale line of some old travelling dog-fox, a couple of hounds hung to a large heap of posts and rails, which had been cleaved out of the black wood found so plentifully in some old bogs in Yorkshire and many other parts of England. To this place their well-known tongues immediately drew the pack, and here we found a whole colony. After putting in a small dog of the farmer's, we bolted an old dog-fox, which we killed, after running him eighteen minutes without a check, in the village of Routh: how many more there were we could not tell, as we did not return to disturb the place, the earth-stopper discovering after we had left that there was a vixen and a litter of cubs among the timber. I have seen foxes found in all sorts of curious out-of-the-way places, and where any one would little dream of going purposely to look for the animal. Besides in turnip-fields,[1] where they are frequently found, being regularly drawn by hounds in some countries, you may sometimes whip foxes out of stubble-cocks, hedge-rows, and bushes of ivy growing either against trees or old walls; and I have frequently seen them lying (especially when the covers have been much disturbed) on the bare ground in fallow-fields; and although their beautiful hazel eyes are staring wide

[1] In drawing a turnip-field for a fox, care should be taken to allow the fox, if possible, time to get ahead into one of the furrows; as, if he once begins to jump in the high turnips, and the hounds catch a view of him, he is certain to be chopped.

open, they will generally allow you to approach on your horse almost within the length of a whip-thong before they make any attempt to escape. In my early days, when the covers at Farmbro' (Mr. Holbeach's place in Warwickshire) could not supply a fox, the custom used to be to try an old cart-hovel close at hand, where the foxes had a sort of earth under the thatch that reached to the ground on one side, and where they were generally found at home. Woods, which later in the year generally hold foxes, are, during the months of September and beginning of October, rendered frequently very uncertain, by being disturbed not only by shooters, but by a vast concourse of persons, in some countries, walking in them to gather the nuts.

We are continually disappointed in finding by huntsmen drawing over their foxes, and not giving the hounds sufficient time to work themselves up to the kennel of a fox. But the curious places in which foxes occasionally secrete themselves, will at times baffle the most patient of huntsmen. When I hunted in Warwickshire, I, upon one occasion, met at an old farm-house close to Mockley Wood, and as the morning was frosty and some snow had fallen, we did not throw off till after twelve o'clock. We could pad the foxes in all directions, both in the cover and the fields adjoining, but after drawing for two hours were unable to find. In returning home we passed through the field where we had met in the morning, when the shepherd who opened a gate for us said, laughing, "No wonder you could not find, for the foxes were in 'the moat' all the while; they have been laying there *no end on 'em* for this month past." Now this moat, which was close to the house, was not half-a-quarter of an acre, but dry, and its old banks were covered with a mass of almost impenetrable brushwood,

composed of blackberry briars and blackthorn. We accordingly took the hounds to the place, not one hundred yards from where we were standing, and they dashed in and pushed out a brace and a half of foxes. We ran one all round the country till the shades of night obliged us to whip off, but we were disappointed on that day in not getting blood.

Another curious instance of not being able to find, where we knew there were plenty of foxes, occurred to my hounds, when I hunted Holderness. We met one morning at Burton Agnes, the seat of Sir Henry Boynton, and proceeded to draw an osier holt, where the keeper told us we were sure to find *plenty on 'em.* The cover was all under water from the late heavy rains, and it looked the most unlikely spot in the world to find a fox in; however there was a great abundance of that aquatic grass called "tussocks," and sometimes "hassocks," standing up four or five feet high, with a strong clear stem, surmounted by a tuft of thick warm grass, resembling a mushroom in shape. The hounds seemed very fond of the place, and feathered about outside, in all directions, but could not find, nor did they throw their tongues to it.

Not feeling satisfied, I quietly rode into the cover, at the imminent risk of being bogged at every step, and commenced whipping the "*tussocks.*" I soon pushed one fox off, and giving him a screaming holloa, the pack flew to me, and rousing the place up with their tuneful notes, very soon dislodged three brace and a half, all of which got clear away, excepting one we killed in the cover. We then got on the line, or rather lines, of the rest, which caused some confusion before we could settle to one which had gone away. I remember on one occasion, after a fairish woodland run, the hounds marked their fox into a very old hollow oak tree, close to a farm-house near

Kenilworth. Everybody was certain the fox was in the tree, and the hounds were ready to tear the place down. After splitting open this old tree, we discovered Reynard was not at home, and there was a general laugh at the eagerness of the master and his hounds; but in the midst of the merriment, a "truthful tongue" informed us that the fox was still within twenty-five yards of us, secreted in the Temple of Cloacena. He had, no doubt, first of all entered the tree, and not fancying his quarters quite safe, had retreated to this most odoriferous asylum. I did not trouble myself three straws about the laughing, for I got the fox, and that was all I cared about at the finish.

When in Holderness we found a fox in that well-known cover, Oustwick Whin; and, after a ringing run of an hour or more came to a check at a farm-house in the neighbourhood. I first tried all round several times without hitting the line, then examined all the outhouses with no better success; at last, as I was glancing my eye along the roof of the house I viewed my friend squeezed down at his full length, brush and all as straight as an arrow, in the gutter of the house, and where the old red tiles were nearly the same colour as his fur. I said not a word, but kept on, followed by half a dozen sportsmen who had been anxiously expecting a fresh start. When I got half round the house I pulled up my horse, and as if about to abandon the search, I said, "It's very vexing being so beat, I suppose we must give him up." Some of the sportsmen intimated that I had not half cast the hounds forward, and one hard rider muttered something about a long way from the kennel, and so on. When, as if just waking out of a reverie, I said, "I'll lay a sovereign I know where he's gone to after all;" at which my hard riding friend snapped me up

with, "I'll bet you, you don't."—"Done," says I, "I'll bet you:" and riding back with him to the place, merely pointed to the fox with my whip. We got a man with a long ladder to poke the fox off with a pole; and I was requested to give him a chance for his life (query, another run), and keep the hounds back till he was clear off.

I remembered to keep myself pretty handy this time, having been so often disappointed by quite beaten foxes. Away went the fox like lightning, and away went the hounds close at him, through the rick yards, all amongst the ducks and geese, the cocks and hens, the pigs and the turkeys, not forgetting all the jolly milkmaids and servant girls, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did. The fox only managed three large fields; the hounds were running for him with every hackle up, and I was lying close to them. Just as the hounds were finishing the second field, the fox was going up the middle of the third, and the hedge being luckily a low one, I viewed him leave the furrow he was travelling in and go across to about three furrows to his left and lie down. I pulled up at the spot, but the horsemen kept on, and drove the pack *full cry all the while* in their eagerness right into the next field, where the hounds threw up all among the horses, and making a most brilliant and flourishing cast worked round to me, when I quietly rode up to the fox and flogged him up when they caught view and finished him. All were delighted, but the laugh this time was against the gentleman who had lost his sovereign. Now this fox would in all probability have been lost, if I had not been well on the look-out, as hundreds of others are upon similar occasions. If I had not stayed to keep the fox company, in a few minutes he would have run back on his foil in all probability, and caused great confusion, and unless

he had been *viewed* back by the work-people, he would have escaped.

As soon as a hound opens in cover, if you do not know his note, *before* you speak to him work your way right up to him and see which it is; if it is riot, even in the case of a young hound, he will nine times out of ten leave it when he sees you approach him: let him alone for a few seconds; if you know him to be sure, cheer him and talk to him, and blow your horn, and get the body of the hounds to him as quickly as you can. Oh! what thrilling melody, as they come chiming in one after the other! and then rattle him on with a tremendous crash. Such a find as that, reader, is worth riding, or even walking, fifty miles to witness. After you have found your fox, more especially when running a chain of covers, always, if you possibly can, lie down wind of your hounds; you will then never be out of hearing, and they will with greater difficulty slip you, or even change or divide, without your being aware of the circumstance. Unless you work with your men according to a system laid down and agreed upon between you, you will always be in confusion: a cunning old whipper-in, unless he is working to orders, will not unlikely take the down wind line from you; however, it is your own fault if you let him. A little experience soon puts a man up to all these little manœuvres in the chase.

When hounds are once away and got together, the whippers-in should ride one to the right and the other to the left (if there are two); and, generally speaking, one is quite sufficient to turn hounds; therefore, if the second whipper-in sees the first rather more forward, and ready to wait upon the huntsman, he ought to ease his horse a little; and when the hounds turn towards his line, he can ride forward, and allow the first whip to drop a little back and recover his horse's wind. In

windy weather and on bad hearing days, a huntsman should draw generally up wind, and should not only be pretty free with his voice, but should also give frequent single blasts on his horn as he rides along, to keep the hounds pretty well together, or they may draw away too wide, find a fox by themselves, and slip away down wind unperceived. I have known hounds, on some days especially, when there was a good deal of wind, run much harder down wind than they could when they turned against it, although the reverse is generally the case: why it was so I never could make out, nor yet get any experienced sportsman to explain to me the reason in a satisfactory manner.

Hounds seldom riot in low thick covers, where they can be easily got at by a whipper-in; but in high cover, where they can see the hares bouncing by them in a most tempting manner, and where they know, from the nature of the copse-wood and tangled briars, that no whipper-in can ride after them, they will occasionally, especially if there is no drag of a fox through the cover, set to work in a most ungovernable and determined manner both young and old. If they should refuse to listen to the rating and chiding of the whipper-in, jump off your horse quickly, run a little way in to the high cover on foot, scream a note upon your horn, and chide them, and they will pretty quickly come away *ashamed*, and follow you out like a gang of condemned culprits: don't flog them, but talk a little to them as you go along, and make them ashamed of themselves; it will do them more good than being flogged by the huntsman, who should *never* strike a hound, and only rate him upon such occasions. Afterwards find a fox as soon as you can, and by all manner of means kill him if possible. Never hang about a place where there is much riot and no fox; few hounds can stand it, and they should never have a chance

given them to run riot if it can be avoided: in fact, you should instil into them the belief that they can *never* riot without being immediately detected and punished for it on the spot. It is a glorious morning for the young hounds when you can find a fox in the middle of a good deal of riot; and, if he hangs a little before he breaks, blood after such a day's drilling will do them more good than a hundred floggings. When a fox continues to hang to a large wood; and, in fact, upon all occasions when running in cover, ride well on up to the leading hounds; that is, if you cannot follow them through the covers, which I would always do if I could in any way, keep as near them as you can, taking care to lie down wind of them. Continually cheer and holloa the rest of the hounds forward to the body: nothing is so disgraceful as to see hounds running *one fox* in detached bodies, and never mind what some of the new light say about making hounds wild by holloaing to them, and cheering them together upon such occasions: a foxhound that will not stand cheering is not worth his keep. What did old John Warde say? and no man loved to see hounds work by their noses more than he did. He used to say, when hounds were running a fox in cover, "continually cheer and encourage them: a good cheering holloa *shoves 'em* well together."

How old Tom Rose used to cheer and rattle a pack together when he hunted the Duke of Grafton's! So did Mr. Musters when he was getting his pack to settle well to him; and no man could kill a crooked fox better than he could. I do not recommend an unnecessary screaming at hounds upon all occasions when they cross the ridings before you, but I am convinced that they will get along better and faster through a heavy line of woodlands, when well waited on, and cheered forward on the line of their fox, than when they

are totally left to the melancholy system of working all alone, till at last it degenerates into the spiritless exhibition of "follow the leader" from morning till night. When taking hounds to a holloa in cover, or even when only casting them, you should without fail hold them on the side of the riding into which the fox has crossed; for if you come bungling up the ride, with the hounds after you, as *one* or *two* men whom I could mention are in the habit of doing, giving you the idea of a flock of geese with the *greatest goose* first, it is ten to one, if the fox has come down wind, that the hounds strike the scent heel-ways, and cause much confusion and loss of time before they can again be got upon the right line.

If hounds, when brought to a holloa in cover, are put on the line, and cannot at first acknowledge it, ride quietly into the cover the way the fox went, and by holding them on and gently encouraging them to try, the old hounds will soon hit him when held further on. The most probable cause of their not hitting him at first is that the fox made a short turn right or left to find the rack way, where he could travel with greater ease, and which he missed when he first came over the riding: moreover, the first part of his line may be stained by the breath of the horse, or even of the man himself, who had holloaed you to the point, and had been thoughtlessly standing for several seconds just on the very place he should not have done.

When any horseman has viewed a fox over a riding, and it is necessary to holloa, he should invariably place his horse's head across the riding in the direction which the fox went, as a signal to the huntsman when bringing up his hounds, by which he may know exactly which way to hold them. It frequently happens that a beaten fox may bring you into a cover, where, after running a short time and constantly expecting his

death, you may unavoidably change for a fresh fox. The only thing to be done is to trust to the old line hunting hounds, as the least likely to have changed, as far as the powers of the hounds go; but clever whippers-in can do much towards killing the fox, even if a brace or two of fresh ones are on foot; and then, it must be observed, is the time to see the vast difference between the modern, flashy, riding whipper-in, and the old wide-awake sportsman, such as Zach Goddard,[1] Bob or Harry Oldaker, Will Todd, Tom Smith with Lord Middleton, Will Hedden, Dick Adamson, Jem Shirley, Ben Foote, and Jack Wood, when he whipped-in to Charles King. Such men as these would "*lie for'ard*," as they call it; and well knowing a hunted fox half a mile off from fifty fresh ones, would, if necessary, put the hounds off the line of a fresh one by going into the cover and rating them at their head; then turning them round, and catching hold of them, holloa them on to their hunted fox. All this would be done in half the time I could write it; and in the meantime the huntsman and other whips, if they worked—as they ought to do—by signals, and without jealousy, would get forward or lie back, as the case might be, and anticipate the same thing again, till they had got through their difficulties; and perhaps got the fox away again in the open, or killed him. And here it should be understood that, when hounds are at work as I have just described them, if the huntsman hears one of his whips halloo and blow his horn[2] at a distance, and can

[1] ["The father of English whippers-in." He weighed about 9 stone; and when some M. F. H. told Mr. Warde that he should like his whippers-in to be light weights like "Zach," the "father of fox-hunting" replied, "I don't know much difference between the light weights and the heavy weights—one break the horses' hearts and the other their horses' backs."—Ed.]

[2] [It is only in a few countries that the whippers-in carry horns now.—Ed.]

depend on him as a real good hand, he should stop his hounds himself from what is certain to be a fresh fox, and get forward as fast as he can to Jack, who has viewed the hunted fox. Now, to work in this way, men must not only be experienced hands, but well-known to each other, and accustomed to work by signals and without jealousy: why should a huntsman, or even master of hounds, be above acknowledging the assistance of his servants? How was it that Mr. Osbaldeston showed more sport during the eight seasons he was in Northamptonshire than all the rest of the masters of hounds in Great Britain put together? Because in chase he was most indefatigable, and not above stopping hounds himself when wrong or whipping to his men when they were forward on the line of their fox.

When a check should occur in running over the open country, I believe a good huntsman and a minute observer will twice out of three times discover the object in the line of hounds that caused it, and as soon as he suspects pull up his horse. For instance, a church, a village, a farmhouse, a team at plough, men at work, sheep, and, above all, cattle are the things most likely to impede the scent (be it remembered that the breath of one cow will distract hounds more than a hundred sheep). When any of these objects present themselves in the face of hounds, you may then anticipate a stop, and by pulling up your horse, and observing which way the pack inclined before the check, you will be able (without casting) to hold them to the right or left accordingly.

If casting is necessary, you should be directed by the pace or degree of scent which brought you to the spot where the hounds threw up; if you came quick, and your hounds are not blown (be sure to attend to that), you may make a quick cast in the direction

which the hounds were inclining by forming a small circle first, and a larger circle afterwards, if you are not successful; but, if the hounds are blown, you should first of all hold them back, for when hounds have run a long way hard they lose their noses for want of wind; and run beyond the scent, especially if there is water in their view.

I am well convinced that, if more confidence were placed in the noses of the animals than in the huntsman's skill in forcing and lifting, not only more foxes would be killed, but far better runs would be ensured. When a huntsman does exhibit his own *scientific manœuvres*, let him combine patience with quickness; and watchfulness with cool determination. When the "field" presses upon his hounds, he should by no means lose his temper, nor allow himself through jealousy or recklessness to be driven from his ground; nor, from a want of nerve and decision, be led *to hold on* his hounds in a contrary direction to which it was evident, when the *old hounds* first threw up, the fox had in all probability gone. Quietness, with *well-timed cheeriness*, should be the order of the day. Let 'em work it themselves as long as they can, and, when they can't, let 'em fancy they are doing all the work while you are *holding 'em* on the line without taking off their noses or casting them. When you do make a cast let it be a good large one, not across the middle of fields, but under the line of hedges, or in an open country along the green balks or unploughed ridges.[1] Hang to your hounds, and they will in difficulties hang to you. In fact, you may say of a pack of hounds what the Duke of Wellington once said of his army

[1] [In arable countries it used to be the custom not to plough within several feet of the hedges, so that there was a strip of turf round every field. These "unploughed ridges" no longer exist.—Ed.]

during the Peninsular war:—"When other generals," said the hero, "commit an error their army is lost by it; when I get into a scrape my army gets me out of it." Never deceive them or disappoint them of their well-earned blood. Keeping a pack in blood is the grand secret; and, next to this, luck in weather is of the greatest consequence.

Hounds which have been unfortunate for weeks, owing to adverse weather, have, by one genial and good-scenting day, been restored to their accustomed efficiency—I mean the sort of hunting morning on which Will Todd[1] used to look so delighted in Oxfordshire, when, after his first salutation, he was wont to observe in his broad Yorkshire lingo, "This is a naice morning, sir; he mun either fly or die to-day." No doubt it is the duty of both master and huntsman to show all the sport they can in the open; but the pack, upon the goodness of which all depends, should never be sacrificed to suit the caprice of a set of foolish schoolboys and steeple-chase dandies, or amateur horse-dealers. Nothing is so vexatious as being beat day after day by want of scent or luck, and then, when the fruit is almost within your grasp, to be denied the attainment of it. There is an old story of Shaw, when he hunted the Duke of Rutland's hounds, being beat by his foxes for fourteen days in succession. He, however, at last got one to ground late in the day, and being *determined* to have him out, dug for two hours by candlelight, when he drew him out himself, and, to make sure of him, threw him amongst the hounds, who, being dazzled by the light, missed him; and away he went, as safe as a large woodland at six o'clock at night could make him.

[1] Will Todd was second whipper-in to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, when Philip Payne was huntsman and Will Long was first whipper-in. He was afterwards huntsman to the Old Berkeley.

There is also another story told of the celebrated Dick Knight being beaten by his hunted fox, even after he had got him into the kennel, on February 22, 1790. The Pytchley hounds, at that time the late Lord Spencer's, met at Buttock's Booth. After finishing their first run they found an afternoon fox at a cover called Gib Close, and ran him through Moseley Wood and by Broughton village, up to Pytchley House, and into the kennel where the hounds were then kept. Dick Knight shut the hounds up in one of the courts, and whipped out the fox from the lodging-room, where he had concealed himself. As soon as he was at liberty, and the hounds laid on his line, he ran for the sand-walk, where he was viewed several times, with the hounds close at his brush; but at last he went away from the sand-walk, and got into the head of earths, which had been imperfectly stopped, narrowly escaping with his life, as he was viewed frequently in the midst of the pack.[1]

Amongst the *numerous* instances of my being beat and cheated of my fox, the following is worth relating; and it well proves how careful a huntsman should be to stand close to the mouth of the drain or earth when blood is the object in view. After a long, slow run of one hour and a half from Hay Wood, my hounds ran a fox to ground, in the month of October; we dug him, and although I had him in my hand and *condemned*, to gratify a good preserver of foxes in the neighbourhood, I ordered the whipper-in to put him down in the next meadow, being more easily persuaded by an improvement in the scent during the last twenty minutes of the first run. After two minutes' law, the hounds were laid on the line, and away they went for eighteen minutes like pigeons to ground again in a large main

[1] From an old manuscript, entitled "Pytchley Chase-book."

HE DID COME ATTENDED BY HIS O'GONG.

There is also another story told of the celebrated Dick Knight being beaten by his hunted fox, even after he had got him into the kennel, on February 22, 1790. The Pytchley hounds, at that time the late Lord Spencer's, met at Buttock's Booth. After finishing their first run they found an afternoon fox at a cover called Gib Close, and ran him through Moseley Wood and by Broughton village, up to Pytchley House, and into the kennel where the hounds were then kept. Dick Knight [illegible] the hounds up in one of the courts, and whipped out the fox from the lodging-room, where he had concealed himself. As soon as he was at liberty, and the hounds [illegible] on his line, he ran for the sand-walk, where he [illegible] slowed several times, with the hounds close [illegible]; but at last he went away from the [illegible] into the head of earths, which had [illegible] stopped, narrowly escaping with his [illegible] frequently in the midst of the [illegible].

[illegible] being beat and [illegible]; and it [illegible] be to stand [illegible] train or earth when blood is the object [illegible]. After a long, slow run of one hour and a half from [illegible] Wood, my hounds ran a fox to ground in the month of October; we dug him, and although I had him in my hand and *condemned*, to gratify a good preserver of foxes in the neighbourhood, I ordered the whipper-in to put him down in the next meadow, being more easily persuaded by an improvement in the scent during the last twenty minutes of the first run. After two minutes' law, the hounds were laid on the line, and away they went for eighteen minutes like pigeons to ground again in a large main

[1] From an old manuscript, entitled "Pytchley Chase [illegible]

"AND SURE ENOUGH HE DID COME ATTENDED BY HIS 3 SONS."

drain leading from a fish-pond at Springfield, the seat of J. Boultbee, Esq., as good a judge of hunting, and as great a friend to foxes as ever rode a nag. I requested the pond-sluice to be turned, and booked the fox "dead as a stone." I was almost feeling for my knife to brush him, and stood about fifty yards from the mouth of the drain to allow the pack to have a clear run at him as he came out; with breathless anxiety we watched the clouded water as it streamed out over the greensward. "Here he comes! here he comes! here he comes!" And sure enough he did come, attended by his three sons.[1]

Tally-ho! by Jove! we're beat again! our old friend slipped though the next hedge, and the hounds hung to a fresh one; we could not stop them until too late, and found ourselves at five o'clock at night in a great woodland without blood. I can only add I have always since taken better care in similar cases. Another time we were beat in a very singular manner: we had run a cub to ground early in the morning in Ryton Wood; and, as the sun was getting up and there was little probability of getting blood on that day, except by digging the fox which we had marked, it was resolved to have him out; the spout was not a very deep one, and the hounds had marked the end of it, and had scratched down upon the fox, while I was keeping the other hole safe by standing in it until one of the whips returned with a spade. The baying of the hounds at the further end so alarmed an old badger, who was the lawful possessor of the said earth, that he immediately determined to make his exit at my end, and charging me with all the force he could muster,

[1] This accounted for the disappearance of the remainder of a litter of cubs, out of which we had killed one, about a month before, from an adjoining cover, where they were bred.

and getting between my legs, fairly put me on my back ; the hounds, of course, seized him before he had run fifty yards, and the cub, taking this opportunity of decamping, effected his escape, to the great mortification of the whole party.

Trying as the circumstance of being frequently beaten by your fox is, I think accidents to the hounds are by far more annoying. In the neighbourhood of coal-pits and mines, hounds sometimes disappear rather suddenly, and when hunting near rocks and cliffs,[1] fall over, and are thus destroyed. They are also now and then hung up in poachers' wires, by which, if not downright killed, they are occasionally seriously injured in their limbs and toes. Keepers' traps, set either for vermin or rabbits, annoy hounds dreadfully, where they may, either through neglect or spite, have been left without being struck.[2]

It used to be fearful work, some years back, before the railroad had knocked up all the long coaches: if the road home lay along a turnpike road on which there was much travelling, and the night was very dark and foggy, it was with great difficulty you could sometimes move the hounds out of the way before the mail, or some other ten-mile-an-hour vehicle, came right upon you, the thick fog or sleet preventing your seeing its approach till nearly upon the backs of the hounds. When Mr. Warde's hounds were coming home one

[1] [Whenever the East Sussex draw the cliffs about Fairlight, near Hastings, there are generally one or two narrow escapes. —Ed.]

[2] [The Suffolk foxhounds had a somewhat unusual experience during the season 1890–91. For some reason or other they had taken a long trot to the coverts of a gentleman who rented a shooting. Some of the hounds came across a bare place, and a number of them were caught in traps; and the same thing occurred in two other spots. The explanation was that the hounds were not expected, or the traps would have been sprung.—Ed.]

night, along the old Bath road, near Hungerford, a heavy Bristol van came right amongst them, running over one hound called Voucher, the wheel passing over his loins; yet he recovered, and lived to be a favourite stud hound afterwards. When hounds are travelling, they are liable to many accidents, unless under the care of most experienced and vigilant attendants, from being shut up in improper and ill-ventilated places, such as old out-houses, small stables, &c., &c. The following extraordinary accident is one instance of a pack of hounds being entrusted to persons on a journey, whose ignorance and inexperience but ill-qualified them for the attendance on such valuable animals:—On the 10th of July 1844, Mr. Thomas Shaw Hellier removed his hounds, horses (sixteen in number), &c., from his kennel in Warwickshire, where he had hunted several seasons, to Coventry; and thence by railroad to Nottingham, *en route* for Louth, in Lincolnshire, to which country—namely, the South Wold—Mr. Hellier was about taking.

The hounds were in two horse-boxes; and, on their arrival at Nottingham, one box having a greater number in than the other, it was truly lamentable to see, on the box being opened, the state the poor animals, as well as the man who had the care of them, were in; all being nearly exhausted from the heat arising from the crowded state of the box; several of them were actually dead, and others died upon being admitted into the open air; in fact, seven couples of the hounds died from the occurrence.

Speaking before of accidents from poachers' wires recalls to my recollection a curious circumstance which occurred some time ago with the Atherstone hounds, while drawing a cover of Mr. Chadwick's, near Blithbury. A hound was missing from an osier bed after it had been drawn; and upon the whipper-in going

back to look for him, he discovered him, after searching some time, fast by the nose, at the end of a poacher's line, having improvidently taken the bait laid for a pike, and which the flood had probably washed on shore.

During the time I was hunting on the Yorkshire coast, I never met with anything like a bad accident, although the hounds on one occasion killed their fox on the top of a bank above the sea, which gave way while they were worrying him, and let them down about thirty feet upon the sands. It was not sufficient to injure them, but it knocked out the wind, and the fox ran away for one hundred yards into the breakers, before they laid hold of him a second time and finished him. Mr. Hodgson, who was in the Holderness country for fourteen years previously to his taking Leicestershire (to which country I have just alluded), met with a far more serious misfortune in 1838, that being his last season in Yorkshire, and which is one of the most melancholy disasters that ever befell a pack of hounds in chase. They had run their fox from the neighbourhood of Burton Agnes to the Speeton Cliffs, which are about four miles to the north of that well-known point, Flamborough Head. Being near their fox they flung themselves too close to the edge of the precipice, and in their ardour four or five couples went down the distance of two hundred feet, some were dashed to pieces, while others escaped by lodging in their descent upon some parts of the rock which jutted out. Ned, the whipper-in, with great gallantry descended in a basket, and, by his fortitude and exertions, some of them were carried up and restored to the pack. The fox, however, escaped by some means or other into a cleft in the rock. What Mr. Hodgson's feelings at this dreadful moment must have been can be better imagined than described, when he viewed

"NED THE WHIPPER-IN DESCENDED WITH GREAT GALLANTRY."

back to look for him, he discovered him, after searching some time, fast by the nose, at the end of a poacher's line, having improvidently taken the bait laid for a pike, and which the flood had probably washed on shore.

During the time I was hunting on the Yorkshire coast, I never met with anything like a bad accident, although the hounds on one occasion killed their fox on the top of a bank above the sea, which gave way while they were worrying him, and let them down about thirty feet upon the sands. It was not sufficient to injure them, but it knocked out the wind, and the fox ran away for one hundred yards into the breakers, before they laid hold of him a second time and finished him. Mr. Hodgson, who was in the Holderness country for fourteen years previously to his taking Leicestershire (to which country I have just alluded), met with a far more [illegible] misfortune in 1838, that being his last season in Yorkshire, and which is one of the most melancholy disasters [illegible] a pack of hounds in chase. [illegible] the neighbourhood of [illegible] Speeton Cliffs, which are about [illegible] north of that well-known point, Flamborough Head. Being near their fox they flung themselves too close to the edge of the precipice, and in their ardour four or five couples [illegible] down the distance of two hundred feet, some [illegible] dashed to pieces, while others escaped by lodging [illegible] descent upon some parts of the rock which [illegible]. Ned, the whipper-in, with great gallantry [illegible] in a basket, and, by his fortitude and exertions, some of them were carried up and restored to the pack. The fox, however, escaped by some means or other into a cleft in the rock. What Mr. Hodgson's feelings at this dreadful moment must have been can be better imagined than described, when he viewed

"NED THE WHIPPER-IN DESCENDED WITH GREAT GALLANTRY."

from the summit of this awful precipice his favourites writhing in the agonies of a lingering death, while their piteous howlings were only responded to by the greedy and fiend-like scream of the sea-bird, or the dismal croaking of the raven as he watched his mangled prey from an adjoining rock.

With regard to horsing the men belonging to a pack of foxhounds, I shall write but a few words, as the system of managing hunters used for that purpose is, or rather ought to be, exactly similar to the one pursued in the care of the first studs in the country. No animals in the creation work harder than the horses of a huntsman or whipper-in who rides hard and does his duty, particularly in a woodland country; nor is the proof of condition put to the test more frequently than in the long-tiring chases which horses attendant on a pack of hounds are continually experiencing. To say nothing of the respectability of a well mounted and properly appointed establishment, the purchasing good-shaped and fresh young horses will be found far less expensive in the end than picking up cheap under-bred brutes which may be half worn out before they enter the service. Beckford justly observes, that it is highly essential to mount the men well, "and that there is no economy in giving them bad horses: they take no care of them; but wear them out as soon as they can, that they may have others."

It is wonderful how almost all horses which are continually being badgered about learn to take care of themselves when they have had enough. Good seasoned hunters of this description are invaluable, in a kennel-stud, to put the under-whip on, as they will go on at a certain pace for ever; they never are killed by distress, and are generally good fencers, which is a consideration of the first importance. Some men declare that anything which will go fast enough will

do to carry a whipper-in; but persons who make these sort of ridiculous assertions only expose their gross ignorance, and evidently set forth to the world the slight experience they must have had in all hunting matters.

Nine foxes out of ten which are lost at the end of good runs, and which undoubtedly ought to have been killed, owe their escape to no other circumstance in the world than the men's horses being so beaten that no assistance can be given to the hounds at a time when they most require it. For this reason a huntsman should always have a second horse out; and if another spare horse was in readiness for either of the whippers-in who might stand in need of it, it would be all the better; and, in the end, considerably save the wear and tear in the hunting-stable. I recollect many years ago an excellent run in Northamptonshire, from Stamford Hall (Mr. Otway Cave's), when Sir Chas. Knightley hunted that country. Jack Wood, of whom I have spoken before, was at that time huntsman (previous to his going into Warwickshire), and his horse being dead beat near the end of the day, close to the Hermitage, Mr. Whitworth, the sporting draper of Northampton, whom many of my readers will recollect as a hard rider, offered him his nag, which was still comparatively fresh, which he immediately mounted; and, getting forward with his hounds, killed his fox at Brampton Wood, after a most severe run of upwards of an hour and a half. This act of kindness and attention towards a huntsman was not thrown away, as it was the cause of Mr. Whitworth selling his horse on the following day, to a gentleman in Leicestershire, for two hundred and fifty guineas. Some horses last much longer than others, partly owing to the strength of their constitutions, but more especially to the care with which they have been ridden

over the country, and the manner in which they are kept during the summer.

In some hunts the horses for the servants are jobbed by the season;[1] and where a pack of hounds are kept up by subscription, without any certainty of their being continued from one year to another, it may be found to answer; but it is a disreputable way of doing business, to say the best of it. The horses, from lameness or some other cause, are continually being changed, and by their not being accustomed to be ridden amongst hounds, frequently kick and injure them. With regard to the danger of kicking, I can speak most feelingly, having suffered with a fractured limb from the very cause I have been mentioning. Amongst the many speculators in horse-flesh who ever attempted to provide hunters for the above purpose, none have succeeded so well in giving satisfaction to their employers as the late Mr. Tilbury; and his extreme liberality, and constant desire to accommodate those gentlemen who had been induced to hire hunters from his yard, was no doubt the chief reason for his having almost an entire monopoly in that description of business.[2]

To give general satisfaction to all classes who may

---

[1] [It was on this principle that the late Charles Symonds, of Oxford, once supplied the horses for the Heythrop Hunt. Through the kindness of Mr. W. Gordon Canning, master of the Ledbury hounds, I have seen the original contract, dated March 28, 1855, between the Heythrop Committee, Messrs. Henry Barnet, Henry Hall, and Mortimer Ricardo, of the one part, and Charles Symonds of the other. For the sum of £1150 Symonds was to find for the season 1855–56 six cub-hunters and a trap-horse from August 1st to November 1st; fourteen hunters, one hack, and a trap-horse, from November 1st to March 25th; eight forest-hunters, one hack, and a trap-horse, from 25th March to 15th April.—Ed.]

[2] [Mr. Elmore, the dealer, also did a large trade in hack hunters. —Ed.]

be interested in the operations of a hunting establishment will, I fear, be found a task too difficult for any one, however indefatigable and courteous he may be, to accomplish. Each side of the country ought to be hunted fairly, the bad with the good; and this system, when impartially pursued, will be found more likely to produce a continuance of sport than perpetually relying on the smaller covers, merely because they are situated in the open. When the fixtures are made out for advertisement, care should be taken not to hunt any favourite covers on that side of the country when it is the market-day of the neighbourhood. It causes a great disappointment to decidedly one of the most respectable body of men in the British community, namely, the yeomen and farmers; and upon whose good will the preservation of the foxes, and a kindly feeling towards the numerous gentlemen who come out, more materially depends than is very often considered. I remember some years ago complaining to a farmer who was a good sportsman, and who resided near the celebrated Kenilworth chase, of the scarcity of foxes in his neighbourhood, a large woodland having been drawn blank on the previous day. His answer was, that his neighbours, having been deprived of the pleasure of hunting, by the hounds being sent to that side on Friday, when they all wished to go to Coventry market, had determined to have a grand battue on every Thursday, they being more likely to have sport on that day, as the woods would have had six days' rest. If we were to give a too ready credence to every murmur and complaint which the ill-conditioned are always, and in many instances unjustly, prepared to make about damage done to crops and fences, we should be laying ourselves open to a very heavy tax upon fox-hunting; but where absolute mischief has been caused by inadvertently driving sheep into pits or

rivers, whereby they have been drowned, or where a crop has been undoubtedly injured by being frequently cut up by the horsemen near to a favourite cover, a handsome remuneration ought undoubtedly to be made to the farmer thus suffering. If this kind of attention and courtesy *from the field* towards the country people were rather more practised than it is, the disappointment of a blank day would scarcely ever be experienced; and those *self-created men of fashion who swarm in the various Spas* in many of the hunting countries, to the *annoyance* of the gentlemen and farmers, would meet with a far more welcome reception in November than is frequently the case.

Nor would I forget the wives and daughters of the farmers, who are occasionally, though not frequently, I hope, fellow-sufferers in the cause with their husbands, from the rapacity of reynard, generally through the idleness and neglect of their servants in not properly securing the feathered inhabitants of the farmyard before the night closes upon them. The money arising from the produce of the poultry-yard is usually appropriated as pocket-money to the female branches of the family; and in more instances than one, I regret to state, that the disappointment of not having new bonnets and dresses, in which to attend the neighbouring races, has been caused by the total destruction of a flock of turkeys in one night.

When Mr. Corbet hunted the Merriden country, he was always particularly attentive in remunerating those who might be losers; and on one occasion, when riding out to visit his puppies which were at their walks in that neighbourhood, he was informed by the daughters of a farmer, who was a well-wisher to fox-hunting, that they had lost all their turkeys and fowls by the foxes which were strictly preserved, in those days, in the Packington Woods. This kind-hearted man truly

sympathised with their disappointment, and observed that it would be highly proper for them to go into mourning upon the occasion, and that he would send them some ribbons to wear for the sake of their poor turkeys. But how great was their astonishment upon receiving on the next day some very handsome bonnets and dresses, but not of quite so sombre a colour as they had expected.

Mr. Corbet's benevolence in word as well as in deed was highly and justly conducive to his universal popularity as a master of hounds, independently of his well-appointed establishment. Even in anger his mildness and polished method of rebuke never exceeded the limits of good breeding; and amongst the numerous anecdotes related of the Squire of Sundorn, the following is highly characteristic:—Having run a fox to ground in the neighbourhood of Hampton coppice, at a place called Olton End, the residence of two old maiden ladies of the name of Spooner, who were inveterate card-players, Mr. Corbet requested to be permitted to dig him out. This was peremptorily refused by the old maids; and as such an objection was exceedingly ill-natured, the master of the pack of course felt much disappointed in consequence. "Give my compliments to the ladies," said Mr. Corbet, "and tell them I hope they will never get *spadille* as long as they live."

After the regular hunting season has commenced, a general physicking will be needless where the pack have been properly prepared, until after Christmas, when the first opportunity of administering a mild dose should never be lost sight of; but, as the endurance of frost is always very uncertain, it should be of such a nature that the field may be taken immediately upon the sudden return of open weather; but, when hunting is fairly stopped by the extreme hard-

ness of the ground, and the chance of again going to work is undoubtedly gone for many days, the attention of the huntsman must be awakened towards allaying the excess of stimulus which a long continuance of hard work and high feeding have produced. Those hounds which may be down in their eyes, or such as may have had fits, should have a little blood taken from them,[1] and all of them may have a little dressing rubbed on their arms, briskets, flanks, elbows, and hocks, if required; a moderate dose of salts may then be administered, with which some mix syrup of buckthorn. It is a very strong purgative, but I am convinced it is a thing which the stomach is a long time getting rid of, which is evident by the manner in which hounds lap water, when out, for many days after; and, therefore, it is no favourite of mine. Strong exercise, after the effects of the physic have worked off, must be given for at least six or seven hours daily.

Perhaps I may be singular in my opinion, and not so happy as to persuade others to imbibe the same taste; but I should prefer hunting during the whole of the long frosts, providing there was snow sufficient to counteract the concussion from the hard ground. One anecdote I have recorded of killing a fox in the snow which was ankle deep; and I can assure my readers, that I have repeatedly gone out in large woodlands when it lay much thicker on the ground, and enjoyed excellent sport. Of course I am not trying to prove that it is as practicable for a man to ride over a country in a deep snow as in open weather; but I am thoroughly convinced from experience that hounds had much better be employed in rummaging the extensive district of woods which some hunting countries are blessed with, during a long frost, provided the snow

[1] [Bleeding, as before remarked, is out of date.—Ed.]

is sufficiently deep, than crawling about the lanes and roads in the immediate vicinity of their kennel for two short hours, and spending the rest of the day on their benches, while the men who have the care of them are getting rid of their extra leisure at the nearest public-house.[1]

There is very frequently a most excellent scent in the snow; I recollect some years since, when Mr. Warde hunted Berkshire, seeing a capital run from that well-known cover, Stype, near Hungerford. We met late; and, after drawing for some time, found on the hanging side towards the Kennet, which we crossed twice, and after a severe run were unfortunately defeated by changing our fox in Marlborough Forest. The snow, which was much drifted, was above 3 feet deep in many places; and I remember William Neverd,[2] who was at that time Mr. Warde's huntsman,

[1] During a hard frost the courts and doorways of the kennel should invariably be covered with straw, to prevent the hounds from slipping about and laming themselves: the litter should be shook over, well cleaned, and partially renewed as often as required.

[2] Died, on Saturday, January 21, 1843, William Neverd, aged about 70, forty years of which he took the field as huntsman. He commenced his career with Sir W. Rowley, Bart. [of Tendring Hall, Suffolk]. He was afterwards with Col. Cook, in Suffolk, living subsequently with John Warde, Esq., hunting that gentleman's hounds in the Craven country (Berkshire) during eighteen seasons. He then went to Mr. Mule [of the Essex and Suffolk], in Essex, for six years; afterwards to Mr. Hall, in Somersetshire, for three years. Being out of a situation, he hunted Mr. Vyner's hounds for about two months, when that gentleman broke his leg in 1836. He subsequently went into Mr. Horlock's service, his late employer, until the time of his decease, which took place at Ashwick, near Bath, the seat of that gentleman. His death was accelerated by an accident he had a short time since, while hunting, and from the effects of which he never rallied. He was always considered a first-rate sportsman; his manners were unassuming, and he was remarkably quiet and good-tempered in the field, civil to every person, and with a nerve for going to his hounds, when necessary, that few men could boast of.

making one or two excellent hits himself by the fox's pads. The winter of 1813–14, which must be still in the remembrance of many sportsmen as affording less open weather during the hunting months than may have been known for half-a-century, was perhaps one of the hardest recorded in the memory of man; the whole country had the appearance of Salisbury Plain, only for the trees; gates, hedges, and even rivers were in many places invisible, and the snow being frozen extremely hard, it was an easy matter to ride over fences and other hidden dangers, without the labour of jumping. During a great part of that dreadful season, the Pytchley hounds, then the property of Lord Althorp, hunted the Northamptonshire woodlands regularly, having excellent sport, and killing many foxes.

Some years ago, the following anecdote was copied from the Forfar paper:—"On Tuesday, the 3rd inst., the Fife hounds met at Logie, and found a brace of foxes in the Muir, but could not press them, the morning being stormy and the ground stained by sheep. Afterwards they drew blank all the neighbouring covers, and late in the afternoon found a fox in the plantations of Bridge of Murthel. *Sauve qui peût* being the order of the day, reynard retreated into the woods of Inchwan, but was speedily dislodged; thence he fled northwards across a heavy country, followed by the hounds at their best pace, keeping west of Deuchar, through Glenquiech, to the top of the hill of Ogil, nearly six miles from where he was originally found. Further pursuit being impracticable, from the depth of the snow, the field reluctantly came to a resolution of '*nolle prosequi*.' It being a decided case of 'no go' among the prads, 'Merry John,'[1] fertile in expedients,

[1] Jack Walker, huntsman to the Fife hounds [afterwards with Sir Watkin Wynn.]

instantly dismounted: that laudable example was followed by the whipper-in, Jack Jones. Leaving their horses on the hill, both padded the footsteps of the hounds through the snow, nearly four miles up Glenogil, when fortunately they fell in with the pack, after they had *eaten* their fox—a *pad* or two being the sole remnants of the banquet. These were carefully treasured up, and will doubtless find a niche beside 'Rival,'[1] in Sandie Ross's hunt parlour. We believe Mr. Walker's pedestrian performance quite unparalleled in the annals of hunting."

With regard to scent, I never yet could meet with any person who could satisfactorily prove to me how it is produced, or in what way the atmosphere affects the increase or diminution of it. Scent is well known to exist in all weathers, and with the air at all temperatures; I have seen a most brilliant scent in the hardest black frost at Christmas, and also under the scorching influence of the sun in the months of April and May; I witnessed a total absence of it in the gloomy and soft mizzling damp of November, in which kind of weather scent is generally observed to prevail; and in the boisterous and drying winds of March I have known hounds to run for an hour as if they had been tied to a fox.

The spring, with the exception of the period when the blustering March winds set in, generally produces better runs than any other part of the year; but I have also known the day to produce a good scent, even during that tempestuous season. I was once riding to cover in a perfect hurricane in March, and calling at the house of a friend to breakfast, observed to him that

---

[1] "Rival," a celebrated hound in Lord Panmure's pack. His painting, *inter alias*, graces the hunt parlour at Forfar, immediately behind the chairman's seat.

[illegible]stantly dismounted: that laudable example was followed by the whipper-in, Jack Jones. Leaving [illegible] the hounds through the snow, nearly four miles up Glenogil, when fortunately they fell in with the pack, after they had *eaten* their fox—a *pad* or two being the sole remnants of the banquet. These were carefully treasured up, and will doubtless find a niche beside 'Rival,'[1] in Sandie Ross's hunt parlour. We believe Mr. Walker's pedestrian performance quite unparalleled in the annals of hunting."

With regard to scent, I never yet could meet with any person who could satisfactorily prove to me how it is produced, or in what way the atmosphere affects the increase or dim[illegible] of it. Scent is well known to exist in all w[illegible] and with the air at all temperatures: I [illegible] scent in the hardest black [illegible] under the scorching [illegible] and May; I [illegible] and soft [illegible] weather scent is [illegible] in the boisterous [illegible] have known hounds to run [illegible] had been tied to a fox.

The spring, with the exception of the period when the blustering March winds set in, generally produces better runs than any other part of the year; but I have also known the day to produce a good scent, even during that tempestuous season. I was once riding to cover in a perfect hurricane in March, and calling at the house of a friend to breakfast, observed to him that

---

[1] "Rival," a celebrated hound in Lord Panmure's pack. His [illegible] *inter alias*, graces the hunt parlour at Forfar, immediately [illegible] Chairman's seat.

"IT WAS A DEEP WOODLAND WHERE WE FOUND."

it would be quite useless to attempt to hunt, as the air was so piercing, and the wind so tremendously strong that I could with difficulty keep my cap on my head, and consequently there could be no scent; he smiled and said I was much mistaken, as there was a most burning scent, which he had proved, having had a most capital run just before. The fact was, he had started his gardener, with a quarter of an hour's law, in a circle of about two miles round his park, and had then hunted him with two bloodhounds which he kept. Away they went in right good style, and the affrighted gardener had only just time to escape into a tree near the house, as

"Yelled on the view the opening pack."[1]

My friend's conjectures proved perfectly true; notwithstanding the continuance of the storm we threw off. It was a large deep woodland where we found; but the fox, which was no doubt a traveller, faced the wind in a most determined manner, and we killed him, after fifty-five minutes' hard running, close to Bromsgrove Lickey. What impressed it more particularly on my mind was, that we had to ride a distance of twenty-five miles home afterwards. The general indications of a good scent are—when the hounds smell strong when they come out in a morning, and when they puke on their road to cover; if the pavement sweats or looks damp, more particularly on the barometer rising than when it is the reverse; when the horses are faint on their road to the cover side. In a black frost the scent is frequently good; but in a white one, when it is going off, there is seldom any. Frosty mornings, with stormy weather after mid-day, are seldom favourable to sport; and if a large black cloud comes suddenly over, the scent generally fails during its influence. One

[1] "Lady of the Lake."

poet tells us that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" are necessary for a good day's sport; while another describes one of the best days ever seen in Leicestershire as taking place "with the wind at north-east forbiddingly keen."[1] Some persons fancy that the wetter a country is the better the scent will be; this is, to a certain extent, erroneous, as, although moisture in some shape is conducive to it, so, on the other hand, too much wet chills the soil and also the atmosphere, and destroys it.[2] When I hunted Holderness, which is allowed to be one of the deepest and wettest countries in England, I observed that there was always the best scent when the ground merely showed the impression of the ball of the fox's foot; when it was soft enough to allow the leg to penetrate deep into the soil, when it was "deluded with water," as old Will Carter used to observe,[3] the result generally was that there was little or no scent. Again, in sandy countries I have frequently observed a burning scent in the spring, when the exhalations were the strongest on *hot sunny days*. One cause to which the scent failing from the beginning of a run is from the misfortune of running the heelway of the fox's line, which I have often seen done, even up to his very kennel. Such a circumstance as this is more likely to occur in woodlands than otherwise, excepting in the case of hounds coming across

[1] [These are the opening words of the Billesdon Coplow poem. This famous run took place on the 24th February 1800.—Ed.]

[2] [Still, on the whole, the saying that a wet season is a good season, is generally true.—Ed.]

[3] Some years ago when Lord Middleton hunted the country known as Sir Tatton Sykes's country, old Will Carter being at this time his lordship's huntsman, the hounds were brought to cover one morning at the usual hour, when Will, to relieve the gentlemen already arrived from the anxiety of waiting, with a low bow thus addressed them:—"My lord's compliments, and he does not intend hunting this morning, as the country is so 'deluded' with water."

the line of a disturbed fox. I met with the following in an old manuscript I was reading the other day: —

"Feb. 25th, 1788.—The Pytchley hounds met at Orlingbury Old. In the course of the morning, as the hounds were going to draw near Ecton, they struck a scent through a hedge, and ran very hard into Billingfield, where they came to a check; when, after some time lost in making a cast, Dick Knight found a kennel in a patch of young furze, and inquired of a shepherd if he had seen the fox, when he said his dog had put him up a short time before, and we found we had been running heel. We then went back, and laid the hounds on the right way; but it was too late, as the scent had died away, therefore we gave it up."[1]

Another reason for hounds not being able to work over some districts, independent of sheep, cattle, &c., is the amazing number of hares which on some estates are preserved to such an extent as to entirely foil the ground.[2] I could enumerate many instances as happening to myself, corroborative of what I have been saying; but the two following accounts of the sport of hounds being thus spoilt will, I should conceive, be a much stronger proof as occurring to two such great authorities as the celebrated Dick Knight,[3] and William Shaw, so long the excellent huntsman of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

We may also read of the same thing in the "Opera-

[1] Extract from memoranda in MSS., entitled "Pytchley Chase-book."

[2] [This is seldom, if ever, the case now (1891), when nearly every one is anxiously hoping for the passing of the Hares' Preservation Bill, to counteract the disastrous effects of the Ground Game Act. —Ed.]

[3] "Monday, Nov. 14th, 1791.—The Pytchley hounds met at Lamport Earths. After having finished their first fox, they drew Scotland Wood where they found immediately; but, from the abundance of hares getting up before the hounds every instant, and staining the ground, they were completely foiled, and consequently Dick Knight took them away to find a fox in another cover."—Extract from "Pytchley Chase-book."

tions of the Belvoir Hounds;" where the hares were so numerous on one hunting day in the neighbourhood of Belton House, that Shaw was obliged to take the hounds home, it being perfectly impossible for them to work the line of a fox through the multitudes of hares which were continually crossing, and staining the ground as badly as or worse than if twenty flocks of sheep had been driven across the fields.

Although it is generally, and pretty justly, supposed that the best sport is shown by the best packs of hounds, still, with all the first-rate management in the world, and all the pains that can be taken by the most indefatigable and scientific sportsman, how much depends upon good luck! One pack, for instance, may hunt three days a week, and experience storms, fogs, and a series of bad-scenting days; whilst the hounds hunting the adjacent country on the three alternate days may run into the extreme of good luck, and kill their foxes by the aid of a burning scent alone every day they go out. Nothing varies so much as scent; we see sometimes that the afternoon scents prevail for days together, and that, without any apparent cause, on the most inviting and *propitious-looking* hunting morning, the men, horses and hounds are more than half tired with dragging about a country for three or four hours without effecting anything, when an afternoon fox is unexpectedly found, which, owing to nothing else but a change of scent, gives 'em all such a tickler as serves the whole field for conversation for the next week, and their horses' amusement for a month, at least. Again, we shall experience the best scents before noon for a fortnight together, and not unfrequently ride home in a drenching rain or storm, which has entirely set aside all chance of sport after twelve o'clock, at which time it began to "*brew up*," and was hanging in the air till dissipated by the storm.

Although natural land which has never been furrow-drained is generally allowed to afford better sport from its scenting qualifications than soil in a very high state of cultivation, it was the opinion of Sir Tatton Sykes that the wolds in Yorkshire, over which country he was in the constant habit of hunting with his own hounds, afforded better scents than they had used to do previously to their being in so high a state of cultivation. One reason which he gave the writer of these remarks for runs being straighter than formerly, and for hounds being brought to check more seldom than they had used to be, was from the system of drilling the turnips, which, being in straight lines, was a great inducement to foxes to run straight up a field, which, in some of the enclosures, which are fifty or sixty acres, would certainly appear to be far from improbable. Fresh-strewed manure will stop hounds, as all huntsmen know; so will soot, after it has been spread a month on the young wheat in the spring. Changing from good scenting-ground to bad is undoubtedly very prejudicial to hunting, and has saved the lives of more beaten foxes than any other untoward circumstance to which hounds are liable. The old story of the huntsman and the violets is too stale for insertion here; but the fact that the wild garlic which abounds in Lord Hotham's cover, Dalton Wood, near Beverley, rendering it next to an impossibility to hunt a fox through it is too well known by hundreds of sportsmen to be contradicted. Anything which attracts the attention of hounds in chase may cause a check the most fatal; and I have more than once seen my hounds, when running over the Yorkshire wolds, allured from their line by the cry of wild geese, which abound in thousands all over that district which borders on the Humber. In the first instance, the geese are attracted to the spot by the cry of the hounds, and the hounds *when checking* hear

a cry so nearly approaching their own sweet noise that they absolutely stare up in the air, and seem to try to join these aërial choristers. In mentioning this circumstance to Mr. Frank Watt, who hunted the wolds with his harriers for many seasons, he assured me that he had repeatedly seen and been highly amused by a similar occurrence.

That some foxhounds are by nature more tender nosed than others no one can deny; and many have the extraordinary knack of showing off their talents to the best advantage in various ways. For instance, in the same pack one hound is especially noted as a *sure finder*, and can *acknowledge* (that is, speak to) the drag of a fox long before any one of the others can even *feel it* (that is, show symptoms of a scent by their earnest, yet silent, indications), although there may be twenty-five couples out to help him, when away he works up to the animal's kennel, and with his well-known tongue proclaims him "*found*." Another shows her superiority in "*hitting him through the horses;*" when shamefully ridden over, and fairly cut off from the road of the fox, she guides the line like a true pilot enveloped in tainted steam, and interrupted by the babel of a hundred human tongues. The huntsman is perhaps holding the body of the hounds to the left, when Dexterous emerges from a crowd of horsemen, whose united numbers, with all their smoke and noise, have been unable to drive her from the line, and catching hold of the scent as she inhales the refreshing air to the right, makes the welkin ring with her truthful tongue, and recalls her comrades to the recovered chase. A third exhibits his brilliant *foxhound* propensity of "*flinging*" over the canal bridge, where the scent, together with a "*blowing sand*," had been wafted into the middle of the next field; and "*Well hit, Javelin, my lad!*" and three shrill blasts of the horn are

sufficient notice to the ready pack to fly like lightning to their leader's cry. Old Patience hits him down the turnpike road, although a flock of fifty sheep have just passed by; and Hostess and old Junket, who were never seen "*to make a hit*" in their lives, contribute as much as any of the rest to the killing of the fox by constantly lying in the centre of the pack and holding the body together, as with their free and melodious throats they call the stragglers continually to the line in chase, and cause numbers who would otherwise fly too much to keep in their places and run together, as a pack ought to do who are to kill their fox in good and acknowledged style.

If the distances are very long to cover, it is sometimes necessary for the hounds and horses to be taken on over night; but to some gentlemen, who may keep what is termed a three-day pack, this may be very inconvenient, as, having only one body to draw from, by sending them to lie out, many of the hounds will very frequently not get even one clear day's rest between the hunting days. This difficulty may be remedied by having them conveyed, on the morning of hunting, in a carriage built like a caravan, with a large dickey in front capable of containing three persons abreast, with a small boot underneath to hold caps, whips, great-coats, or anything else which it may be necessary to convey in it. I believe Lord Southampton, when that nobleman hunted Leicestershire, was the first sportsman who introduced this method of conveying the pack to cover, which has since been adopted by other masters of hounds.[1] It

[1] ["Vanning" hounds to covert is not uncommon now; but in many countries the railway is a convenient conveyance to the more distant fixtures, and hounds, horses, and men are taken on by ordinary or special trains.—Ed.]

is undoubtedly economical in the end, in the wear and tear of hounds, and by thus saving them so many miles of road-work in bad weather they will be enabled to undergo an additional day's labour in each fortnight, or even oftener. Where the utmost distance to the place of meeting does not exceed eleven or twelve miles, it is of little consequence; but the constant habit of travelling hounds a long way to cover in a morning, and dragging them home in the dark for upwards of twenty miles, cuts them up, and jades them infinitely more than most persons are aware of.

A huntsman should take especial care never to let his hounds lie down, even for an instant, upon the cold ground, particularly on their return from hunting. If it is very late, and necessary to call at any inn or place for gruel for the horses,[1] the more advisable plan is, if the distance from the kennel is very great, and the hounds have had a hard day, to shut them up in a clean stable or barn for five or ten minutes, and to buy five or six large loaves of stale bread, which may be cut into pieces and distributed amongst them as equally as possible. When the horses have finished their gruel, a very small quantity of scalded meal and milk, just sufficient for each hound to take six or seven laps, should be mixed in several different pails, at certain distances

[1] [Some stud grooms have a great objection to their horses being fed away from their own stables; but, in the cause of humanity, it is submitted that, after a day's hunting, if the horse has anything beyond three or four miles to go home, he should be gruelled, or at least have some chilled water at the first opportunity. The rider's share in the day's work is ease itself compared with that of the horse; moreover, it must not be forgotten that a horse is not capable of enduring the long fasts which cause little inconvenience to *carnivora;* besides, a horse's stomach is very small in comparison to his size.—Ed.]

in the yard; and when the men are mounted the hounds may be let out. By having it mixed in several pails, they will be all more likely to come in for a share. The good effects of this slender repast will be not only evident by the curling of their sterns, and the high spirits with which they will travel homewards, but their freshness on the following morning will be considerably promoted by it.

"How long do you intend hunting?" is a question perpetually put to a master of hounds. The best answer to give is, "As long as the peas and beans will allow us." From the difference of the nature of the soil, and the grain grown thereon, some countries are better calculated for spring hunting than others; but where the above mentioned description of vegetable produce is the prevailing crop, the sooner the season is closed after the first week in April the better. How frequently do we hear "'Ware wheat!" dinned into the ears of some unfortunate aspirant to the honour of a "lead" every day we are hunting! But if 'ware beans, peas, vetches, and seeds were substituted for the above ejaculation, it would be much more to the purpose. Excepting where the land is very wet and tender, the riding *over wheat* does little or no harm; and of this I have been repeatedly assured by some of the most intelligent and experienced farmers in the country, who have occupied farms close to fox-covers all their lives. But with all kinds of pulse, young clover, or very rotten and tender meadows, it is a very different thing; if the wet settles afterwards in the clinkers, or marks of the horses' feet, the roots generally perish.[1]

[1] [But not, in the case of wheat, to the extent generally supposed. —Ed.]

The fashion of hunting very late, and the custom of killing a May fox, are now becoming almost obsolete, more probably because the latter part of the season is spent in woodlands and forests, where the modern fox-hunter would be as much out of his element as the Emperor of China would be in the frozen region of Kamschatka. The New Forest hounds, which used to hunt out the first week in May, now generally close their campaign on or about the 20th of April; and I am not aware of any other hunt of the present day which prolongs the season beyond the end of that month, excepting the Pytchley, which remain at their woodland quarters at Brigstock until about the 6th or 7th of May, and sometimes even as late as the 12th.[1]

From the nature of the country, there being little or no arable land between the woods, and part of it including Rockingham Forest, no mischief can be done here at this season of the year any more than at Christmas; and, there being plenty of foxes, their sport is always of the very first order. A great part of the woods belong to his grace the Duke of Buccleuch, who is not only a master of hounds himself in the north, but a good friend to the cause. Few noblemen can boast of such a splendid chain of woodlands on their property as his grace can, the rides through them extending to about the distance of fifty miles, with avenues along the sides of them.

[1] All this is altered now; Rockingham Forest has been enclosed for some years, and the Pytchley woodlands are in many places converted into pheasant preserves. [The Pytchley is now divided into two packs, the Pytchley proper and the Pytchley woodland. The division took place in 1873, when Mr. G. L. Watson took the woodland pack; but the latter lapsed after two seasons. In 1878 Lord Spencer took it, but soon gave it up. In 1881 Lord Lonsdale was hunting the country; and after him came Mr. Mackenzie, who is still there (1891).—Ed.]

His head keeper, Mr. Fletcher, was perhaps the finest old sportsman and the best preserver of foxes in any district in England. He constantly joined the hunt, and no one can forget his animated figure who has seen him when viewing a fox across a riding, and blowing his horn, which he invariably carried. Strangers who have passed "the April month" at Kettering, for the purpose of enjoying spring hunting in perfection, have been not more delighted with the excellence of the runs than astonished, as well they might, at the great destruction of foxes, the hounds being repeatedly seen, while crossing, to have the half of a fine cub in their mouths; yet the increase is so great, and such excellent care is taken of them at other times, that when the season again commences plenty of game is found, and by the end of October they can generally count from twenty to twenty-five brace of noses on the door of the Brigstock kennel.

Owing to that growing evil, the preservation of pheasants, many districts which were a few years since full of foxes, and afforded excellent sport, both in cub-hunting and the spring, are now nearly deprived of the presence of those animals. I, for my own part, am a great admirer of spring hunting; and have frequently seen as good sport and as hard running at this time of the year as at any other. When hunting in large woodlands, twenty years since,[1] it was not a very uncommon occurrence to meet with a marten-cat; he is a beautiful animal; and where he abounds he may be seen easily in a morning, running about and drying himself along a park-paling, or other wooden fences, previously to his going into his place of retirement, which is sometimes a hollow tree, and occasionally the usurped nest of the magpie or carrion crow; but

[1] [*i.e.*, about 1820.—Ed.]

the murderous system of trapping has nearly annihilated not only the marten; but almost all other wild animals and birds of prey. In those days the great glede or forked-tailed kite, the buzzard, and the raven might be both seen and heard continually, when hunting in the neighbourhood of any large woodlands, in the solitude of which their well-known forms and notes made an interesting addition to the harmony of the scene. But they have vanished, and that more fashionable foreigner, the pheasant, has supplanted them.

The scent of the marten-cat is remarkably sweet, and eagerly pursued by almost every description of dog: our forefathers used to enter their foxhounds to him, as by his running the thickest breaks they were taught to turn quick with a scent, and to run in cover without skirting. Although in the constant habit of climbing, when hunted, he will stand sometimes for above half-an-hour before hounds, with a good scent, before treeing, when the following method of dislodging him is frequently practised:—A man climbs part of the way up the tree, and holds under him some damp straw or hay, which is lighted: immediately upon his perceiving the smoke he darts out of the tree; and so great is his agility, that he will, more frequently than not, escape through the legs of the hounds which stand baying at him and eagerly watching his descent. About twenty years since, a remarkable coincidence occurred to the hounds of Sir Richard Sutton, in the Burton country, and which were divided into a dog and bitch pack, each killing during the season twenty-one brace and a half of foxes and each a marten-cat, in a wood near to Lincoln; one was killed in cub-hunting, the other later in the season.

As I remarked before, foxhounds will, at times, freely throw their tongues on any description of vermin: few

A MAN CLIMBS PART OF THE WAY OF THE WHEEL & HOLDS UNDER HIM SOME PARTS OF THE WAY WHICH IS LIGHTED."

[illegible] murderous system of [illegible] has nearly [illegible] not only the marten; but almost all other wild [illegible] and birds of prey. In those days the great [illegible] be both seen and heard continually, when hunting in [illegible] tude of [illegible] their well-known forms and notes made an [illegible] to the harmony of the scene. But [illegible] vanished, and that more fashionable [illegible] pheasant, has supplanted them.

[illegible] of the marten-cat is remarkably sweet, [illegible] pursued by almost every description of [illegible] fathers used to enter their foxhounds [illegible] his running the thickest breaks they [illegible] skirting. Although in the constant [illegible] when hunted, he will stand some- [illegible] hounds, with a [illegible] following method [illegible] A man [illegible] tree, and hoks under [illegible] which is lighted: imme- [illegible] he darts out [illegible] that he will, [illegible] through the legs of [illegible] stand baying at him and eagerly [illegible] descent. About twenty years since, a [illegible] incidence occurred to the hounds of Sir Ri[illegible] in the Burton country, and which were [illegible] a dog and bitch pack, each killing [illegible] and a half of foxes and [illegible] marten-cat, in a wood near to Lincoln; one was [illegible] cub-hunting, the other later in the season.

As I remarked [illegible] foxhounds will, at times, freely throw their tongues [illegible] description of vermin: [illegible]

T. Allom. del.

A MAN CLIMBS PART OF THE WAY UP THE TREE, & HOLDS UNDER HIM SOME DAMP STRAW OR HAY WHICH IS LIGHTED.

hounds can resist the sweet scent of the otter.[1] The Warwickshire hounds, many years ago, hunted an otter from Hellbrake, a cover near Idlicote, about half a mile down to the Idlicote brook, where they gave him up.

If the outstanding woodlands are large, and the foxes plentiful, there can be no harm in protracting this noble amusement, as long as the farmer is not injured by it; but, where the land is totally arable, and where the cubs will be well taken care of, and where they will be useful to enter the young hounds in autumn, I would on no account cut them off in the spring by killing the old vixens. A brace or two of cubs killed in August or September will be of more service to the welfare of the pack than twice that number would be if murdered in April or May. Although I have frequently known a pack of hounds to destroy, by accident, a litter of cubs which might have been "laid up" above ground, or "stub-bred," as they are generally termed, during the latter end of the month of March or April; still, it is a misfortune of rare occurrence, even in the districts of the best preserved.

The following account, however, of the wholesale annihilation of foxes, which is recorded in "The Operations of the Belvoir Hounds," during the spring

[1] [This, it is submitted with great deference, is contrary to the experience of most masters of otter hounds. Even in favourable circumstances considerable difficulty is experienced in getting fox-hounds to stoop to the scent of an otter. The late Rev. J. Russell, when at South Molton, essayed to hunt the otter with a few couples of foxhounds. "There was scarcely a hound amongst them that would come to a mark and give him the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the hidden game. . . . Wander away they would, into every brake and covert on his line of march; and if perchance a fox or hare could be raked up, from that moment farewell to the rioters and the chance of a quieter sport for the rest of the day ("Memoir of the late J. Russell").—Ed.]

of the year 1813, is, I should imagine, perfectly without parallel, either in ancient or modern fox-hunting:—"The Duke of Rutland's hounds met at Belvoir on April 10th; it was a complete summer's morning—the sun most brilliantly, the wind south-east, and the thermometer at 60°. We went to the gorse under the fir clump at the head of the Three Queens' Lane; and, finding, ran at the best pace over the Denton Hollow, by Winmer Hill, and to the Denton Banks—fifteen minutes. Here the fox turned back, and we hunted him well across the fallows, over the Three Queens' Lane, leaving Hallam's Wood on the left, to Croxton Bank. Two or three foxes were here on foot, one of which we hunted across Cedar Hill, and towards Seg's Holt, below Croxton Banks, into a strong patch of gorse, where the hounds killed one fox, and ran another across Cedar Hill to Branston Town-end. While we were checking, we heard of his being seen at the Reservoir head. Casting the hounds to the spot, they hit him in, and instantly killed him. We went back to Croxton Banks, and destroyed a litter of five cubs in the grove, between the banks of Hallam's Wood. Went away with another fox to Croxton Banks, and killed him, as well as another litter of cubs in the patch of gorse, where we had found before. We drew forward to a piece of gorse to the left of Hallam's Wood, and there killed a bitch fox and a third litter of cubs. Another fox going away, we ran him fast by Hallam's and Conygear Woods, where a brace were on foot, through Croxton Banks and over Cedar Hill, almost to the Reservoir, and back to the large gorse cover banks (now in the act of being burnt and destroyed), where we killed him. Thus completing a slaughter of five old foxes and thirteen or fourteen cubs in one day. This last touch lasted half-an-hour at the best pace."

One day in the last week in March, 1837, during the time I was hunting North Warwickshire, my hounds met at a place called Snowford Bridge. We immediately proceeded to draw Debdale, a cover belonging to Sir Theophilus Biddulph. The hounds were scarcely thrown into that part which runs along the top of the field at the upper end, before they destroyed a litter of cubs, which had been bred above ground. We, however, soon found an old fox, and after hunting him with a very middling scent, lost him close to the village of Dunchurch. We then drew Bunker's Hill without finding; and, being prevented from drawing Mr. Hibbert's cover at Bilton Grange, on account of there being cubs there, we went on to Cook's gorse at Hillmorton, and no sooner had the hounds begun to draw the cover than they destroyed a second litter of cubs. We, however, came away with a fox, and, after hunting him slowly, ran him to ground at Cawston spinneys. It was then three o'clock, and I proposed going home, as I observed I thought we had done quite mischief enough for one day. However, to oblige a rather large field of sportsmen, I was persuaded to draw Frankton Wood on our way home.

Upon entering the wood the hounds found immediately; and, without dwelling one instant, the fox broke away for Frankton village, and with a fair three-quarters scent, continued his line to Marton village, then along the river Itchen to Snowford Bridge, where we had met in the morning, and where he crossed the brook, as if making Print Hill his point; but, leaving that cover on his right, he continued straight on for Ufton Wood, which he passed; and, leaving Ufton village on his left, kept on over a most severe country, as if pointing for Harbury village, which was on his left; and, continuing over Harbury Field, he went on to Chesterton Windmill; then sunk the hill as if trying

to reach Chesterton Wood; but the hounds, whose pace had improved a little since leaving the ploughed land in Harbury Field, fairly raced up to their fox, and ran him in view to ground in a large drain under a sheep pen, and within one field of Chesterton Wood. As this was in the South Warwickshire country, we were of course obliged to leave him.

He was an old dog fox, for the whipper-in viewed him twice during the run, once on coming away, and a second time in the large grass field leading up to Chesterton Windmill. I can only add that the hounds deserved him; and taking the day through, it was one of the hardest days I ever was out in, and I never saw the horses more beat than were the few that remained to the end. Now, any of my brother sportsmen who may have hunted in this country, and are well acquainted with the whole line we traversed on that day, must allow that it was a most extraordinary performance for both hounds and horses. At one part of the day, when at Hillmorton, we were close upon the boundary of the Pytchley country; and, after traversing a great part of the North Warwickshire in a semi-circle, both in road work and chasing, we finished in the South Warwickshire country. Luckily the scent was not first-rate from Marton Village to the hounds leaving Harbury Field, when they got up to their fox, and set to running hard, or the horsemen could never have lived with them.

Vixen foxes generally lay up their cubs from the middle to the end of the month of March; some litters are produced as late as the month of April, but not often. In some instances cubs have been discovered in the depth of winter, though such occurrences are rare. I recollect Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds once killed a bitch fox in cub during the month of December, in Northamptonshire. A good

nursery, as a feeder to the rest of the country, is a most essential thing, and as some persons are not fond of having their covers disturbed very late in the season, the convenience and wishes of all large landed proprietors, whose covers are extensive, and whose love for hunting and its concomitants prompts them to preserve the cubs, as well as the old foxes, ought on all occasions to be considered. It is, I am sorry to observe, a circumstance of every-day occurrence to hold out the appearance of preserving, while not one litter of cubs is ever permitted to remain, for fear that some old one-legged hen-pheasant should be kidnapped. This is as illiberal as it is deceitful; for it is as totally impossible for a pack of hounds to be taught their work without plenty of cubs to enter them to, as it would be for a lad to attempt to construe a play of Sophocles without having first learnt the Greek grammar.

No animal was ever created in vain; and, if the good that foxes do was weighed against the mischief of which they are very frequently and wrongfully accused, I am convinced that the former would greatly preponderate in the scale of an impartial judge. As a convincing proof of the utility of these animals, I may mention the remains of the prey belonging to a litter of cubs which I saw the other day in the neighbourhood where I was then staying. In a large kennel, or bathering place, as it is sometimes called, we discovered the skins of five hedgehogs, the mutilated remains of nearly a dozen moles, four or five rats, rabbits' legs, the feathers of small birds, two frogs, and the half-consumed carcass of one solitary old hen; but it was evident, from her extreme age, that she must have ceased to produce, and consequently would have been of no earthly use to the farmer from

whom she had been taken. The chief food of foxes, although I candidly allow that they at times destroy game and poultry, consists of all kinds of reptiles and insects, but more particularly field mice, of which any one may be thoroughly convinced, if he will take the trouble of either examining the animals' billeting, or of following the nightly track of one in the snow; he would then plainly see how curiously they hunt and examine every tuft of grass and stubble cock; and where they pounce upon the mice and devour them.

It would not be fair to mention names on such a subject, but the fact is beyond question, and it bears so closely and forcibly upon what I have been saying about the destruction of foxes, that I shall mention an anecdote relating to it. The hounds of a noble lord,[1] who some years ago hunted one of the midland counties, were advertised to meet at the covers of a gentleman, which were in those days more celebrated for the number of pheasants which they harboured than for the good runs which they afforded to fox-hounds. As it was well known that there was no chance of a find, the keeper—as I am charitable enough to suppose that it must have been done without his master's connivance—procured a bagman, which was designed to be put down in due form when the hounds were drawing. This disgraceful intention having come, by some means or other, to the ears of the noble owner of the pack, he was determined to be even with the intended perpetrator of the insult. Riding up to the cover-side exactly as the hand of his watch rested upon the appointed hour,

[1] The late Lord Middleton. [Mr. Vyner refers to the period between 1812–1822, during which Lord Middleton hunted the Warwickshire country.—Ed.]

he thus addressed his huntsman: "My hounds meet at half-past ten, and I wait for no one; throw them into cover, Harry." In they went, and a blank draw was the result. "Why, there is not even the slightest touch of a fox," says his lordship, and away he trotted to another cover seven miles distant, leaving in the lurch the keeper, the bagman, and a large party of gentlemen who were at breakfast, and anxiously expecting the arrival of the hounds.

In some of the more remote districts of England, where, from the unhandy, and almost impenetrable nature of the woodlands, fox-hunting in the more legitimate way is seldom or never practised, the amusement of fox-mobbing is carried on during the falls of snow in each winter, by the farmers and country-people, with the greatest perseverance. It is usual in many of these rough settlements, to brew purposely a barrel of *extra* strong beer, to be broached upon the occasion of this annual hunt; and, if it should so happen that there is not sufficient snow to enable these exterminators of the vulpine race to carry out their murderous design, the beer is kept till the next season, when a more fitting opportunity offers itself to carry on their extermination, and to regale themselves upon the beer, which, by its advanced age, had acquired an additional strength and flavour. This dreadful system was at one time carried on to a great extent in many of the Warwickshire woodlands, even where it was perfectly practicable to take hounds during the autumn for the purpose of cub-hunting.

When Sir Bellingham Graham hunted the Atherstone country, he endeavoured to put a stop to a system which well nigh threatened to drain his woodlands of all his best foxes, by inviting to a grand dinner the whole of the farmers who might then esipe in the neighbourhood of the Maxtock Woods,

and where the amusement of fox-mobbing had been annually carried on to a very great extent; but such inveterate vulpecides had these rascals become, that the very first snow which fell during the succeeding year soon dissipated all their promises to preserve the foxes for the worthy baronet; and they fell to the work of destroying the animals with as great alacrity as if Sir Bellingham had never even invited them to a dinner, nor received the slightest promise to abstain from their, to him, most annoying amusement.

At the time Mr. Corbet hunted Warwickshire, the practice of fox-stealing was carried on to such an extent in some of his best country; for instance, Woolford and Wichford woods, and most of the covers on the Long Compton side of the country, that he was absolutely obliged to pay "black mail" to the poachers and fox-catchers who chiefly resided at Long Compton and the village of Mickleton, which is situated at the foot of the well-known Cotswold Hills.

The two most celebrated families of these marauders were the Hugheses, of Long Compton, who are well known to this day for their excellent breed of earth terriers: the *genuine* strain to which I now allude are black and tan, curiously ticked upon their ears; in fact one of the best dogs I ever possessed I obtained from one of these persons. The other family were the Sharps, of Mickleton, who were also quite as celebrated for their "little dogs;" and were looked upon with horror for many years by the fox-hunters of Warwickshire and the Gloucestershire country, till at length a handsome pecuniary present to the last of the race, and his appointment as earth-stopper to the district, added to an inveterate attack of rheumatism, acquired by his long system of nocturnal adventure, made him "an honest man;" and he continued in the service of the Warwickshire hunt for many years,

until the time of his death, which took place about the year 1830, leaving as a legacy to the late Mr. Russell—who at that time hunted the country—a large collection of traps, with which he used to take the cubs, having first wrapped the teeth with cloth, to prevent their legs being injured: with these traps he begged he might have his hunters shod, as far as the iron would go, as he was willing to make amends, as well as he was able, for the great injury he had done to fox-hunting in his early life.

In a former chapter, in speaking of the exercise of hounds, I recommended their being taken out, during the summer, as early as daybreak, but this only referred to the *extreme heat* of the dog days. During the ordinary summer weather hounds ought to be taken out to *horse* exercise for several hours during the middle of the day, which is far better than giving them an hour or two's gentle exercise early in the morning, and then allowing them to lie roasting themselves upon the kennel floors in the scorching sun during the heat of the day, which practice is one of the greatest inducers of rheumatism that can be imagined, to say nothing of their blood becoming heated and thickened to the highest degree. Besides, how much their handiness is increased by always having them about with you, whenever it is possible.

I am now more especially addressing myself to those gentlemen who are in the habit of hunting their own hounds; for the mere mechanical routine of going to exercise with the property of another, for which work the servants are paid, cannot have, I fear, half the charms that the delightful country rides will afford, which the owner of the animals himself may be induced to take during that beautiful season of the year, attended by hounds of his own breeding, puppies of his own rearing, as he watches their daily improvement

both in behaviour and condition, breathing the pure uncontaminated atmosphere of nature, far, far away from the noisy pestilence of cities, charmed by the odour of wild flowers, and the never-ceasing song of the wild denizens of the woodlands, or soothed by the mighty roaring of the ocean, as he passes along, inhaling at every breath, health, vigour, and contentment, while the very horses seem to share in the exhilarating pleasure as they press with their nervous limbs the maiden freshness of the sea-washed ground. I declare that, with the exception of the more exhilarating moments of the chase, I could never discover any other mode of passing my existence in a way to me so truly pleasurable as in long morning rides with my hounds at exercise, where the nature of the ground is such, that the pack can be taken out where there is plenty of grass, as there is in parks, large commons, and forests, &c., or what is nearly as good, if not even better for a change, along the line of the sea-coast at low water.

In these long and unrestrained wanderings over some neighbouring hills, you may ride along, refreshed with the odour of the wild thyme, as you listen to the humming of the industrious bees, the "drowsy tinkling" of the sheep-bells, the distant voice of the ploughman as it breaks upon the ear, the varied song of the lark, the springish notes of the cuckoo, while the "many colour'd pack," reflecting on their glossy coats the rays of the sun, are allowed to traverse the adjacent lawn, docile and unrestrained, to the distance of a hundred yards, or to polish their muscular sides on the velvet carpet of the ancient sheep-walk.

In some kennels where strict economy, or, as it should be more appropriately termed, parsimony, is the order of the day, the hounds have no beds allowed them on their benches during the summer months;

but it is a bad system. In the first place, the kennels do not smell half so sweet as when they are allowed beds, which can be removed as often as occasion may require; nor can the vermin be kept from getting into their coats half so easily, as when there is a little straw to shake the sulphur upon; moreover, hounds by continually lying upon hard boards, not unfrequently become quite bare upon their hocks and elbows, which has an unsportsmanlike and unsightly appearance. Where straw is too dear and precious an article (as it is in some counties nearly as dear as hay)[1] to be wasted, fern or bracken, which can be sometimes had for the mere cutting and fetching, is an excellent substitute, and I have known many instances where the hounds were bedded with no other litter for a whole summer, and looked exceedingly well and bright in their coats. Ticks, as well as fleas, are a sad nuisance in some kennels; but they are undoubtedly a sure demonstration of bad, lazy kennel-huntsmanship, being in the first instance nothing else than the effects of idleness, filth, and neglect; and nothing can be easier than to eradicate such pests from all sorts of kennels if the feeder will set to work in a proper manner when he first perceives the evil to break out.

Pointing up all cracks and crevices to the fullest extent upon the walls and ceilings, and two or three whitewashings with hot lime water, well scalding the benches, and afterwards dressing the joints with corrosive sublimate dissolved in spirit and mixed with water, will perfectly and effectually eradicate the intruders, provided that, when the hounds again return to their lodging-rooms, their coats are free from vermin, which can easily be effected by the mild dressing usually used in kennels. But as prevention is always better

[1] [The editor has known straw to be £4, 5s. per ton.—Ed.]

than a cure, a little sulphur sprinkled upon the beds will prevent the vermin from ever breaking out again, unless the hounds are allowed to pick up ticks and fleas when shut up in strange places, or the kennels to become saturated with filth and dirt under the benches, or in the remote and dark corners of the building. The establishing a good and free system of ventilation is a thing not half sufficiently attended to in kennels and stables; and I am well convinced that ninety-nine cases of illness out of the hundred which occur may be traced to a neglect of so necessary a precaution, as either that or efficient drainage.

Nothing is so bad, after no ventilation at all, as for hounds to be allowed to lie in a thorough draft, more especially with the wind blowing from the east. An hour of such neglect is sufficient to totally annihilate the condition of a pack of hounds for weeks to come, producing, as I myself can bear witness, the most injurious consequences in the shape of colds, rheumatism, swelled heads, and sore throats, which are not very easily got rid of with the greatest nursing and attention. Men are very apt to be taken off their guard in hot weather, and I always fancy that more severe colds are caught during so trying a season, especially when a dry burning wind comes from the east, or a sudden change of the atmosphere takes place. Indiscriminately swimming hounds at exercise is a very questionable practice, and, in my opinion, very unhuntsmanlike. During the heat of summer there can be no harm in occasionally giving them a turn over a clear river or large fish pond, provided they are not kept in too long, and care is taken to dry them well afterwards, by allowing them to walk about some nice grass field, before they are allowed to travel in the dust, so that their clean jackets should not be stained all over.

Swimming in the sea is a very different thing alto-

gether; nothing can be more salubrious, and where a pack are within distance, I would take them two or three times a week during the heat of summer, and exercise them on the sea-shore.[1] Hounds soon learn to swim out into the sea, and at first it is very easy to get them across the arms of water that run up inland as the tide begins to flow. Besides, it does the horses' legs as much good as the hounds' constitutions to be ridden into it, and the water is an excellent and cooling medicine for either animal, if they will drink it, as I have seen many do. I have also known hounds to lap sea-water with avidity, after killing a fox in the breakers, during a hot day in the spring, the effects of

[1] [In a previous portion of the book, Mr. Vyner has mentioned at some length the lameness which affected the hounds at the Ascot kennels. To counteract this, Sharpe, who was then huntsman, was accustomed to take the pack every year, for sea-bathing, to Brighton where they had a kennel on Church Down. From this treatment the hounds benefited; but whether from the sea water or owing to the change to a healthier soil is a moot point—possibly it was from the joint effect of both. In July 1821, the pack went to Brighton as usual, but before that symptoms of hydrophobia had shown themselves, and Sharpe seems to have entertained the notion that sea bathing might operate as a cure, or rather as a prevention, against, that terrible malady. From all accounts Sharpe was no man for half measures, as we are told he kept the patients in the sea till their strength was thoroughly exhausted. An eye-witness averred that on different days several were taken out of the water in an apparently lifeless condition; while one hound was drowned. This drastic treatment, however, was powerless to protect the pack from rabies; and so Lord Cornwallis, at that time master of the buckhounds, ordered them to be destroyed. Poor old Sharpe, a martyr to rheumatism, deputed the whippers-in and the feeder to carry out the sentence; and he is reported to have cried like a child while the hounds were being put an end to. These hounds, it may be mentioned, were descended from those presented by the Duke of Richmond to the Prince Regent seven or eight years previously. About ten couples, it seems, had been left behind at Ascot, and these served to perpetuate the Goodwood blood. To form a working pack for the forthcoming season recourse was had to drafts.—Ed.]

which were most evident in ten minutes after, and any stranger to the scene would have almost thought that they were all in exercise after physic, instead of on their road to draw for a second fox. I have heard some good judges of condition say that a continuance of sea bathing is far preferable to all the dressing in the world, provided the pack has not been actually attacked by a mange, a thing seldom to be met with in these days of cleanliness and improvement.

Before I conclude my labours, I suppose I ought, *according to custom*, to give a description of a perfect run. Now, I consider that imaginary runs are almost too puerile for even cockneys to read; and although I *can* describe a run perfect in all its parts, even to the "who-whoop," and where I might add "*et quorum pars magna fui*," the fact of its having taken place in a woodland district (and consequently over ground well known to a few provincials only), will, I fear, render its record of not quite so interesting a character as if it had been enjoyed from "the Coplow" or the far-famed gorse-cover at Misterton. Still, however, I must describe it, short as the narration may be, as I really consider that, if it was not the *best* run I was ever a witness to in my life, the fox was killed in the most handsome and satisfactory manner to me, in one of the most severe and difficult countries in England for a huntsman and hounds to perform in.

In December 1835, my hounds found a fox at Birchley Hayes, a large wood lying to the right of the London and Birmingham road. Upon going away he ran through Meriden Shafts—a large cover, the property of Lord Aylesford—with a burning scent; and passing through the whole of the Packington woodlands, made the best of his way to Tyle Hill, a distance of about seven miles, the hounds carrying an extraordinary head through the whole of this difficult country,

intersected as it is with rough ground and covers in every direction, without experiencing the slightest check. From this point the fox turned rather to the left, and passing through Crackley Wood, made his point to a small head of earths close to Stoneleigh village, but which he found stopped, and continued his course over the river Avon, evidently determined to save his life in the Great Weston Woods. At Stoneleigh village we experienced our first check, having now come about eleven miles in fifty-three minutes over a most rasping and severe woodland country.

By a fortunate cast towards Stoneleigh Mill, the hounds recovered their fox; and, hitting him over the water, set to running very hard in a direction for Waveley Wood, the whole field of horsemen being completely thrown out for a time, as it was necessary to cross the river by a bridge which lay considerably to the right of the fox's line.

The hounds were brought to a check in the field next to Waveley Wood by a large flock of sheep, which gave the horsemen time to come up; when the fox, which had been turned from his point by a shepherd and his dog, was once more recovered; and, from that point the pack, who were evidently running hard for their fox, drove him in gallant style to Bubbenhall Wood, through which they rang his knell with the sweetest melody. Here he was actually viewed by the hounds; but in a last effort found strength once more to face the open, over which the hounds fairly raced him in view, and driving him into Ryton Wood—a cover of two hundred acres—killed him in the middle of it, and within a hundred yards of the main head of earths, which were then open, after a most brilliant and satisfactory run of one hour and thirty-seven minutes, through a country beset on every side with deep and holding woodlands and fences almost impracticable.

The hounds, however, had two points especially in their favour, one of which was a *real* burning scent, and the other a straight and determined fox. The distance traversed was about fourteen miles, and the number of large covers passed through were nine or ten.[1]

Without enumerating any of the long list of first-rate runs to which I have myself been witness during my hunting-career, I will content myself by transcribing from "The Journal of the Operations of the Belvoir Foxhounds," a run which took place on December 10, 1805, and which has justly been pronounced as one of the best runs ever recorded. There will be no *imaginary conversation* between *imaginary persons*

[1] [On reading accounts of both ancient and modern runs, I cannot help thinking that the writers often adopt a somewhat flattering estimate of pace. In the run Mr. Vyner so vividly describes, he makes hounds and horsemen cover *about*—an elastic term, of course —11 miles in 53 minutes; that is an average of $4\frac{9}{11}$ minutes for each mile. I do not hesitate to say that if any pack ran at this rate to-morrow "over a most rasping and severe woodland country," for a distance of 3 miles, not 5 per cent. of the field would see which way they went. Furthermore, in the run described in the text, the 11 miles or so were run without a check; and then, when the fox was hit off, again "the whole field of horsemen" had to go round by a bridge. How often would one see a "whole field" up after such a 53 minutes? The duration of the checks is not given; but at any rate, the average pace for the final 3 miles, "including stoppages," was $14\frac{2}{3}$ minutes per mile, or about 10 minutes per mile slower than the average speed of the first 11 miles; yet for some time the hounds ran in view! My own idea is, that if hounds run anything like straight, and cover $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles within the hour, they will leave behind a large proportion of the field. On two occasions it has happened to me to be driving when hounds have been running parallel, or nearly so, to the road. In both instances the field had tailed considerably, and there were not half-a-dozen men really with the hounds; yet a thirteen-hand pony kept up with the pack on the road without going as fast as 9 miles an hour. Four miles, at 12 miles an hour will, I fancy, shake off all but the best men and the best horses.—Ed.]

The hounds, however, had two points especially in [illegible] of which was a *real* burning scent [illegible] straight and determined fox. [illegible] was about fourteen miles, and [illegible] of large covers passed through were nine or [illegible]

Without enumerating any of the long list of first-rate runs to which I have myself been witness during my hunting-career, I will content myself by transcribing from "The Journal of the Operations of the Belvoir Foxhounds," a run which took place on December 10 1805, and which has justly been pronounced as one of the best runs ever recorded. There will be no *imaginary conversation* between *imaginary persons*

[1] [On reading [illegible] of both ancient and modern runs, I cannot [illegible] thinking [illegible] ers often adopt a somewhat flattering [illegible] Mr. Vyner so vividly describes, he [illegible] *about*—an elastic term, of course [illegible] average of 4¾ minutes for [illegible] that if any pack ran at this [illegible] country," [illegible] would see which [illegible] described in the text, the [illegible] and then, when the fox was [illegible] horsemen" had to go round by a [illegible] often [illegible] see a "whole field" up after such a [illegible] The distance of the checks is not given; but at any [illegible] miles, including stoppages, [illegible] minutes per mile, or about 10 minutes per mile slower than [illegible] average speed of the first 11 miles; yet for some time the [illegible] in view. My own idea is, that if hounds [illegible] miles without [illegible] they will leave [illegible] large proportion of the field. On two occasions [illegible] to the road. In both instances the field [illegible] and there were not half-a-dozen men [illegible] hound pony kept up with the pack [illegible] miles an hour. Four miles [illegible] off all but the best men, [illegible] best horses.—Ed.]

FOX HUNTING — THE FINISH

introduced, no line of country selected *to serve the purpose;* and, although there will be no "death halloo" wafted on the gales to Cottesmore, I hope I may be allowed to introduce it without further apology.

"WALTHAM, Dec. 10.—It had snowed considerably in the morning, and was inclined to freeze; and, as the sun had little or no power, we soon perceived, on meeting at Waltham, that there was no probability of the snow melting sufficiently to enable us to throw off in that country. As the vale of Belvoir appeared free from snow, we determined, by a rapid and sudden movement, to reach Jericho cover. Unexpected as our appearance was in that quarter, yet the foxes were not taken by surprise.

"On our arrival there we were informed that a fox had been disturbed from an adjoining stubble-field, and had entered the cover. Probably he had passed through it; for, on throwing in the hounds, some of them would have brought away a scent at the gate in the top part of the cover. They soon, however, found; and the fox came away along the hedge-row that runs from the north-east corner. The hounds came out with [1] another fox at first, but hallooing them from him, we laid them on the scent of the former, and ran him very hard across the road that leads to Whatton, then turned to the right, and crossing the Whippling, came up nearly to the canal, two fields from Redmile Bridge. Here we experienced a check by the hounds being over-ridden; but they hunted him forwards, and he got up in view to the pack from some rushes [2] in a field opposite to the windmill which

[1] "This fox had returned into the cover, and we were lucky in getting the hounds away from him."

[2] "Many gentlemen were thrown out at this point; and such was the pace of the hounds from hence that they never saw more of them until we turned back from Cotham."

stands on the Belvoir side of the canal. They now set off at the best pace, making a direct point for Bottesford town; and then bearing to the left, crossed the Nottingham turnpike road at the toll-bar leading to Elton, leaving Bottesford completely on the right; crossed the river[1] Devon, and leaving the village of Normanton on the right, and Kilvington on the left, made a direct point for Staunton; but turning to the right, went over[2] the road that leads from Bottesford to the North Road, up to Normanton Thorns.

"The fox had skirted the cover without entering it, leaving it on his left; and when we reached the top of the adjoining hill, we viewed him two fields ahead. He now took the road which leads to Long Bennington, but turned from it into the lane that leads to the left of Cotham; and leaving that, he made his way to the North Road, which he kept on his right till close to Cotham village. He had now run ten miles, with the wind directly in his teeth; and all persons were unanimous in considering it as a fine run, and in expecting immediate death. They little knew the strength and intentions of the animal before them. He had been sorely pressed since he jumped up in view, and finding that his upwind course was no longer safe, he deserted whatever point he had in that line, and

---

[1] "The only persons who leaped this wide brook were Mr. Forester and J. Wing, a farmer; the latter fell in the attempt. The rest of the field leaped into the bottom of it, and got out at a watering-place for cattle, which fortunately offered itself on the opposite side." [On the 7th February 1856, during Mr. Baker's mastership of the North Warwickshire Hounds, Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Monzie, jumped the river Leam where it was 27 feet 7 inches wide. See vol. vii. of *The Field*, pp. 116, 136.—Ed.]

[2] "The only check that occurred between the field where the fox jumped up in view and the point whence they turned back from Cotham was at this place, owing to their being pressed along a hedge-row."

turned back down wind, from Mr. Evelyn Sutton's white farmhouse, by which measure he at first threw the hounds[1] to hunting. They, however, recovered their terms in a few moments, and going back close to Long Bennington town, stretched away along a line for Foston, until they reached the road that runs from the former place towards Allington. They ran along it nearly[2] a mile, until they came to a small fir plantation on the eastern side of the lane, in Allington Lordship. Hence they turned away to the right, by Bennington Grange, crossed the Nottingham turnpike road, left Muston village on their right, and went up to Sir John Thorold's plantation.

"The fox came out in view to many gentlemen, and made for the canal bridge opposite; but being headed by a man there, he returned through the cover, and away at the opposite end. Two couple of hounds got away close to his brush, and the remainder hunted after them over the river, and overtook them when within three fields of Sedgebrook village. They now again ran very hard over this beautiful country, leaving Sedgebrook on the left, with their heads directly for Barrowby Thorns. After going within two[3] fields of that cover, they suddenly turned to the right, and ascended the hill which lies between the Nottingham road and the Thorns, on the top of which is a clump of fir-trees. From this point several horses dated their discomfiture.

---

1. "Mr. Cholmondeley, who had been thrown out in the course of the run, hearing the hounds returning towards him, looked for the fox, and saw him come through a hedge close to him, and not more than two fields before the hounds. He crouched for a few moments, and then returned through the hedge back towards the hounds; but of course speedily changed his direction again."

2 "Some men had viewed him in this lane, and he was then about four or five minutes before the hounds."

3 "Previous to this point he had been again twice viewed, and each time was five minutes before the hounds."

"The hounds, after ascending the hill, proceeded without any relaxation of pace, leaving Barrowby town half a mile on the right, pointing for Gunnerby village, but when they entered Gunnerby Open Field, they turned sharp to the right; and going over a hollow that runs up from Grantham, they crossed the hill on the other side, went over Earl's Fields, and came down to the canal, within 200 yards of the wharf at Grantham. The fox had intended to nick a swing-bridge[1] opposite the toll-bar, but having missed his point by 300 yards, he ran the towing-path, and then crossed over the bridge. A man who was there informed us that he was then ten minutes before us. Crossing the Melton turnpike road, we now ascended the hill, and leaving Harlaxton Wood just upon the right, went away, at great speed on the part of the hounds, to Straxton.

"Leaving this place immediately on[2] the right, they crossed the earths, and made a straight point down to Great Paunton town. Here they crossed the high[3] north road, and, going by the north end of the town,

---

[1] "This fox had shown a marked dislike to water during the whole of his widely extended course. At Muston plantation, when he headed from the bridge, he made no other attempt to cross the canal, though it probably was his intention at that time to make a direct point for the woodlands, which he could have done with a saving of five or six miles. Again at Grantham swing-bridge he was determined, in defiance of a man who was upon it, to pass over it, and effected his purpose; and in crossing the river at Great Paunton, he did not go through the river, but availed himself of a foot-bridge."

[2] "They went through a small garden close to the village."

[3] "Very few horsemen went forward from hence; horses were to be seen in all parts of the country in great distress, and the only gentlemen who were at the conclusion were Messrs. Forester, Berkeley Craven, and Vansittart; and of these the two latter had not been near the hounds during the severe part of the run, after the fox jumped up in view between Redmile and Bottesford."

went over the river and the earths by the mill; ascended the opposite hill, and going across the stone quarry, skirted Paunton Wood, as if bound for Boothby, but, turning to the right, went over the fine country to Stoke Park. They left that cover on the right, and Bassenthorpe village on the left, and, topping the hill, went away for Burton Slade Wood; when—the company being now reduced to five or six persons, the horses of the huntspeople tired and not in sight, the spirit, exertion, and strength of our extraordinary fox undiminished and unbroken, and a prospect of an immediate change in these great woodlands—it was deemed advisable to whip off the hounds at this point,[1] which was effected with much difficulty by Cecil Forester, Esq., and one or two others. On examining the period of duration of this wonderful chase, it was found to have lasted three hours.

"This run is supposed by all sportsmen to have been the best that can be remembered in the annals of fox-hunting. Its great distinguishing marks were, the distance of the point where the fox was found from the place where the hounds were whipped off from the scent, and the still greater distance of the furthest point in the run (Cotham) from the same place. The former is not less, as the crow flies, than fourteen miles; the latter, eighteen.

"The other qualifications which give this run a decided superiority over all others that can be remembered, were the beauty and the novelty of the country over which the fox carried us, and the extraordinary and continued pace at which the hounds ran

[1] "Of twenty-one couples of hounds that were out, eighteen and a half couples were either immediately with the pack at the time of stopping them, or came up with the huntspeople immediately after. Among the stoutest hounds were particularly distinguishable Traveller and Helen."

during the whole time. Confident in his own strength, the fox never endeavoured to keep farther away from the pack than a few minutes; and to this, perhaps, is partly to be attributed the apparent goodness of the scent, and the consequent severity of the chase. He was at no time pressed to defeat,[1] excepting when he gave up his Cotham point; nor did he fear showing himself occasionally, as he did before we reached Bottesford, and again at Long Bennington, and a third time at Sir John Thorold's plantation. It was thought by many persons that the hounds must have changed here; but the only foundation upon which they could rest this opinion was the impossibility of a run so severe and extensive being the exertion of a single fox. At Muston plantation he was viewed thrice, and by most of the company; and it was easy to be seen that we had not *then* changed; and as there never was at any time the most trifling division of scent, and we never entered any cover whatever, with the exception of the above-mentioned plantation, it is certainly equally fair to presume that we never *did* change. It remains only to add, that during the three hours that the hounds were running, they were supposed, on a moderate calculation, to have run for thirty-five to thirty-eight miles; and that they crossed, during that period, through twenty lordships. Of the extraordinary fox which they pursued, we can only say, '*Semper honos, nomenque suum, laudesque manebunt.*'"

[1] "It must be recollected that this fox was possessed of such stoutness that he endured for three hours the pace which is in general supposed equal to the destruction of an ordinary fox in forty minutes. He had evidently a knowledge of Mr. Muster's country by his running up wind to Cotham, and when he found that it was not safe to persevere longer in that line, he immediately determined upon reaching the Great Woodlands, nearly twenty miles distant in another direction."

There is something to me always particularly melancholy in the spring. As the close of the hunting season approaches it invariably brings with it a train of gloomy ideas and reminiscences of by-gone happy days; of the absence of friends who have taken their departure until the revolving year brings winter round again, and perhaps never more to return. Whether it is the consciousness of the departure of life, or feelings imbibed from the soft Favonian breath of spring, I know not, which makes this period appear so depressing to the spirits, and so productive of a desire to reflect and moralise; but there is undoubtedly something in the atmosphere of this season which is not to be perceived during any other quarter of the year; although the weather is generally finer than in the previous months; and the new and beauteous livery, with which nature is still in the act of adorning herself, seems to impart, not only to the vegetable, but also to the animal creation, a freshness and splendour which one might suppose would awaken different ideas and feelings in the bosom of man.

As we ride along the sunny side of some lengthened and impenetrable wood, listening to the monotonous and gloomy sound of the voice of the whipper-in, or the opening note of some distant hound challenging upon a drag, or the line of a disturbed fox, every vision which rises up before us, and every object upon which we allow the eye to dwell, seems to remind us that May is not the season of the year for fox-hunting. The shrill bleating of the helpless lambs as they start from the bank-side on which they were basking, warns us of the danger of their situation. The high notes of the thrush, and the lengthened song of the blackbird seem to mock us as we cheer the well-known find. Even the modest primrose, and the powerful scent of the violet, lend their assistance to baffle our

attempts to pursue our unseasonable amusement, and remind us by their looks, if their voices are mute, that this must be recorded in our journal as the last day of the season. Even the honest farmer, as we pass his homestead or the newly-repaired gap—over which he peers with an indignant scowl—greets us with a very different expression, both of countenance and voice, to what he did at Christmas; and, instead of the accustomed smile and the proffered glass of his wife's ale, the sullen remark of "I suppose you won't come any more this turn," forms the whole of both salutation and adieu from that disapproving quarter.

All this is anything but conducive to quiet and satisfactory feeling; and, by drinking the pleasures of life to the dregs, we totally defeat the object with which they ought always to be pursued.

As we draw nearer to home these conflicting reminiscences and visions seem to dwell more forcibly upon our fancy; and, as the fleeting echo of the last blast of the horn dies away upon the ear, as we approach the kennel for the last time, this painful idea rushes across the mind—Shall I ever again enjoy this most enchanting of all recreations—this most noble and manly of all pursuits? Shall I ever again read in this—

> "Table wherein all my thoughts
> Are visibly character'd and engraved?"[1]

or must I exclaim, when I turn my face away, as the door is shut upon the unwilling steps of my lingering companions—

"FAREWELL!"

---

[1] "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

CHAPTER VII.

BIOGRAPHIES.

The county of York has, from time immemorial, been productive of more genuine sportsmen than any other part of England; and, amongst those who flourished in the days of which I have been speaking, no man was more celebrated as a fine specimen of the original stamp of fox-hunter and country gentleman than William Draper, Esq., of Beswick, in the East Riding. I know well the old mansion where this fine old sportsman lived, passing by it, as I frequently did, on my road to cover, when I myself hunted the Holderness country, which consists of what is called Holderness and part of the wolds, reaching as far as the town of Driffield, between which and Beverley, at the village of Beswick, stands the once celebrated manor-house, now much dilapidated, and converted, by degrees, into a regular farmhouse. The only feature which would arrest the sportsman's eye is the small public-house which is opposite, ornamented by the sign of The Death of the Fox, or the "Fox and Hounds," as it is there called. The exploits of this once celebrated man have been handed down from father to son amongst the farmers of that neighbourhood; but as the account which I could glean of him would be very imperfect, I will avail myself of a short biographical memoir, written by Major Topham, the substance of which he received from the relations of Mr. Draper himself.

"In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Beswick Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived the once well-known William Draper, Esq., who bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of foxhounds in Europe. On an income of £700 a year, and no more, he brought up frugally and creditably a family of eleven sons and daughters, kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true bred foxhounds, besides a carriage with horses suitable to carry out my lady and her daughters to church and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old, honest style of his country, killing every month a good ox of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a goodly, substantial table, but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long, dark-brown hunting coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and at the hall, so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition, which was of great use to him in after life in advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order that sportsmen observed them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to live there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got good instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished no better character than that they were recommended by Squire Draper. He was always out of bed, during the hunting season, at four o'clock in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their master's voice. In the field he rode with good judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when at fault. His daughter, Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheer-

ing the hounds with her voice. She died in York at a good old age, and what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not follow her, she died in her bed with whole bones. After the fatigues of the day, when he generally brought home a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes a distance of thirty miles, with good old English hospitality; prime old October home-brewed was the liquor drunk, and his first fox-hunting toast, after dinner, was, 'All the brushes in Christendom.' At the age of eighty years this famous squire died as he lived, for he died on horseback; as he was returning from a visit to a neighbouring sportsman, where he had been to give him some instruction about establishing a pack of hounds, he was seized with a fit, and, dropping from his favourite pony, expired.[1] There was no man, rich or poor, in the neighbourhood, but who lamented his death, and the foxes were the only living things that had cause to be glad that Squire Draper was no more."

A Yorkshireman and a sportsman have, from time immemorial, been almost synonymous terms; and I have always fancied that there is invariably a certain degree of *character* stamped upon the inhabitants of this, my favourite county, which in no degree loses its interest even in the more humble of its examples. Amongst the numerous latter class whom circumstances have placed in my way, not one is more deserv-

[1] [Mr. Roper, master of the Charlton Hunt (see p. 23 *n.*) also died in harness. He had met the hounds in the month of April 1715; and just as they found a fox at Findon, Mr. Roper was seized with a fit, fell from his horse, and expired at the age of eighty-four. Another painfully sudden death in the hunting field was that of Mr. J. Hope Barton who, in 1869, succeeded Lord Hawke as master of the Badsworth. Like Mr. Roper he was seized with a fit and fell dead from his horse, while hunting, in 1876.—Ed.]

ing of notice than that extraordinary character who is the subject of the following short memoir :—

Robert Darling, who was so well known for a great number of years as earth-stopper to the Holderness hounds by the appropriate soubriquet of "Dog Bob," was a native of that southern part of Durham bordering upon Yorkshire, where, in the humble and retired capacity of a ploughman, he first imbibed a passion for the chase. Upon an occasion of Lord Darlington's (afterwards Duke of Cleveland's) hounds running a fox through the field where our hero was at work, he, totally unable to resist the temptation, unyoked the "fore-horse of the team," who had been an old hunter, and, with a nerve and judgment far surpassing his years, went to the end of a long run, when the hounds killed their fox, and the noble master of the hounds presented him with a guinea for the gallant manner in which, without a saddle, he had distinguished himself through the chase. Upon his return home in the evening he got, what he most richly deserved, rather more than a slight taste of the farmer's hunting-whip, and without supper or bed was turned adrift to seek his fortune as he could. He then entered the service of a horse-breaker, and subsequently, emerging from man to master, he started on his own account as a horse-dealer; and settled in the town of Hedon, in the East Riding. These might be considered as the palmy days of our future earth-stopper. To the precarious profession of horse-dealing was added that of a farmer of a pack of harriers, which he kept for many years, they being chiefly supported by the subscriptions of a set of sporting tradespeople at Hull. As time passed away, and hare-hunting became less fashionable in that neighbourhood, poor Bob very soon, without the assistance of his subscriptions, "*brought his noble to ninepence;*" and, taking his pack to London upon specula-

tion, he sold the finest of his hounds at Tattersall's; but failing to find customers for the whole, and not fancying a second taste of keeping hounds out of his own pocket, he, to use his own words, "gave the poor things their liberty in the streets of London," leaving them, as their master once before had been left, to seek their fortune through the wide world. Upon his return to Yorkshire, still loving any kind of life which was attached to hunting, he was installed earth-stopper and watcher of the fox-covers belonging to the Holderness hounds. In this capacity, dressed in the cast-off scarlet coats and caps of the whippers-in, both summer and winter, did "Dog Bob" perform the office above mentioned till upwards of seventy seasons had blanched his scanty locks, regularly attending the pack at the cover side mounted in full costume, and frequently appearing at the end of the day's sport riding over fences, even during his last season, which would have tried the nerves of many men of only half his years.

Subsequent to the period above referred to, in which Mr. Draper shone so conspicuously, great improvements took place in *almost* every department connected with the chase; establishments totally unconnected with the other parts of a country gentleman's household, and on a far more expensive scale than heretofore maintained, began to be kept. Still, the chief enjoyers and promoters of the amusement were to be discovered almost exclusively amongst that class of persons who necessarily were the first originators of the science. During the long period of which I am now speaking, it would be difficult indeed to discover, amongst all his contemporaries, a counterpart of that extraordinary character, a short memoir of whom I am about to present to my readers.

On the 9th of December 1838, and in the eighty-first year of his age, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square,

died John Warde, Esq., of Squerries, in the county of Kent. He was, during fifty-six years, a master of fox-hounds, and enjoyed, till his death, the honourable title of "The Father of Fox-Hunters," which devolved upon Mr. Warde on the demise of the first Lord Yarborough.

Mr Warde's *début* as a master of hounds commenced at a very early period of his life; in fact, he was only just of age when he first became the possessor of a pack of foxhounds in France. He subsequently hunted Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, and Berkshire. In the latter county he made his bow, in the year 1825, on the stage to the fox-hunting world, where he had during so many seasons played his part with universal applause, selling his hounds to Mr. Horlock for 2000 guineas. During the whole course of his long hunting career he never attempted to handle the pack himself, but left the entire management of the hounds, after they had been thrown off, to his huntsmen—the most celebrated of whom were Jem Butler, when he hunted the Pytchley country; Robert Forfeit, who became afterwards his groom; and in Berkshire old Will Neverd. The description of hounds which Mr. Warde bred through the whole of his life was a large, bony, throaty sort of hound, more calculated to plod his way over the cheerless and flinty downs of Berkshire, than to take the shine out of the nags in the Pytchley country; and in later life he even increased their size, when they were designated by the neighbouring sportsmen as "John Warde's Jackasses."[1] The following extraordinary run occurred with Mr. Warde's hounds

[1] [In *Post and Paddock* "The Druid" writes that Mr. Warde would never cross with Mr. Meynell's blood. He obtained two of his worst draft hounds, which he named Queer'em and Quornite, and used to show them as specimens of the Quorn pack.—Ed.]

when he hunted the Pytchley country:—On February 3rd, 1802, found a fox at Marston Wood, between Welford and Market Harboro', at half-past ten o'clock, and went away immediately at the best pace over Sibertoft, Howthorpe, Theddingworth, Laughton, Lubbenham, and Foxton, where he was headed by a party coursing to Gumley, owing to which the hounds slackened their pace a little, and were brought to hunting near to Gumley House. About a mile on they got from scent to view, and ran swiftly over Saddington, Smeaton, Kibworth, Fleckney, Wistow, Newton Harcourt, Glenn, Oadby, Stoughton, Great Stretton, Little Stretton, and on to Galby. Here they again came to hunting over Trisby, to Billesdon, and under the cover side to Billesdon Coplow, where they came to very close hunting for near an hour over Cold Newton, Skeffington, and Tilton-on-the-Hill, where they hunted up to him in a double hedge-row, from whence they got view, and ran into him, after a chase of four hours and a quarter, in the course of which they ran through twenty-six parishes, without going into any cover! The distance from Marston Wood to the farthest point is computed at twenty-seven miles, and the circle they made from thirty-five to forty miles.[1] Out of a numerous field at starting, the only people remaining with the hounds at the end were the late Sir Henry Warde, K.C.B., brother to Mr. Warde, and Sir Andrew Barnard, with Robert Forfeit, the huntsman, and Jem Butler, the first whipper-in. The hounds slept that night in the kennels at Bowden Inn, where Lord Sefton, who then hunted Leicestershire, kept his hounds.

[1] [I should scarcely think it possible for any one to have ridden an unclipped horse—clipping was not invented in 1802—at a rate of nearly 10 miles an hour for four hours.—Ed.]

Mr. Warde twice suffered in his kennel from the ravages of canine madness—at one time, losing his whole pack; and at another, all excepting a few couples. Mr. Warde's greatest failing in breeding hounds was his extreme prejudice in favour of his own sort; to which might be attributed the increased slackness of the pack, although unrivalled in form in his later days. He was remarkably convivial and facetious; and although his well-timed jokes and anecdotes continually kept "the table in a roar," he was as much at home and refined in the more elegant society of the drawing-room, as he was when entertaining with his inexhaustible fund of wit a circle of sporting farmers by the cover side. No man was better calculated than Mr. Warde to add a lustre to each grade of society in which it was his lot at times to be placed, various and different as it was; and equally was he in his place, whether you take him as a bidden guest, as was occasionally the case in his early life, at the refined table of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, or merely as the chairman of a Pytchley Hunt dinner. He was a great patron of the road,[1] and amongst the dragsmen of the old school was considered a first-rate performer in his way, always driving his own four horses on a journey, let the distance be ever so great. He was one of the original members of the B. D. C. (or Benson Driving Club); and amongst the numerous feats of his more active days may be enumerated his driving one of the long coaches from London to Oxford in a match against time, which he won. Mr. Warde was a great agriculturist; and at one time, when the butchers of his neighbourhood, in Kent, combined

[1] [It is said that Mr. Warde was the first to suggest that the stage-coaches should be built with springs under the driving-box. —Ed.]

unfairly to keep up the price of meat, he opened a regular butcher's shop of his own; and, by a spirited perseverance in underselling the trade, not only brought the butchers to their senses, but reduced the price of meat to its proper standard, making for himself, as he afterwards declared, a good and remunerative profit by the transaction. During the summer, when his pack was at what he considered their highest perfection, Mr. Warde had an annual hound-show at Squerries, to which place were invited many of the first judges amongst the masters of hounds of that day, who were not contented by merely inspecting the pack in kennel; but had many of the best hounds brought by the huntsman singly into the room after dinner, where they once more went through the ordeal of the scrutinising judgment of his guests; and where their individual merits were again pointed out by the enthusiastic owner of the pack. Mr. Warde's immense and increasing weight during the latter part of his career led him to be the purchaser of a description of horse which, from its pace, was by many sportsmen considered but ill-calculated to carry a man to a pack of foxhounds in any country; and I remember many years ago, when I was staying at Hungerford for the purpose of hunting with his hounds, that he purchased a bay horse to carry himself, with no other character than that he could draw a load of wheat round the market-place in a quicker time than could be accomplished by any other horse in that neighbourhood.

[The present Editor has been unable to gather any information in connection with the pack of hounds which Mr. Vyner says Mr. Warde had in France. It is, indeed, somewhat curious that, considering Mr. Warde's great fame, there should be several contradictory accounts of his career as a M.F.H. In his "Records of the Chase," Cecil says that, prior to

1776, Mr. Warde hunted the country round Westerham, in Kent, in which neighbourhood Squerries was situate. If Mr. Warde was eighty years old at the time of his death in 1838, he must have been born in 1758; and if he hunted round Westerham before 1776, he must have kept hounds before he was eighteen years of age. Then another account says that after giving up the Westerham country, he kept for two years a pack of hounds at Yattenden, in Berks. Then, according to "Gelert," Mr. Warde made his *début* in Oxfordshire in 1778, hunting that country till 1800, a period of twenty-two years; but others allege that he was in Oxfordshire for eighteen seasons only. Mr. Vyner, it will be observed, does not mention Mr. Warde's Oxfordshire country, probably for the reason that, after he had hunted that country for some time, he extended his boundaries into Warwickshire. "Gelert's" theory, however, that Mr. Warde hunted Oxfordshire till 1800, must be incorrect, because, in the late Mr. Nethercote's very accurate history of the Pytchley Hunt, it appears that Mr. Warde became master of the Pytchley in 1797, and held that position till 1808. In that year he sold to Lord Althorp, at the price of 1000 guineas, his pack of hounds, with the exception of three couples of bitches and their offspring; and next, having purchased thirty couples from Colonel Cook, who had just given up the Thurlow country, undertook to hunt the New Forest; and it is curious to observe that Mr. Vyner does not make mention of this country in giving an outline of Mr. Warde's career, though it was during his tenure of the New Forest that his kennel was attacked with rabies (see p. 336), which carried off forty-one couples of hounds. This was in 1813, and in the following year he resigned in favour of Mr. Nicoll, and removed to the Craven

country, in Berks, retiring finally from the hunting-field in 1826. In the *Newbury Weekly News*, about 1884, Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A., wrote a history of the Craven Hunt, and stated that Mr. Warde had been a master of hounds for fifty-two years; Mr. Vyner says fifty-six years, and Mr. Nethercote fifty-seven. If we adopt Mr. Money's chronology, Mr. Warde must have commenced to keep hounds in 1774; if Mr. Vyner be right in his dates, the "Father of Fox-Hunting" must have made his *début* in 1770; while, if Mr. Nethercote is to be believed, Mr. Warde must have begun in 1769. Now if, as Mr. Vyner says, Mr. Warde was eighty years old when he died in 1838, he must, as already remarked, have been born in 1758; and therefore, according to the three above-mentioned historians, he must have been a master of hounds at twenty-eight years of age, according to Mr. Money; at twenty-four years of age, if Mr. Vyner be accurate; and at twenty-three years of age, according to Mr. Nethercote. "Cecil," however ("Records of the Chase"), says that Mr. Warde died in 1838 at the great age of *eighty-six*, and was master of hounds for fifty-six years. He was master of the Craven for eleven years, of the Pytchley eleven years, and of the New Forest six years; and these three countries account for twenty-eight years. He must have hunted Oxfordshire and Warwickshire for eighteen years (and not twenty-two), which makes the total forty-six years. If, as "Cecil" relates, he was two years in the Yattenden country, we have forty-eight years; and how many years must be allowed for the French pack and the Westerham country is uncertain.—Ed.]

By the death of John Warde, society was deprived of one of the finest specimens of the true English gentleman and sportsman that was ever known, either in his own time or any previous to it; he

was an excellent neighbour, and a staunch and sincere friend. That stamp of fine old English squires will soon be rooted from the soil; and though nearly eradicated, we occasionally see recorded the death of some aged remnant of the old school.

The worthy baronet of whom the following is a short memoir was another sample of the good old times of which we have been speaking. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Warde's, and, at the time he hunted Warwickshire, a constant attendant on his pack in the hunting-field.

Died, on the 6th of August 1841, at Ryde, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart., of Birdingbury Hall, Warwickshire.

The demise of the worthy baronet has taken from society one of the finest specimens of the old sportsman and country gentleman that has been known for many years. He was a magistrate for the county of Warwick, and one of the trustees of Rugby School. Trained from his earliest infancy to the sports of the field, Sir Theophilus shone in after-life as a proficient in almost every description of sporting lore. Although at no time a master of foxhounds himself, he was a strict preserver of foxes, and a constant attendant at the cover side, and no one better understood the whole arcana of the chase. He was, moreover, a good hand at hare-hunting, and no pack of harriers stood in higher estimation than his own, which he hunted himself for a very long period, even until his seventy-fifth year. He was a contemporary and intimate friend of the celebrated John Warde, of Squerries; and a rich treat it was for all lovers of fun and fox-hunting to meet these two jolly old Nimrods together over the mahogany.

Sir Theophilus rode a horse many seasons which he bought of Mr. Warde, and which was called "Pattens," from his extraordinary manner of going. At every description of trap, net, or other engine for the taking of all kinds of animals, birds, or fish, he was unequalled; and was one of the few remaining sportsmen who kept up the old system of taking partridges by means of the setting dog and net; his best setters were procured from Staffordshire. He was a great preserver of pheasants as well as foxes, and was the original inventor of the artificial pheasant, which is placed in trees to deceive the poachers when shooting them by moonlight. Sir Theophilus was also the inventor of a humane man-trap for catching poachers and garden thieves, by means of a chain, without injuring their limbs.

He was a huntsman, a shot, a fisherman both in fresh and sea water, an otter-hunter, a bird-catcher, and a taker of wild fowl by means of a regular decoy; he also made and repaired all his own nets; he was an excellent mechanic, and a first-rate turner in wood, metal, and ivory.

Sir Theophilus Biddulph has gone down to the grave sincerely regretted by all classes of society, excepting the poachers, of whom he had been the terror for many a year. In his person he was remarkably handsome, and although always, even in early life, a heavy man, his weight considerably increased with his years, and at the time of his death he weighed nearly twenty stone.

On February 13th, in the year 1825, a most extraordinarily good run took place from the noted fox-cover Deepdale, which was then a well-preserved cover of Sir Theophilus Biddulph's, and is even now a favourite draw with the Warwickshire hounds.

Lord Lichfield (at that time Lord Anson) hunted what is known as the Dunchurch country, and it was with his lordship's pack that this excellent run took place, which was afterwards celebrated in verse by a well-known sporting divine, who had the good luck to have come from a neighbouring country to meet his lordship's hounds on that memorable occasion.

John Musters.

John Musters, Esq., of Colwick Hall and Annesley Park, Nottinghamshire, died at his last-named seat, on the 8th September 1849.

The family of De Musters, or De Monasteriis, is very old, and was located in Nottinghamshire prior to the time of William the Conqueror, as appears by Doomsday Book; the chief residence has for the last 200 years been at Colwick Hall, near Nottingham, which was purchased from the Byrons.

Mr. Musters was born in Grosvenor Square, London, on the 6th of July 1777, and was consequently in his seventy-third year. He was the only son and heir of John Musters, Esq., of Colwick Hall,[1] &c., &c., by Sophia Catherine, daughter and coheiress of James Modyford Heywood, Esq., of Maristow, in the county of Devon. He had an only sister, Sophia, married to Thomas Wright Vaughan, Esq., of Woodstone, Huntingdonshire, both of whom survive him.

[1] [Mr. Musters, about the year 1770 bought the hounds which Lord Robert Manners Sutton had kept at Kelham; and with them Mr. Musters hunted what is now the South Notts country. In 1798, he made over to his son "Jack," the subject of Mr. Vyner's biography, and then but twenty-two years old, a portion of the country; and Mr. Meynell contributed ten couples of hounds towards the formation of the new pack. The remaining portion Mr. Musters, sen. hunted up to the year 1802.—Ed.]

At the age of thirteen he went to Eton, and at seventeen to Christ Church, Oxford, as a Gentleman-Commoner. Dr. Cyril Jackson was then Dean of Christ Church, by whom, as well as by the tutors and students, young Musters was, notwithstanding his sporting predilections, much liked. The whole routine of a university education was not then, as now, deemed so essential for a gentleman of his position; and he readily obtained his father's consent to his quitting Oxford, and accepting a company in the Nottinghamshire Militia, then quartered in Scotland, and to his pursuing those sporting occupations which were so congenial with his nature.

Mr. Musters married, on the 17th August 1805, Mary Anne, only daughter of George Chaworth, Esq.,[1] the heiress and representative of the ancient family of Annesley de Annesley, Nottinghamshire, residing there before the Conquest, and of the Chaworths of Wiverton, through George Chaworth, of Wiverton, who, in 1436, married Alice de Annesley, then heiress of those demesnes. Miss Chaworth was at the time of her marriage, in 1805, a minor and a ward in Chancery; and the marriage took place with the approval of the late Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor.

A late noble poet (Lord Byron) was also a devoted admirer of the young lady, and her marriage with his rival was the source of the bitter disappointment and sorrowing which he evinced in his writings at various periods of his after-life.

Mr. Musters survived his wife seventeen years. Four sons and three daughters were the issue of this marriage, of whom all survive except the eldest and youngest sons. The eldest son married Emily, daughter

[1] [He took the name of Chaworth after his marriage; but subsequently re-adopted the name of Musters.—Ed.]

of Philip Hamond, Esq., of Westacre, Norfolk; and John Chaworth Musters, the eldest son of that marriage, succeeded his grandfather.

Mr. Musters was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the counties of Nottingham and Derby, and was High Sheriff for Nottinghamshire in 1810. He had no senatorial ambition, and declined to be called to the House of Peers by the revived title of Lord Chaworth, on the ground (his father being then alive) that his income was not adequate; and he afterwards declined to be nominated as a candidate for the representation of his native county in Parliament, on the ground that his attachment to field sports would engross more of his time than his constituents might approve; but, in truth, he had no taste for legislatorial occupations. He took little part in politics; his principles might be styled moderately Conservative.

The remark must not be here omitted that the elegance of manner and attention to the accomplishments of the drawing-room, for which Mr. Musters was scarcely less well known than he was for his success in manly sports, were in a great measure hereditary. His father was an excellent specimen of the old English country gentleman, celebrated both for the munificence of his household and the urbanity of his manners. He was a master of fox-hounds, and hunted the south Nottinghamshire country thirty-five seasons. His mother was one of the greatest beauties and most perfect gentlewomen of her day, the friend of another as renowned a beauty and accomplished noble lady, Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, the wife of Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland. Mrs. Musters was fair, the Duchess dark: there are many portraits of both. Of those of Mrs. Musters, two at Colwick, a full and half length; a third at Petworth, belonging to the late Lord Egremont; a fourth, in the possession of her daughter,

Mrs. Vaughan (all by Sir Joshua Reynolds); and a fifth, also in the possession of Mrs. Vaughan, by Romney, have been chiefly admired. The full-length (as Hebe), by Sir Joshua, and a picture (in a gipsy bonnet), by Romney, have been engraved.

At the ball at Nottingham in honour of Lord Howe's victory of the 1st June 1794, amid the glare of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, ostrich-feathers and flowers, Mrs. Musters' head-dress was, with admirable taste, a simple wreath formed from a branch of natural oak. Three acorns from this chaste and apposite appendage were, after breakfast the following morning, planted, in presence of the company, by the Countess Howe, on the lawn at Colwick. All the acorns grew, were "tenderly cared for," and are now handsome trees.

A friendship naturally commenced in early life between the late Mr. Musters and the late Duke of Rutland, which continued warm and uninterrupted through life.

Mr. Musters did well whatever he undertook, fascinating the fair sex by his singing, dancing, musical attainments, handsome and gentlemanly person, temperate habits, and cheerful and agreeable conversation. Conspicuous amongst his own sex as a runner, leaper, cricketer, angler, swimmer, and horseman, he was also a good shot, and most expert in the science of "self-defence." So that it would be difficult to say wherein he most excelled—in some of these *secundus paucis*, in most *secundus nullis*.

A short time before leaving Eton a pugilistic encounter took place between Musters and Assheton Smith; the latter was the elder, but Musters was the taller. It was a thoroughly determined affair, and after one and a half hour's hard fighting (both terribly punished) the seconds interfered, for neither would give in. They were friends through life. Mr. Assheton

Smith still continues his career, as honourable and successful as any to be found in the annals of hunting. Long may he live![1]

The science of self-defence (in which Mendoza then, and Jackson afterwards, gave instruction) was on several occasions turned to account by the squire, and in a way that gave satisfaction to every one. Of a thrashing which, in returning with a party from Covent Garden Theatre, he gave a lot of bullying fellows; and on another occasion, an election scene, where he was equally successful in almost annihilating a fellow brought *in terrorem* by the opposite party, the writer of this memoir has not sufficiently authentic data whence to narrate the particulars. A scene, however, that occurred in Yorkshire, described by an eye-witness, the late J. B. Story, Esq., of Lockington, is too rich not to be detailed. The squire and Mr. Story happening to be at Scarboro' about the 12th of August, and hearing that there were not far off some open moors (*i.e.*, ground on which gentlemen could take their sport, as on the Duke of Devonshire's moors at Buxton), sent off their guns, dogs, and shooting paraphernalia.

Their guide, either ignorantly or intentionally, allowed them to transgress the march, and they got into a preserved district, where in a valley they had both just killed right and left, when up came the gamekeeper, a 6 feet 2, 17 stone burly Yorkshireman of thirty-five, accompanied by his couple of underlings. The following brief colloquy and "turn-up" ensued.

Gamekeeper, in the broad dialect of the Wolds: "Well, gentlemen, you are amusing yourselves nicely —who be ye?"

Mr. Musters: "Why, my friend, I hope we are

[1] Mr. Assheton Smith died in 1859.

not wrong; we suppose we are shooting on the open moors."

Gamekeeper: "You be d—d! You are upon Lord ———'s moors, a mile from t'other moor; and you know this as well as me."

Mr. M.: "Well, if we are off our ground I regret it. Here is my card; give it with my compliments to your master, and say I will write to him."

Gamekeeper: "Oh be d—d! I've nought to do with cards; we ought to take your guns, but be off. Howsimever, we mun have your game"—accompanying the words by walking up to the servant who was carrying the bag.

Mr. M.: "You had better not try that."

Gamekeeper: "Why?"

Mr. M.: "Because I shall not let you."

Gamekeeper blows out a sort of ridiculing ejaculation signifying "preposterous!" and walks vigorously towards the man with the game.

Mr. M. gives his gun to Mr. Story, and takes off his shooting-jacket.

Gamekeeper seeing this, and laughing with his comrades, observes—"Well, I suppose I mun strip too," and takes off his jacket.

The squire and keeper thereupon take their stand in fighting attitude.

The keeper goes with both arms round, and a face half sneer, half ferocity, at the squire (5 feet 11 high, 13 stone 10 weight), who gets away, then goes quick in, with terrible hits right and left, and again away —repeated several times; and after one continuous round of about ten minutes, neither party being down, the gamekeeper (his "nasal" bleeding freely, and both his eyes bunged up, blown and exhausted) hears, or affects to hear, a shot fired at some distance, and exclaims to his helpers, "By Gom, lads! there's another

lot t'other side; we mun tak' them," and away started the bold pugilist and his men, amid the uproarious laughter of Mr. Story, the squire, and servants.

Mr. M., putting on his jacket, and taking his gun from Mr. Story, saluted, "Good morning, gamekeeper; if you don't tell your master, I won't."

Gamekeeper rejoined: "You be d—d! You shall answer for this at York Assizes."

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention such was not the case. Mr. Story used to say he never saw such an illustration of what spirit and science could do against matter and ignorance.

Mr. Musters' active and athletic powers were extraordinary. It was in his younger days his standing challenge to run 50 yards, he carrying a man of any weight, against another's running 100 yards; and another general challenge of his was to run 50 yards against any horse's 100. He won these matches frequently. The only one in which he had any difficulty was when, with his regiment at Paisley, at the age of twenty-four, carrying the 15-stone quartermaster 50 yards against a young Scotchman's 100 yards, his rider so wriggled and kicked and shook the squire (a very common occurrence with amateur jockeys) it was declared a dead heat. On the second race, however, after some tutoring of the quartermaster, the squire won his race by half a yard. He could walk erect under a rail and leap over it, and he could jump on the flat eighteen feet both ways.

He was always a very early riser: five or six o'clock to get up, and ten or eleven to retire, were his hours. He had no difficulty in adhering to this rule, for he uniformly eschewed strong drink, and indulged not in tobacco, cigars, snuff, or such intoxications; he did not stop others from doing so, but always had a horror of a man of such habits.

All gambling he utterly abhorred, whilst he commiserated those who were, unhappily, addicted thereto, and amongst whom he could enumerate some for whom he entertained a great regard. He would occasionally have a £5 bet on the St. Leger, the Derby, or even on a match at cricket or billiards; but it is believed that he very rarely, if ever, won or lost more than that sum at any one time. His epistolary writing was in accordance with his address —flowing, clear, and easy. His temper, like that of many only sons and all spoiled children, was uncertain; to use a homely phrase, he sometimes got out on the wrong side of the bed; yet he was equally free from sullenness as from vindictiveness of disposition. His temper was quick to rise, but, happily, as quick to fall—there was a speedy oblivion. He would be rating severely a whip; in the same moment, on hearing a favourite hound speak out or a young one whimper, his manner would change, and he would address and direct the same whip, in the most agreeable piano tone, to get forward to a particular spot and look out.

He cared not, or would not condescend, to notice any idle gossiping tales about himself, but on one occasion he departed from his accustomed rule. His hounds met at Colston Bassett, and he happened to be late; on arriving at the meet, in a group of sportsmen, a certain clergyman, since deceased, was amusing the others (or thought he was doing so) by pretending to relate an anecdote of the squire, and mentioning the name of a lady in the neighbourhood; and the fun was going on, when up rode Mr. Musters, and as it were unconsciously joined in the general smile. Lord Alvanley, however, struck with such improper and very unclerical conduct, told Mr. Musters that the laugh had been at his expense through the medium of the gentleman in the black coat. In an

instant Mr. M., addressing that person, said, "Mr. ——, I pity you, I pity you from my heart, for I find you are as deformed in mind as in body." Severe as was the reproof, it was just and merited, and the pitiableness and discomfort of the object were long remembered.

Mr. Musters' fondness for music and singing, in both of which his judgment was very good, continued unabated to the last. Only a few months before his death he went to London purposely to hear Jenny Lind. His memory was accurate; he was an agreeable companion, and enjoyed the society of his friends. He took a moderate quantity of wine (always having particular regard to its quality), but was never known to be intoxicated; and his freedom from egotism was not his least agreeable property.

Mr. Musters was a skilful salmon-fisher. In the Duke of Buccleuch's water in the Tweed, near Kelso, he has taken from fifteen to eighteen fish of large size in the day. About a year before his death he presented his salmon-rods to Sir Richard Sutton, and at the same time selected and sent other tokens of his regard to a few other friends.

But it is as a huntsman that Mr. Musters' eminence chiefly rests, and our attention must now, therefore, be directed to and conclude with him in that capacity. In Mr. Vyner's "Notitia Venatica," and in the late Mr. Apperley's writings (under the well-known signature of "Nimrod") in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, Mr. Lorraine Smith's and other productions on fox-hunting, there is necessarily much and honourable mention of Mr. Musters, and many interesting scenes and anecdotes are recorded. Mr Vyner[1] styles him "a sportsman of

[1] [This life of Mr. Musters did not appear in the original edition, and appears to have been the work of some other pen than Mr. Vyner's.—Ed.]

the most distinguished celebrity, deservedly placed at the head of the list of all huntsmen, whether amateurs or professionals"—a concise description, universally admitted to be true. Mr. Musters used to say, "Young Vyner will some day be the best huntsman in England; I never met with a man who was so good a judge of hounds in their work as he is." This memoir of Mr. Musters, whilst it briefly refers to those writers, will only occupy such fresh ground as they have left, accompanied with a few anecdotes tending to enhance the value of fox-hunting as the purely national and manly pastime which has so long been the characteristic of this country, and at the same time to promote elevate, and improve the same by its present and future followers.

It has been stated that Mr. Musters' father was for a very long period a master of foxhounds; the son, consequently, became early imbued with the habits and knowledge requisite in a successful sportsman. Intelligence and perseverance are quite as necessary to eminence in this pursuit as in any other.

In 1798, on attaining twenty-one, he had his own pack of hounds, in establishing which he was assisted by Mr. Meynell, who was much attached to him.

The old and young squire hunted alternately different sides of the country; but after the latter's marriage in 1805, and his establishing himself at Annesley, Mr. Musters (the son) took the entire control of the whole country. The old gentleman used to say, on coming out after this, that he was "one of the field." There were four kennels—Annesley, Colwick, Edwalton, and Wiverton. The South Nottinghamshire country, hunted by Mr. Musters, embraced an extensive district, namely—on the north-east, to Cotham and Searle; on the north-west, up to Chesterfield; and west by the river Derwent; on the north, by the Rufford country (its

olden, not its modern landmarks); on the south, by the Quorndon country.

Mr. Musters hunted altogether South Nottinghamshire about thirty seasons, the Badsworth one, Northamptonshire seven, and Lincolnshire (the south Wold) two.

He sold his hounds on giving up the country twice; the first time to his friend Assheton Smith (or rather a portion of them); the second to Lord Middleton, receiving on each occasion 1000 guineas for them; and when he finally discontinued keeping hounds in December 1844, they were purchased in lots by Lord Southampton, Mr. Latouche, the Duke of Cleveland, and Sir Watkin Wynn. His horses were likewise sold on those occasions by Messrs. Tattersall. It would occupy too much space to give the particulars; suffice it to say they realised prices varying from 100 guineas up to 500 guineas. The principal purchasers were Lords Jersey and Darlington, Sir Henry Peyton, Hon. H. Pierrepont, Sir Henry Every, and Mr Payne.

But although Mr. Musters had been the possessor of many of the best hunters of the day, he certainly was not a good judge of a horse; he could form an opinion of his performances; but he could not by examining the shape and action of the horse form a tolerably accurate idea of his capabilities. It was otherwise with the hound; no one was more quick or certain in discriminating all the proper qualifications of that animal.

Although one of the most determined riders that ever got across a horse, Mr. Musters was not a graceful horseman; he put the saddle too near the chine, and was wont to remark that the saddle could not be too forward for hunting, nor too backward for the road.

His mode of getting over a country was peculiar, especially during the last twenty-five years that he hunted—he rarely took a leap flying; he either made his horse jump standing, or he thrust him through the

fence. Timber, of course, he could not so treat, and when he was obliged to charge it, he always put his horse at it, however high and strong, at as quick a trot as the animal could go, but never at a gallop, or even a canter if the horse could possibly be restrained to a trot; for he said that at a trot the horse can always measure his ground, and calculate when to make his rise; but at a gallop or a canter he might get too near, and be unable to recover himself. He never, or very rarely, struck his horse at going at a fence, and strongly objected to it, for he said "the whip or the hand up directed the horse's eyes and attention behind him instead of before — hence many a mistake at a fence, for which the rider only was responsible."

At a brook his axiom was, if only two yards wide, you could not go too fast, for it was always soft lighting: by riding full gallop at a brook the horse's heart was prevented from failing him at the sight of water, and thus he got safe over by his own impetus and spring; when, ten to one, by the rider going slowly at it, the horse would thence infer danger and refuse altogether.

His weight (from forty) induced his establishing the above close mode of riding over or through fences. The skins of his horse's legs were pricked, but the concussion of their limbs was saved, though it was a troublesome business for the groom carefully to examine the horse's legs after a hard day's work. Truly might be quoted of him the well-known line from "Life let us cherish"—

"He seeks for thorns and finds his share."

Scent, Mr. Musters always said, was a problem beyond his reach: take the following illustration—it has occurred often:—

Gentleman addressing him: "Good morning, sir; do you think we shall have a scent to-day?"

Mr. M.: "I'll tell you, sir, when my hounds get their noses down."

He used to say the author of the old song, beginning—

> "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
> Proclaim a hunting morn,"

was a clever composer, but no fox-hunter; for that, although there was nothing certain about scent, there was nothing so indicative of an unhunting day as "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky;" and, on the contrary, if you were to rely on atmospheric appearances, there was nothing whereon so much dependence could be placed as wind with a certain ingredient of east therein. He only liked a south wind when it changed from due north, and then (especially on the first breaking up of a frost) he never knew the scent to fail, on high or low ground; in covert or the open.

Nevertheless, those who were in the habit of hunting with Mr. Musters could form a pretty good idea of his presentiments on that subject. On approaching a covert he seemed as thoughtful as his hounds, and by their demeanour he would form his conclusion directly whether there would be a scent. If his hounds were rolling and gossiping with each other, and indifferent about entering the covert, Mr. Musters, who had scarcely before had eyes for any one, would then turn his horse round as good-humouredly as possible, offer his most polite salutations, especially to the ladies, "How do ye do? A delightful day we shall find directly, and have a very nice day—quite a lady's day." Though thus apparently in good-humour, he was not so; a numerous field was disappointed—he was out of sorts. A fox is found—there is no scent—the hounds do not get their noses down. Away go the field close

upon the hounds, annihilating the little chance that exists of a day's sport: probably a favourite hound is ridden over. It was here that Mr. Musters sometimes gave offence, and occasionally made enemies, to do which, far more than by an actual injury, which is oft soon forgotten, there is no more certain mode than a slight or contempt, for these are rarely forgiven. He would break out, it mattered not who was the "fool" —nay, the higher the rank perhaps the stronger his denunciations. Possibly the hounds divided, and some of the field rode after a quarter of the pack, driving them on instead of stopping them—not, it is to be regretted, a very unusual scene. It sometimes happened that these outrages were committed by undergraduates, men who had not five seasons' experience in hunting; youths who, with large fortunes, and riding the weights of nine, ten, or eleven stone, yet, forsooth, had their second horses out! and found it abundant fun to override hounds, scent, and everything else, vying with each other which should be first, or which possessed the better horse. Sometimes it happened that "the fool" was a young farmer trying to turn an honest penny by showing off a horse for sale; but whether aristocratic or rusticratic, he escaped not at the hands of the squire, if the delinquent was ascertained, and whether noble duke, lord, or esquire, the result was something like this: "I thought you had been hunting before. I can't excuse you as I would do those other fellows; you have been jumping over fences, showing off yourself or your horse, and then riding into my hounds. Now, mind, if this occurs again, either you shall go home or my hounds shall." On such occasions he would usually take the following course. He knew there was no scent, and that his hounds had no chance, and then he would go on, to the unsophisticated observer, in the most provokingly

and unintelligibly slow course imaginable, drawing, perhaps, but not trying, lingering through the morning because annoyed by bad scent and an unruly field. Then the day improving, the sport-spoilers gone grumbling home, he would go and find a three o'clock fox, have a brilliant run and kill. This has taken place very frequently under the observation of the writer of these observations.

"Any one," Mr. Musters would say, "could ride for ten minutes; but he only was a true sportsman that with pluck and judgment went with the hounds through the run, for it was only by a man's so going straight and to the end of a fifty minutes' sharp thing that nerve was recognisable, which was to be seen at the end, not at the beginning of the day." He condemned holloaing to and lifting hounds. "As a system, it was," he said, "all very pleasant for impatient gentlemen desirous of a gallop at the moment; but its effect on hounds he could only compare to killing the goose for the sake of the golden eggs."

His system of drawing coverts deserves to be remarked. He never, if he could help it, drew near to where his hounds met, knowing so well the habits of the animal, and that the best fox was always ready and the first to go away upon the least noise. He reprobated any one going to a particular covert on speculation. Such, and the lane riders, and other persons who occasionally head the fox and mar the day's sport, he naturally held at a very *low* ebb, however *high* they held themselves. The unmeasured terms in which he now and then designated these cockneyisms, and his summary mode of treating any contumacious conduct in the field, have been put in contrast with that polished and gentlemanlike deportment for which he was usually remarkable. But this is, as in many other cases, confounding cause and effect.

This discipline with his field was a great advantage; another grand principle was patience and perseverance with his hounds. These were the prominent grounds of his success; so frequently killing his fox, his hounds were accustomed to, and were as bent on, blood as they were free from riot; hence the extraordinary runs every season. On a check, after first allowing his hounds their own voluntary fling or range, he was quick as lightning in *his* casts, and was almost invariably successful, appearing to the field to possess an intuitive knowledge of reynard's route. He generally cantered forward down-wind, then made a wide cast up-wind along a grass lane or mere, if he found such in the line which he expected the fox had taken. He was of opinion that the best auxiliary to a pack of fox-hounds in a country was a pack of harriers, for that the latter routed up the outlying foxes from the turnip-fields, hedge-rows, and spinneys, and sent them back to their proper rendezvous. A blank day, he considered, was often caused, in a mild season, by such outlying foxes never being forced back into their own coverts.

Mr. Musters' method with hounds may be said to have been perfect. Virgil's advice,

> "Nec tibi cura canum fuerat postrema,"

was well carried out by him. The famous hounds of Sparta were not better attended to than his, in breeding, feeding, exercising, and the entire system which is necessary to have good hounds so equal to their work that they may, in the poetic force of the Mantuan bard,

> "Urge the bold chase, and joining in full cry,
> O'er hills and vales, through thickest woodlands fly."

His hounds reciprocated his attention. The squire could do anything with them; in hunting he handled them as easily as a brace of well-broke pointers; he

had thoroughly ingratiated himself with them; his melodiousness of voice and blandness of manner had a wonderful influence over hounds. It is evident that these attributes are not less effective on the canine than on the human race. He had a strong objection to the lash, and maintained that more good dogs (hounds, pointers, and every other class of hunting-dogs) were utterly ruined by the indiscriminate and cruel use of the whip than it was possible to imagine. He advocated the careful breeding of hounds; but he said, if after reasonable time and opportunity a hound did not turn out well, let him at once be put away; but not be flogged to pieces by a ruthless whipper-in. Mr. Musters' own dogs, hounds, pointers, and spaniels, practically illustrated the truth of the above. In confirmation of the fact and anecdote connected therewith related by Mr. Vyner of the extraordinary attachment of Mr. Musters' hounds to him, another may be here mentioned:—

When Lord Middleton went down to the kennels at Colwick and bought the hounds, he was particularly struck by the fondness evinced by them for the squire, and imagined it to be the result of his particular attention in the kennel. His lordship accordingly became unweariedly assiduous in noticing the hounds at his kennels at Wollaton, in order to ingratiate them in the same way, but in vain. Thereupon he sent to the old feeder at Colwick, and offered him a handsome sum if he would tell him the secret; the noble lord at the same time intimating his impression that Mr. Musters carried with him some bullock's liver scented in a peculiar way. "Lord bless you, my lord," was the offhand answer, "it's nought of the sort; I have often wondered the same thing, and why I as fed 'em was treated so unrespectful by 'em, whenever the squire came into the kennel, but he never gave 'em anything: it's all because they've such a nat'ral love for him."

Mr. Musters always urged the giving hounds plenty of *work*, which, he said, was the surest means of their getting plenty of blood. This was his principle, and he adopted it satisfactorily and successfully. He thought there was much less danger in having too few than too many hounds in a kennel.

It is worthy of record that after the squire (as he was, *par excellence*, usually designated in his own district) became unable to hunt, he continued as ardent and liberal a supporter of the sport as ever. He retained his ability and comparative fondness for shooting; but when beating his woods with that object, it afforded him more pleasure to find one fox than a hundred pheasants. On one of these occasions one of the party, observing his gratification when from a thicket was sprung a fox instead of an expected pheasant, said, "Why, squire, no hounds hunt Annesley now." "That's true," answered he; "but to destroy a fox within twenty miles of the country usually hunted admits of no justification."

He admired not cigar-smoking[1] in the hunting-field and was wont to say that all inebriating habits were incompatible with hunting, for he thought that a man so indulging could not have either eyes, ears, or other faculties so alive as they otherwise ought to be properly to enjoy fox-hunting. He considered, moreover, that the introduction of smoking into the hunting-field, irrespective of other objections, often led fashionable juveniles into a hemisphere for which naturally they had no business or true inclination; and who unconsciously and unintentionally marred many a day's sport. These may be prejudices, but this memoir would be imperfect if they were omitted. So,

[1] [The late Rev. John Russell had a great dislike to smoking.—Ed.]

to compensate, we will conclude with a refreshing scene.

A few seasons ago, almost the last that Mr. Musters hunted South Notts, the Quorn hounds, with Tom Day, found their fox at Bunny, and brought him by Bradmore, Ruddington, and Plumptre, to Tollerton. On the same day the squire had found his fox at Edwalton, and was running him by Gamstone towards Cotgrave, when either his hounds got on the run of the other fox, or *vice versâ*. Both packs, however, immediately joined and ran all well together, with their sterns down, up-wind, by Clipstone and Normanton Wolds, pulling the fox down in less than ten minutes from the junction, in an ash holt near to the Melton turnpike-road. It was a scene which none who witnessed ever can forget, the old squire and Tom Day each claiming it to be his run fox, riding side by side over every fence with all the keen ardour and genuine pluck which each had always possessed; each recognising and pointing to particular hounds then ahead and running for their fox as *his;* each cheering on his own favourites. "Look at my Watchman and Anxious!" exclaims Mr. Musters. "Ah! but, squire," answers Day, "see our old Lounger and Purity. Purity means to have at him first, and will." The finish soon takes place. Day jumped off his horse quickly, and was as speedily over the fence and into the plantation, the squire close after him. Day seizing reynard, ejaculated, "It's my fox, squire; I'll swear it at the day of judgment;" and he strutted along, holding him in his hand, and crowing like a bantam-cock of the purest breed, the squire at his side, looking like a fine old gamecock that had won his hundred battles and could afford the other's triumph. He denied; but Day persisted that it was his run fox,

and there was no further wrangling except by the hounds in eating him. Then occurred another pleasing scene, the squire and Day drawing, by alternate call, their respective hounds, which was speedily done,[1] all jealous feelings subsided, and civil greetings were exchanged on departing.

This brief memoir cannot be better concluded than in the language of two of Mr. Musters's cotemporaries, both well qualified, from rank, judgment, and personal knowledge, to speak upon the subject. "Long," writes the first, "will it be ere the sporting world meets with one to contribute so largely to their pleasure as Mr. Musters has done." "Many a happy day," writes the other, "have I spent with him both in the field and drawing-room; it was a matter of doubt which he adorned the most. He was the best sportsman I ever knew. George the Fourth considered him one of the most perfect gentlemen he had known."

PARK, NOTTINGHAM, *Oct.* 1849.

After the interesting and gentlemanly written memoir of the late Mr. Musters, from the able pen of Mr. Bruce Campbell, the only regretable part of which, saving the melancholy occasion, being that it was ten times too short, I almost fear that any allusion to that renowned sportsman by myself may by some be deemed *de trop* and unseasonable; but still I feel assured that, with the majority of my numerous readers, a well-authenticated anecdote of so

[1] [The Queen's staghounds, and either Mr. Garth's or the Old Berkeley foxhounds, once met in a covert. The fox and deer ran the same line through the wood, but separated outside. The packs then divided correctly, save that one of the staghounds wanted to throw in his lot with the foxhounds—perhaps it was a return to his old love.—ED.]

accomplished and justly popular a master of hounds, especially when it is one that has never before seen the daylight in the shape of type, will not only be considered admissible, but hailed with welcome. And I feel convinced that if the whole of Mr. Musters' sporting prowess could be condensed by some of his intimate friends into a book, it would form one of the best practical guides to the rising generation of the admirers of our *orthodox* field sports that could possibly be offered for their perusal. Before, however, I proceed with the anecdote in question, I must relate one little incident illustrative of Mr. Musters's extreme knowledge of the dispositions of his hounds, and the high confidence which at all times existed between him and his pack.

The author of "Notitia Venatica," upon the occasion of a visit to Mr. Musters at Annesley, was talking, during breakfast, about the disgraceful wildness of another pack of hounds not a hundred miles from his own kennel. "Well, I don't wonder at it," said Mr. M., "for they flog and frighten the poor devils to death. Mine are seldom much flogged, and they are as steady as it is possible for hounds to be. Let us have a ride in the park together, and I will soon show you what a handy lot mine are." After breakfast, all the hounds were ordered to be brought round to the lodge gate, and when we had mounted our horses, or rather ponies, we joined the two whippers-in, who had brought out the whole lot, dogs and bitches, young and old; in all about fifty couples. "Well, Will," he said to William Markwell, who afterwards hunted the Cheshire, and was at that period his head man, "I shall not want you and Tom this morning; Mr. Vyner can put 'em over to me, and you can go and wait for us at the kennel, as I shall go hunting after we have had a

short ride." This was at the end of September, and it was one of those beautiful autumnal mornings when, after a little rain, the atmosphere is cool; and it is just as proper, as well as more agreeable by far, to go out cub-hunting about ten o'clock than it is at daybreak. Well, I really felt rather nervous as the squire moved off, making me a kind of burlesque bow, accompanied by one of his well-remembered good-humoured chuckles, as he said, "Come along; we know *you* are as good as three whippers-in.[1] I'll show you what my hounds are presently." I was never afraid of the wildest lot in my life—woodlands, or riot, or whatever might turn up; but to-day I did not much fancy being the only hand on a pony with fifty couples of strange hounds, about twelve couples of 'em young 'uns, and myself not knowing five couples in the whole lot to speak to. Besides, upon looking at my whip, which I had picked up at hazard from the hall table as I came through, which was but little better than an old kennel whip, with a very moderate allowance of flax in the thong; and, moreover, considering that Annesley Park bore some resemblance to Noah's Ark, on account of the variety of its inhabitants, I considered it a very insufficient tool to awe a pack of riotous hounds from hares and deer. Away trotted the squire all through the fern, and there were the "many-coloured" pack spread out around him on both sides; and looking sharp out for expected mischief came your humble servant, a little in their rear, but keeping a wide berth to get to the head of 'em at once in case any misadventure

[1] [Shaw—"Gentleman Shaw," as some called him; "the genius without patience," as he was designated by others—was huntsman to Mr. Musters, senr., before he went to hunt the Belvoir. Shaw used to say of Mr. Musters, the subject of this memoir, that he was of more use than half-a-dozen ordinary whippers-in.—Ed.]

occurred. Besides innumerable rabbits and hares, ever and anon there bounced up an old doe or a fawn out of the fern and long grass; and occasionally a buck, which was cut off by the hounds surrounding him before he attempted to move away from his lair, rushed right in amongst them, but no notice was taken by either young or old; and although I have been hundreds of times in deer-parks with hounds when properly manned, I never saw a steadier pack in my life. Those who know what hounds are well know that many packs, directly they can shake off their tormentors and get away into high and hollow covers, where no horseman can follow them, will go it like devils, hares and deer being all one to them; but here it was quite a different thing; gentleness alone had made these animals as steady as they were, combined with the great advantage of almost daily exercise through the summer in one of the most beautiful and convenient places for breaking young hounds that I ever remember to have met with.[1] After a delightful ride of about an hour, stopping every now and then to admire the beautifully rich woodland views from the various little eminences to be found in many parts of the park, we returned, without any mishap, to the kennels; and as soon as Mr. Musters had drawn a pack and we had changed our nags, we went a-cub-hunting in Annesley woods.

Upon talking to Markwell afterwards upon the sub-

[1] In speaking of breaking hounds by gentleness, I have no wish to force upon my readers the belief that either Mr. Musters's hounds or any other foxhounds could be broken from riot and properly educated without the occasional but judicious application of a little whipcord. Punishment should be used with judgment, and seasonably, and not according to the caprice and ill-temper of a whipper-in, frequently more cruel and brutal than the poor hound he is chastising.

ject, he observed, "Our hounds are wonderfully free from riot, being always amongst it; but I never saw master try that before with any one, and I was rather anxious to know how you got on. I got upon the top of the house to look after you, and felt awful nervous, I can tell you."

Now, then, for the anecdote to which I at first alluded, and which is a story partly about a keeper, and nearly as good, if not quite, as the one Mr. Campbell has related as taking place on the Yorkshire moors; and, although it does not savour quite so much as the other does of pugnacity, it is equally characteristic of the man. The whipper-in, who rode "*the drag*," lived with me afterwards, and, besides hearing it first of all from him, Mr. Musters gave me the whole account of it himself upon a subsequent occasion. It is an old saying amongst huntsmen, that a huntsman don't know half his business unless he knows as well how to lose a fox as he does how to kill him; and I am quite sure all real *houndsmen* will appreciate what I say. Fancy yourself a huntsman on a beaten horse, twenty miles from your kennel, with only a half-beaten fox before you going into another country with earths open, big heavy woodlands, a certain change, and a hundred other disagreeable prospects presenting themselves more substantially than as mere phantoms to your fancy. If you would not try to lose him, reader, you would never make a huntsman, nor be worthy to handle a determined and persevering pack of hounds, which, although they never ought to be cheated of their well-earned blood, cannot have a much worse misfortune of common occurrence than the sort of disheartening, jading finish to a long day such as I have been describing. This, and a hundred other arcana—for I will not call them tricks—are only to be acquired by long and attentive practice with hounds. Without natural intuitive talent,

no man, however long his experience, can ever make a *brilliant* huntsman; but, however brilliant his talents may be, it is experience alone that can open his eyes and teach him how to use to the best advantage that talent with which he has been gifted. No master of hounds was ever more alive to all the little by-play of the craft than Mr. Musters; and no man ever knew better how to avail himself of the numerous little incidents that so frequently occur in hunting as that *most consummate sportsman.*

I have forgotten the names of the coverts and the dates relative to the following anecdote; but that is immaterial. If I remember right, it occurred on the Oxton Warren side of his country, and was as follows:—

Mr. Musters's hounds had killed a fox after a middling fair run, and as the horses had not had enough to take the pull out of them, and as there was no chance of finding a fresh fox, the squire put in practice the following *ruse,* not only to amuse and deceive the field, but also to lay a trap for a scoundrel of a keeper, who was known to be the most remorseless *vulpecide* in the country, and who had nearly extirpated the foxes throughout the covers wherein he was on that day hunting. When the hounds were breaking up their fox, he told the under-whip to put the head in his pocket, and, as soon as he had trotted on a bit, to go back to a certain spinny to the right of the place where they had killed the fox, fasten his whip-lash to it, and drag it to a cover in the neighbourhood of Oxton Warren, about five miles distant across the country, and where there was a well-known strong head of earths which belonged to the property over which this base fellow, the keeper, presided; and upon his arrival, to poke the head as far as he could down the main earth, and make himself invisible at the other

end of the cover, and there wait for the arrival of the hounds.

After Mr. Musters had loitered about for some time, and drawn a few covers where he well knew he should not find a fox, and when he thought the whipper-in had got nearly to his journey's end, he suddenly remembered a very likely spinny, from which place the hounds had formerly had a good run. He threw 'em in and began to draw, and then getting forward, view-hallooed him away. Away they went, sterns down and bristles up, running frantic for blood. The pace was, of course, first rate, and no check for one moment occurred. After a good eighteen or twenty minutes they ran to ground, and Mr. Musters was off his horse baying his hounds on the earth. As the field came up they one and all pronounced it the best thing since Christmas. One hard rider said it was by far the fastest of the season; another said it would have been perfect but for the death, and asked the squire if he would not dig him, as the hounds so richly deserved to taste his blood. "Why, you see," said the squire, "it is a dangerous thing to dig a fox in February, as it sometimes occurs that a heavy vixen is destroyed; we have had a capital day, the hounds have killed *once*, and I think we had better go home contented." Just as Mr. Musters was moving away from the earth with his hounds, as he had anticipated, up comes the keeper, who, with a demoniac grin, and a most obsequious touch of the hat, makes his obeisance, hoping that his honour had had a good run, &c., and observing, "I suppose, sir, you have run to ground." "Yes," said the squire, "he has gone under, keeper, and I hope he is safe; I am sure you will not allow him to be disturbed. Now pray don't let anybody destroy him by a trap, or try to dig him out on any account." The villain assured him that the fox should be allowed to

escape, and that no one should disturb him. "That's right, keeper," rejoined Mr. Musters; "I can depend upon you, and I *am sure* you won't kill him. Good-night." And away they all went home, not a single soul being in the secret but the master and his whipper-in.

As soon as the squire had arrived at home, changed his hunting-coat for a shooting-jacket, and his hunter for a hack, he cantered back some ten miles to the earth, to see how it would all turn out. He arrived at the gate leading into the cover just at the close of day, when that beautiful and serene half-hour occurs between daylight and the first shades of evening coming on, and which, during a fine February, is peculiarly striking to the admirers of the beauties of nature. How changed is the scene from what it was but two short hours before, when the old oaks rang with the melody of the hounds, the notes of the horn, and the manly death-halloa of the master of the pack! But now all is as still as death, and as silent as that grave to which, poor man! he has been consigned. Not a sound was to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the rustling of the timid rabbit as it hopped out to feed in the wood-ride, or the well-known "chink, chink, chink" of the blackbird as he mobbed the brown owl, or amorously wooed his newly-mated partner to the sheltered roosting-place. No other sound could be heard as he quietly walked his hack along the grassy ride of the sheltered woodland. In a short time he approaches the little knoll where the earths are situated, and pulls up his horse to listen and reconnoitre before he proceeds to the spot. A strange kind of subterranean sound is heard of voices and the moving of earth, and it is at once evident that matters are pretty much as he had expected to find them. In a second a long and deep trench, resembling a sawpit,

stripped to their shirts, and delving as if they were on a voyage of discovery to the antipodes, might be seen the vagabond keeper and his three assistants. They seemed mighty well pleased with their work. "We shall soon have hold of 'un," says one. "Dom him, but I can wind him down this spout as I have just opened," says another. "Wait a bit," says the keeper, "while I go and cut a long rose-briar to poke down the hole and comb his jacket a bit, just to see where he is;" for they were trying to dig the fox without a dog, as luck would have it; and, suiting the action to the word, out of the trench he scrambles, and is at once confronted with *him* whom, of all others, his satanic majesty not excepted, he not only would much rather not have met, but whom he hoped and believed was safely ensconced by his own fireside at Colwick. He was quite taken aback. "Well, keeper," says Mr. Musters, "I see you are quite a man of your word; you promised to have the fox taken care of, and I see you are carrying out your intentions most *honestly*." "Why, yes, sir," stammered out the *confounded* keeper; "there be so many fox-killers about here I was afeard some one would catch him, so I thought it better to dig 'un out and bring 'un over to you at the kennels." "But you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble," says the squire, "with all this digging. I should have thought that a man who had dug so many foxes as you have knew better how to get one out of the ground than this. Bring your spade here, and I think I can throw a little light on the subject." And with these remarks, he ordered the fellow to clear the main mouth of the earth, which had been carefully stopped up with soil to prevent poor reynard from bolting; and stooping down, with the hook of his hunting-whip he drew out the fox's head. "There, keeper," said the squire; "that is the

fox you have been digging for; and that is the only fox within three miles of this place, for you have killed them all. I have always thought you the greatest rogue and liar in this part of the world, and to-day I have proved you to be so; I hope you will act more honestly to me for the future." And after making the men fill in the trenches and put the earth to rights, he galloped home to his dinner.[1]

Geo. Osbaldeston, Esq.

In a former part of this work, I have made mention of Mr. Osbaldeston and his hounds, at some considerable length. I have always been a great admirer of not only the hounds, but the whole system, which produced more good sport for many years than any

[1] [Mr. Musters had a wide experience of the duties of an M. F. H. From 1798 to 1814 he kept hounds in South Notts; he then took the Badsworth for a single season. I think he next went into Lincolnshire to the Burton country for one or two seasons. About 1820 he became master of the Pytchley, giving up that country on the death of his father in 1827. From 1835 to 1841 he had his second spell with the South Notts; Mr. Musters was at the head of the Southwold from 1841 to 1844; and then returned again to the South Notts for the season 1844–45. Since the above text was penned another of the Musters family, who, like his predecessors, had made for himself a name in the foxhunting world, has passed away. Mr. John Chaworth Musters, grandson of the famous "Jack" Musters, was born in 1838, and made his first appearance as an M. F. H. in 1862 when he resuscitated the old South Notts country which had been unoccupied as a separate hunt since his grandfather gave it up in 1845. Having bought four couples of Mr. Drake's hounds for 220 guineas, he obtained some drafts; and appointed Ben Boothroyd his kennel huntsman. In 1868 Mr. Musters, who was succeeded in South Notts by Mr. Francklin, took the Quorn country for a couple of seasons; but ill health, and the great expenditure the mastership of such a fashionable establishment entailed, caused him to retire in 1870 in favour of Mr. Coupland; and, in 1871, he retook the South Notts, and this spell of mastership was signalised in 1872 by a wonderful

other pack of hounds in the world; and I was sorry to see the squire and his system attacked in his old age, as there was no occasion for it.

The following extract from a weekly sporting paper will, I hope, fully elucidate all that has been written upon this subject:—

The squire, after most ably answering the letter which had appeared, finishes by saying:—

"Now, sir, I hunted the Burton country, in Lincolnshire; the Spilsby, in Lincolnshire; Mr. Musters', in Nottinghamshire; Lord Vernon's, in Derbyshire; the Atherstone, the Holderness, in Yorkshire; the Suffolk, the Quorn, the Pytchley, and Hampshire, a period of more than thirty-five years; and during that long career I never heard any complaints conveyed through any of my friends, and I hunted the hounds myself, and bred them myself. When I left the Burton country I was presented with a large silver waiter, the handles being in imitation of two foxes' heads, with an inscription expressive of their approbation of my hunting the country; and when I left the Pytchley I received a beautiful snuff-box from the Hunt, with the following inscription:—'To the best sportsman of any age or country.'—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

"No. 2, GROVE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
"*Wednesday, Jan.* 18, 1865."

---

run from Harlequin Gorse. The distance was said to be about thirty miles; and the time three hours and half. The master tired out three horses and had to finish on foot. Mr. Musters died in France in November 1887. The Colwick Hall estate, for some time the property of the family, is now (1891) being laid out as an enclosed racecourse.—ED.]

The following letter also appeared in the same paper, at the same period, upon the subject to which the author has alluded :—

"THE SQUIRE" AS A HUNTSMAN.

"MR EDITOR,—I was sorry to read in a review of a work lately written by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley a most uncalled-for attack upon the field system in hunting of Mr. Osbaldeston, and an attempted depreciation of the blood of his justly celebrated pack of hounds. Without entering further into the subject of breeding and crossing, where it has long been an established fact that all crosses will not nick even with sires of the highest strains, more especially where the females have not been selected by the greatest judgment, I will confine myself to the more general views of the subject, and merely have my say upon 'the Squire's' success as a huntsman and breeder of hounds in Northamptonshire alone, independently of his long career and great experience in half-a-dozen other hunting countries besides. I have followed hounds over this country for pretty nearly half-a-century, and of all the packs I can remember during that long period there was not one, excellent as many of them were, to be compared with Mr. Osbaldeston's for speed, stoutness, and general attributes in hunting. Those that came nearest to them in all the best essentials that go to constitute perfection in the work of a foxhound were Lord Althorp's, hunted by Charles King; and I might even now exclaim, if this cursed gout would let me scramble into the saddle—

'How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!'

As to accusing 'the old Squire' of being all noise

and confusion, it is too absurd to dwell upon the subject for a moment, or to condescend to try and refute such calumnious nonsense. Those sportsmen who knew him well through all his palmy days were too well acquainted with his energetic manner to put it down to anything else than emanating from that high-steam pressure which enabled him to achieve all the glories he did as a huntsman and breeder of hounds. It has generally been acknowledged that the pack are either made or marred by their huntsman. I shall say no more of Mr. Osbaldeston's attributes as a huntsman; I shall merely confine myself to a very few remarks as to his hounds in general, and the first-rate sport they showed during the eight glorious seasons I had the pleasure of hunting with them in Northamptonshire. Of all the packs I ever saw, these hounds were the handsomest, the cleanest made, the fleetest, and the stoutest in chase I ever followed. There was one other quality they had, which some sportsmen who adore harriers and slow-working hounds, perhaps, might not give them credit for; that was close hunting and turning quick in chase, and keeping well together and carrying a brilliant head. The time to enjoy this was in an afternoon, when the swell-mob had gone home. They were the finest-tempered hounds in the world. I never met with a pack that would stand all the riding, driving, noise, and steam of the horses, caused by a too eager and pressing field, that they did, and go on working amongst the horses, and hitting and keeping the line as they would. Such perfection was not attained by chance; nor was the brilliant sport these hounds showed nearly every day they went out attained (or attainable) by any other means than a good and determined system in chase, added to a thorough knowledge of the science of breeding. They seldom missed killing their fox, if he would

only keep above ground; and I can remember their killing eighteen foxes running in good things, during the Squire's second season (I believe) in Northamptonshire. The last of these was from Mr. Fawkes's gorse, called Chilcotes, near Thurnby, when, after a splitter of twenty-five minutes, the fox went to ground in a drain under the turnpike-road, near Welford Town. He was dug out, and Dick Sadler, who was then second whip, held him by the brush on the top of the cut hedge for a few seconds, giving him two or three screaming halloos in his ears, just to give him warning, and bid the hounds wake up on the other side of the hedge, where the Squire was waiting with them. Away they went like pigeons, for eighteen minutes without a check, and rolled him over in the middle of Naseby Field. Some one out observed, 'Why, Squire, you are rather too hard on our foxes; that makes eighteen running.' 'Never you mind,' answered Mr. O.; 'it's your business to preserve 'em, and mine to kill 'em, that's all.' I was always, if possible, as fond of the fine hunting these hounds displayed as I was of their chasing capabilities; and when I allude to their hunting powers, I mean their flinging and persevering industry on bad and half scents, and their determination to try and keep upon good terms with their fox, and get up to him and kill him, without skirting and flashing. There was no hanging and dwelling in them. When some sportsman, who perhaps thinks he knows all about it, praises foxhounds for hunting beautifully like beagles, I think he pays them a very bad compliment. A hanging, dwelling foxhound is my utter abomination, though some good old hounds get to it at last when worn out. One word to the memory of poor Jack Stevens. I think, according to my ideas of fast work, he was one of the best, if not the very best, and quickest whipper-in

I ever saw turn hounds. No hunting servant ever enjoyed a greater respect and popularity than he did in Northamptonshire for his civility, his cheerful manner, and unflinching energy. I am sure he was perfectly beloved by every gentleman and farmer in the hunt. We know the best whippers-in do not always make good huntsmen, but there are plenty of very bad huntsmen without searching amongst quondam whippers-in to find them.—Yours, &c.,

"An Old Pytchley Man.

"Brighton, *January* 23, 1865."

[Mr. Osbaldeston was born in Wimpole Street, on the 26th December 1787; he died at his house in St. John's Wood on the 1st August 1866, consequently he was seventy-nine years of age at the time of his decease. So much has at different times been written concerning "the Squire" that it is unnecessary to do more than amplify the text by adding a few of the lesser known incidents of his life. Mr. Osbaldeston went to Eton, and then to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he matriculated as a gentleman commoner in 1805. Very soon after this he bought a pack of harriers from Lord Jersey and with them hunted on his own estate at Hutton Bushell, Yorkshire; and at the commencement of the year 1809 we learn from vol. xxxiii. of the *Sporting Magazine* that the harriers had an extraordinary run after a bag fox turned down near Wold Newton. After running a ring or two the fox made for Scarborough, near which place the hounds were so knocked up that they could not get a yard further; the fox was said to have run twenty miles. It was either in the spring of 1809 or in the following year that Mr. Osbaldeston bought the hounds of the fourth Lord Monson; took the

Burton country; and paid occasional visits to what is now the Southwold district. He kept the Burton hounds till 1814 in which year he removed to the South Notts country but remained there one season only, going to the Atherstone in 1815. Two years later we find him at the head of the Quorn, where he remained four years; and then, making an exchange with Sir Bellingham Graham, became master of the Hambledon country in Hampshire. After one or two seasons there he returned to the Quorn again, giving up, in 1827, to succeed Mr. Musters as master of the Pytchley; and it may here be noted that Mr. Osbaldeston and Sir Bellingham Graham are the only two who were ever masters of both the Quorn and the Pytchley. "The Squire" bade adieu to the latter hunt in the spring of 1834, and was never again an M. F. H. The hounds he had at the time of his retirement he sold to Mr. Harvey Coombe for £2000. Six years later, *i.e.* in 1840, Mr. Coombe sold them, and these it was that were the subject of the supposed fictitious sale, noticed *ante* p. 40. In 1831, when in his forty-sixth year, he accomplished his famous ride of two hundred miles in eight hours forty-two minutes, using twenty-eight horses. As a boxer, shot, athlete, cricketer, billiard-player, and steeplechase rider he was first-rate; and as a proof of his powers of endurance, it may be mentioned that for two seasons while he had the Pytchley country he also hunted the Thurlow in Suffolk, hacking backwards and forwards from one to the other. Racing, however, is said to have ruined him, and eventually he died in straitened circumstances in 1866 as already mentioned. The author of the "Pytchley Hunt" wrote of him: "Shrewd, and well able to look after his own interests in most things, the 'racehorse' was to him as it has been to myriads of others, moral and material ruin. Long

before his career had come to a close, pecuniary difficulties overwhelmed him; and certain transactions on the turf caused him to retire from public life. For many years this one time 'hero of the sporting world,' the companion of the highest in the land, lived in an obscure part of London, associating only with the stratum of 'hangers-on of the turf,' lowered to their level day by day, what was fine within him growing coarse to sympathise with clay; and he died unhonoured though not unsung in 1866. That "the Squire" fell from his high estate towards the close of his life is unluckily too true; but it is scarcely correct to say that he died unhonoured by many of those who had known him in his more fortunate days. His old friend Captain Ross and several others stuck to him to the last, the captain writing a short memoir of him, which forms one of the chapters of Mr. Wheeler's "Sportascrapiana."—Ed.]

Let us now dismiss this chapter with the sincere hope that, with the rising generation of British sportsmen, this manly and soul-stirring amusement may ever continue to hold the high rank that it does amongst our numerous national sports; nor may the murderous and selfish system of preserving game, nor the quarrel-breeding, mob-collecting, and cruel exhibition of the steeplechase, supplant that noble pursuit, which affords recreation to all classes of society. Beckford says, with great truth, that "hunting is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind; and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends." It not only finds employment for numerous hands in nearly all our trades and manufactures; but, amongst the higher ranks, it is an effectual security

against the intrusion of idleness and spleen; it affords to the man of property ample scope for the display of generous and social feelings, and far better supplies the place of the more fashionable and expensive amusements of the metropolis, which only tend to excite and not to satisfy our fancied and artificial wants.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

Although Warwickshire has doubtless been hunted for a very long period, there are no trustworthy records relating to the sport prior to the time of Mr. Warde. He was succeeded by Mr. Corbet, who gave up in 1812; and after him came Lord Middleton, who gave Mr. Corbet 1500 guineas for his hounds, and hunted the country, or, to be accurate, a portion of it, for twenty years. Lord Middleton, it seems, did not care about hunting the woodlands during the latter part of his career; and so for about twenty years what is now the North Warwickshire country was practically unhunted. About 1834, however, Mr. Vyner collected a scratch pack, and became the first master of the North Warwickshire, which has always been justly considered as one of the finest woodland districts in England; and although a few pheasant preservers have sprung up during the last fifteen or twenty years,[1] as they are wont to do in almost every hunting country, the natural excellence of its large holding woods, not only as nurseries for foxes, as well as the finest ground in the world for breaking young hounds in cub-hunting, still remains, and is surpassed by none excepting the Pytchley. There is also attached to it some of the finest open grass land in the midland counties, on the Dunchurch and Hillmorton side, and from end to

[1] [This was written many years ago.—Ed.]

end it has always proved a superior scenting country, producing generally exceedingly stout foxes, especially on the north-western side.

[On Mr. Vyner, of Eathorpe, taking the country, he had some outbuildings at or near Solihul turned into kennels, and took lodgings in a house close by for himself. Although his pack was hastily collected, it was well hunted and well managed; and, as the country was full of foxes, the first master of the North Warwickshire was able to show excellent sport, and gave every satisfaction. The new arrangements, indeed, formed one of the attractions of Leamington, which, from that time, began to grow in favour as a hunting centre. In 1838 Mr. Vyner left Warwickshire for the Holderness country, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Shaw Hellier, a 17-stone man, who, though he did things in great style, seems to have laid the foundation for a long lasting dispute, as will presently appear. Meantime, Leamington was growing, and as the North Warwickshire country grew too fashionable for his taste, Mr. Hellier went to the quieter sphere of the Southwold in 1843, making way for Mr. Wilson, of Gumley, who, however, hunted the country for one or two seasons only; and then, as no one else came forward, the North Warwickshire ceased to exist as a separate country for a time, the hunting men of the district being provided for by the Warwickshire and Atherstone packs cutting up the vacant country between them. It was not till 1853 that the North Warwickshire was resuscitated by Mr. Selby Lowndes becoming master. One or two seasons, however, saw him depart for the Atherstone country, his place in Warwickshire being filled by Mr. Baker, who did not measure his expenditure by the amount of his subscription. It was during this gentleman's period of mastership that the North Warwickshire achieved the

distinction of having attracted the largest concourse that ever assembled at a hunt fixture.

At the end of 1860 there was great distress amongst the weavers of Coventry, and on the 25th February 1861 Mr. Baker, "at urgent request," but on the part of whom does not transpire, met at Coventry Station, in order that the distressed weavers of that place might be provided with a little amusement, though how this was to operate towards alleviating the distress is not quite clear. Nevertheless, it was estimated that between 30,000 and 40,000 people were present. Then came a further request, that the master would parade the hounds for the benefit of the ladies present; and to this he good-naturedly assented, the pack being walked through a dense crowd of persons. The first draw was Stivechall, about two miles from Coventry, and the whole route was lined by foot-people, of which one-third were women. There happened to be a fox in Stivechall, and it is needless to say that it was chopped. After the sacrifice to "urgent request," the hounds were taken with all speed to Chase Woods.

Mr. Baker's pack, it should be noticed, had a somewhat curious origin. Mr. George Forester, of Willey Park, Salop, kept hounds for about thirty years, partly in the last century and partly in the present one. When he gave them up, the farmers round about formed a trencher fed pack, and a short time afterwards, helped by Sir Richard Acton, some bloodhounds were bought wherewith to hunt any deer which might escape from the park. They were, however, taken out fox-hunting as well; by way of further strengthening the pack, Lord Forester procured some bitches from the Duke of Rutland, which were crossed with the bloodhounds, and their descendants were hunting as late as about 1828. Then the rough haired Welsh hound was introduced. Eventually these be-

came the Wheatland pack, of which Mr. Baker was master; and, when he left Shropshire for North Warwickshire, he brought his hounds with him.

For the first two seasons Mr. Baker hunted his hounds himself, and showed capital sport; but failing health compelled him to hand over his horn to a professional, in the person of Peter Williamson. A bad attack of bronchitis followed; and from the 16th November 1860 to the 1st February 1861, Mr. Baker was not able to leave his house. During his illness, Mr. Oswald Milne acted as his deputy, and succeeded him in the mastership in the spring of 1862. In May of that year Mr. Baker's hounds were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, forty couples bringing £750, giving an average of nearly £19 a couple.

Mr. Milne had thus to commence with a new pack, composed of drafts,; but, as they came from such kennels as the Berkeley, Bramham Moor, and York and Ainsty, they were as good as could be. For seven seasons Mr. Milne showed excellent sport, and resigned in 1869 to Mr. Lant, who bought his hounds. In 1884 Mr. Lort Phillips took the country, and he, on going to hunt Pembrokeshire in 1887, made way for Mr. Ashton, who came from Cambridgeshire.—Ed.]

This was originally styled the Knightlow country, and had been hunted as an entirety, ever since foxhunting was first established, up to the commencement of the present century. Then, some concessions having been made jointly not only by this country, but also by its neighbour the Atherstone, to enable a *two day* pack to be formed which for convenience might hunt in the neighbourhood of Coleshill, misunderstandings arose in future years. Mr. Vyner commenced operations, about the year 1834, to establish a pack and claim back and hunt the whole of that country called the Knightlow in its entirety, which he did after much

trouble and perseverance, changing the name to North Warwickshire, and continued to show great sport for some seasons, when he gave it up upon his taking the Holderness; and he was succeeded by other masters who, during many years, were always in hot water with the Atherstone about the proper boundaries of the two countries.

This disagreeable state of affairs went on until 1871, when a meeting was called of the most influential landed proprietors and owners of covers residing in the two Hunts; and it was resolved to refer the matter to a committee of masters of foxhounds at Boodle's Club; when their decision fully confirmed the absolute right of the North Warwickshire to draw all those covers in dispute, and which *exclusive* right Mr. Vyner had been at so much trouble to re-establish.

The following extract was copied from a Warwickshire paper at the time:—

"North Warwickshire Hunt.

"In March last[1] the North Warwickshire Hunt Committee received a communication from the Secretary of the Atherstone Hunt, claiming a portion of the North Warwickshire coverts, on the ground that an agreement had been made in 1850, by R. Barnard, Esq. (afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke, who then hunted the country), to alter the boundary-line from that previously acted on by former masters; and this alteration gave some coverts and country to the Atherstone, which their claim stated they hunted for five years afterwards; and that all the masters of the Atherstone Hounds had taken that agreement as their guide, as regards boundary in hunting the country.

[1] [Presumably 1871.—Ed.]

"The Atherstone Hounds also meet at the end of the season, at Coleshill Park, to maintain their claim by drawing the coverts generally believed to belong to North Warwickshire, and usually drawn by them.

"A meeting of the North Warwickshire Hunt was called; and a resolution, proposed by Lord Leigh, gave a very different aspect to the matter, as it appeared almost a direct negative to the Atherstone statement; and this resolution, with another protesting against the Atherstone Hounds coming to the advertised fixture at Coleshill Park, was sent as an answer to the claim. The coverts were nevertheless drawn by the Atherstone Hounds on the day advertised, and their right insisted on. Some of the members of both Hunts were then deputed to meet and examine the evidence on both sides of the question; and after two meetings it was agreed by both parties that the claim and its answer should be decided by the Masters of Foxhounds Committee at Boodle's Club in London."

Upon this occasion the Secretary of the North Warwickshire Hunt wrote to Mr. Vyner to come to their aid and throw what light he could upon the subject; and his answer undoubtedly set all disputes about the boundaries at rest, we hope for ever:—

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to state in reply that I will endeavour to point out to you and the gentlemen of the North Warwickshire Hunt the exact boundaries of their country. When I first hunted North Warwickshire, my authority for claiming those covers, which strictly and absolutely belonged to the country, was Sir Theophilus Biddulph (the grandfather of the present), who had hunted in it regularly from his earliest days, and who knew perfectly the boundaries of what was

then called the Knightlow country; and I must here beg leave to observe that I was the first person who changed the name from Knightlow to North Warwickshire, but that is immaterial. Before I proceed further upon the subject of boundary, I can assure you that whatever covers the Atherstone Hounds have ever drawn belonging to North Warwickshire were only lent them; and that the Atherstone have not even any right to draw them as neutrals—viz., all those covers known as the Packington Woods, Birchley Hayes, &c., all covers in the parish of Castle Bromwich, Chemsley Wood, York's Wood, and Park Hall Wood, as far as the Minworth brook. Also all covers about Coleshill Park and Coleshill heath away for Hampton coppice. Also all the Corley Woods.

"It was a very unfortunate thing for the gentlemen of North Warwickshire to have part of their country *given away* by the late Mr. Shaw Hellier, and those who followed him, after I had taken all the trouble I did to firmly re-establish our old country as it once was and ought to be now. And if I hunted the country now I would take it in spite of all opposition.—Yours faithfully, ROBT. THOMAS VYNER.

"THE ELMS, WHEATLEY,
"*June* 13, 1871."

The following is the decision then given, which appears to fully bear out the statement on the part of the Warwickshire Hunt, and as fully manifests the entire futility of a claim made with so little foundation:—

The award of the Stewards of the M.F.H. Committee, respecting the question submitted to them by the Atherstone and North Warwickshire Hunts.

"The Stewards of the M.F.H. Committee, having carefully considered the evidence, are of opinion that the arrangement entered into by Messrs. Newdegate, Colville, and Barnard, not having been

signed, and having been shortly afterwards protested against by one of the parties, cannot be held to be binding.

"They are further of opinion that the Atherstone Hunt have established no claim to entitle them to draw the coverts in dispute.

POLTIMORE.
LECONFIELD.
S. W. CLOWES.
HY. CHAPLIN.

"*July* 1, 1871."

The recognised laws of fox-hunting, although only understood by those well conversant with the subject, are considered (like debts of honour) to be of the most binding character; and are scrupulously observed by hunting gentlemen as the most stringent statutes of the realm. It becomes, therefore, a very difficult and delicate subject when the interests of two Hunts are at stake.

One of the clauses, we believe, in this unwritten law is, that no master of hounds can alter the boundary of a country so as to make such agreement binding on any one but himself; and such arrangements are considered *pro tem.*, or simply during his mastership. And another is, that no covert owner can singly, by his own will, transfer his coverts from one hunt to another.

Thus it is that hunting countries long outlive the owners of coverts and the masters of the hounds, and are maintained in their entirety by the members of the Hunts, who become the guardians of their interests from generation to generation; and it is only by mutually well-defined and properly recorded arrangements, warranted by custom, that permanent alterations can be made in the boundaries of hunting countries.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the prominent members of the North Warwickshire Hunt have considered it their province to maintain the integrity of

their country as it was hunted a quarter of a century back; and although every twenty years bring almost a new generation as partakers of the sport, there are still in Warwickshire many who hunted with Mr. Vyner, and who, we trust, will consider it a duty to maintain the boundaries, and all rights and privileges due to the Hunt, whenever such occasions arise to require it.

AWAY TO THE CHASE.

AN ORIGINAL HUNTING SONG BY THE AUTHOR.

Away to the chase when the grey morn is peeping,
And Sol, in his chamber in crimson array,
No longer is sleeping, the white mist is creeping
From hill and from dale at the breaking of day.

Away to the chase, and a truce to all sorrow,
This day is a bumper, we'll quaff it with joy;
Ne'er think of to-morrow, but let us all borrow
Those pleasures from hunting, which never can cloy.

Away to the chase, nor once linger to wake her
Who's dreaming so fondly you're still by her side;
How pensive 'twould make her, that you should forsake her,
How struggle that bosom its anguish to hide.

Away to the chase, where the blue hills are swelling,
O'er Belvoir's fair valley of velvet so green,
On stretch'd pinions dwelling the song-lark is telling
His story of love as he floats o'er the scene.

Away to the chase, as the sportsmen are thronging,
Where Wissendine's waters in deep murmurs flow;
Ne'er say that they're wrong in so ardently longing
To lead the first burst at the shrill Tally Ho!
Tally Ho! Tally Ho!
Away! Away! Tally Ho!

THE DEEPDALE RUN.

"Here's success to the pack of the Staffordshire Lord,
And a health to Sir The, who's a man of his word,
For two better Britons ne'er joined their address,
To realise sport with such signal success.
And here's to the day when at Deepdale again
We'll find such a fox as was yesterday slain;
A traveller, stranger, stout, gallant, and shy,
With his earths ten miles off, and those earths in his eye,
He was off like a shot at the sound of the horn,
As the stars disappear at the pale peep of morn.
No uproar to render hounds wilful or wild,
He was not viewed away by a Leicestershire field;
But a snug little party of *gens de province*,
With moderate nags, so the hounds had a chance.
A party from Birb'ry, from Leamington some,
A few were from Dunchurch, and Napier from home;
There was Wyndham and Ladbroke, Kingston and Bowen,
And twenty I had not the honour of knowing,
With Applewait, Oliver, Spooner, and Lance,
The peer on 'Young Watson,' and Coke on 'Advance.'
The hounds they set-to, as if meaning to run,
In spite of a gaudy, meridian sun;
They settled in earnest we very soon found,
With their heads in the air, and their sterns on the ground;
How they dash up the headlands, and fling up the glades!
How they draw the best breath from the Leamington blades!
How jealous they render these 'Spa-swilling chaps,'
Such whipping, such spurring, such charging of gaps,
Such very tight neckcloths, such very slack reins,
Such squeezing at gates, and such work in the lanes!
In short, I'll defy you to say, in the burst,
Who were pressing, or nicking, or tailing, or first.
The peer had no time to decide which was which.
Go it, Victory, Tidings, and Spiteful, my bitch,[1]

[1] Three favourite hounds in his lordship's pack.

Not a word for a farmer, a rate for a flat,
E'en for me, who at football had play'd with his hat.
Quoth he, 'If I judge by the line that he ran
Once before, you may presently press if you can.'
He was right, for although at first starting the tit
Could just stay with the hounds, and o'erride them a bit,
We had no sooner left the small fields and light soil,
Than to live was a pleasure amounting to toil.
The scent was improving, pace faster of course,
The hound getting fleeter, and slower the horse;
Ev'ry foot o'er the vale the pack beat us at will,
And were two fields ahead when they mounted the hill
That's crown'd with the hall of Sir Shuckburgh's descendants,
Ungraced and unaided by human attendants.
The check at the earth gave us time to ascend,
Where 'twas smoking, and piping, and 'bellows to mend.'
Fifty minutes so ripping, it must be confessed,
Was enough for the bad ones, no joke for the best.
And now o'er the vale where the Welshman[1] presides,
And 'High Noble field,' with its evergreen sides,
Where folks 'gan to falter, and justice to yield,
The peer played a solo for many a field;
But for this he may thank the address of his man,
Who brought up his mare fresh, the fleet Marianne.
We brush'd him up smartish to Staverton wood;
He skirted it down the hill, hang his stout blood!
Was headed, and back to the cover he slunk,
The men in a pickle, the peer in a funk.
From Staverton wood he broke cleanly and dry
(We've known it before); 'A fresh fox,' was the cry.
The gentleman wished to be knowing, of course;
And perhaps he was fresh, when compared with his horse.
Pug managed to make one small field from the cover,
A crash and a whimper, 'who-whoop!' and it's over.
Scarce the fate of this veteran fox had been seal'd,
When the question occurred, 'What's become of the field?

[1] The late Sir Thomas Mostyn. The country is now hunted by "The Bicester."

They can't all be beaten, they can't have stood still;
I've seen but six people from Shuckborough Hill.
Perhaps the brook stopped them; I hope they are in it.'
'Don't alarm yourself, sir, they'll be here in a minute;
They'll meet with some farmer, a good pioneer.'
The word was scarce spoken, when lo! they appear;
They had fought for a road, and then made a wide cast,
And the wind-sinking gentlemen came up at last.
Little else to describe, if to write I was hired,
But the jest of the fresh and excuse of the tired:
'What kept you, kind sir, in the background so far?'
'Why, I stopped at the village to light my cigar.'
'I say, my good friend, at the brook why so linger?'
'I got such a horrible thorn in my finger.'
'A thorn in your finger?' another replied;
'You mean that the brook was a thorn in your side.'
'Why so far in the rear? Were the spurs of no use?'
'Oh! I rode to a halloa.' 'A hollow excuse.'
Many thanks let us give to the Staffordshire peer,
Whose pack has this day left us all in the rear.
May his sport be as good as it's hitherto been,
May he see as good runs as he's hitherto seen,
And before many years have passed over his head
He'll beat all the world both in science and speed."

INDEX.

INDEX.

Accident to Joe Maiden, 254; to a whipper-in, 256; to hounds, 280, 281, 282.
Acidity in stomach of hound, chalk a remedy for, 134; pill for, 134.
Albrighton kennels, kennel lameness in, 102.
Amateur huntsmen, 262.
Analysis of water supplied to Ascot kennels, 105 *et seq.*
Ancient Britons did not hunt hare, 72.
Animals shot in Austria, 19; in France, 18, 19; hunted, classification of, 62.
Appearance of pack of hounds, 179.
Areca nut for worms in dogs, 150.
Artificial coverts, 232, 236, 237.
Artificial gorse, oldest in Pytchley country, 232.
Artificial earth, how to construct, 239; should be in dry situation, 240; injured by badgers, 240.
Ascot kennels, analysis of water supplied to, 105, 106, 107.
Ashton, Mr., hunts North Warwickshire, 382.
Atherstone Hunt claim some of North Warwickshire country, 383 *et seq.*
Austria, sport in, 19.
Authors, M. F. H.'s as, 2.
"Away to the chase" (hunting song), 387.

Badger hams, how to cure, 74.
Badgers, period of gestation of, 240; how to take, 240; destruction to artificial earths, 240.
Bag-foxes, 222, 310; hunting them objected to, 218, 221; Mr. Stubbs' mode of conditioning, 221.
Baker, Mr., hunts North Warwickshire, 379; his meet at Coventry station, 381; origin of his hounds, 381, 382.
Barclay, Capt., his method of making hounds steady from roe-deer, 197.
Barley-flour (*see* Feeding hounds).
Barrow, W., epitaph on, 261.
Barton, Mr. J. H., his death, 331.
Basset hounds, the Brighton, 17.
Bath improvised, 159.
Beasts of the chase, 62; hunting, 62.
Beckford, Mr., on crossing, 57; on riot, 249; on hunting, 377.
Bees in French kennel, 103.
Belvoir Castle, meeting of hounds at, 24.
Belvoir country, litters of foxes in, 210.
"Belvoir Hounds, Operations of," 209; slaughter of cubs by, 306.
Benches, circular, 112; iron or wood, 112; height of, 112; bare in summer not recommended, 315.
Biddulph, Sir T., his biography, 340; his inventions, 340; kept harriers, 340.
Bite of viper, 156.
Blackthorn coverts, 236.
Blaine, Mr., his work on "Canine Pathology," 139, 145, 147.
Blankney Hounds, the, 182.
Bloodhounds, Mr. Nevill's, 96.
Blood, necessity of, 277.
Boilers not to be made of copper, 123.
Boiling house, position of, 93.
"Bold Dragoon," the, a well-known fox, 221.
Bolting fox, method of, 66.
Boundaries of countries, change of, 67.
Bowels, inflammation of, 159.
Brakes, advantage of, 232.
Breaking out, 157.
Breeding earth should not be stopped after early in March, 244.

Breeding, hounds for, 52, 53; prejudice in, to be avoided, 57.
Bridle gates, advantage of, 231.
Brighton Harriers chase a dog, 188.
Brigstock kennels, healthiness of, 104.
Brocklesby country, large supply of foxes in, 210.
Brocklesby Hunt servants, cow pasture for, 56; Hounds, the, 183; history of, 185.
Brood bitches, 49, 50; treatment of, 55; servant to accompany when sent to stallion hound, 58; not to be kept in too high condition, 61.
Broody hen, fox will not take, 199.
"Brushes, all the, in Christendom," 331.
Buccleuch, Duke of, his fox preserving, 302, 303.
Buckthorn, syrup of, a physic for hounds, 289.
Burton Hounds, incident with, 304.
Buttermilk for hounds, 121.

CAMARADERIE, alleged want of, in hunting field, 38.
Canine madness (*see* Rabies).
"Canine Pathology" (Blaine's), 167; Mr. Vyner's good opinion of, 139.
Canker in ear, 156.
Carter, W., anecdote of, 294.
Casting, 273, 275, 276.
"Catching hold," meaning of, 217.
Chalk remedy for acidity of stomach of hounds, 134.
Chadwick, one of his hounds caught by hook, 281.
Charlton Hunt, the, in existence in 1689, 23.
Chaworth, Mr. Musters takes name of, 343.
Checks operate against hounds, 37; causes of, 37.
Cheering hounds, 215, 272.
'Chelsea pensioner" (recipe), 166.
Children, peculiar names for, 54.
Chopping foxes in covert proves vice in hounds rather than good hunting, 36.
Chute, Mr., his pigtail, 28.
Clay good foundation for kennels, 104.
Clerical masters of hounds, 73.
Cleveland, Duke of, his own feeder, 128; his kennels, 142; sale of his hounds, 142.
Club of M.F.H.'s proposed, 71.
Coaches, meeting, when returning home with hounds, 280, 281.
Committee in Warwickshire country, 12; objection to, 14.
Committees, evils of, 12.
Condition of hounds, 206.
Cook, Colonel, hunts N.F.H. while suffering from cancer, 39; dies of cancer, 39; his remarks on Mr. Meynell's hounds, 239.
Cope, Sir John, his curious names for hounds, 54.
Corbet, Mr., anecdote of, 287; his character, 288; hunts Warwickshire, 379.
Countries to be fairly hunted, 286.
Coverts, local names for, 229; various kinds of, 229; large ones only drawn in early days, 230; "nursing," not recommended, 243; all should be drawn before November, 243.
Cows, keeping of, for puppies, 56.
Croome Hounds chase dog, 188.
Crops which sustain most injury from being ridden over, 301.
Cub-hunting, how to drill hounds in, 48; mode of beginning, 49; best time to see hounds work, 200; commencement of, 209; evening, 211, 212, 213; with Mr. Foljambe's hounds, 211; changed system of, 213; and game preserving, 214. hounds skirting whilst, 216; *modus operandi* of, 216, 217, 218; early beginning of, recommended, 218; some amateurs do not hunt their hounds during, 212; hard work for huntsmen, 212; during, earlier woodlands should be drawn in preference to small coverts, 242; all coverts to be drawn during, 243.
Cubs, destruction of, in spring, 303, 305; removal of litters of, 309; necessary for entering of young hounds, 309.
Cuts and wounds, 154, 155.
Cynegeticus of Oppian, 65.

DACHS-HUNDS, 17.
Damp, effect of, on puppies, 56, 57.
Darling, Robert, the Holderness earth-stopper, 332; rides team horse to hounds, 332; his horse dealing, 332; sale and dispersal of his harriers, 333.

Davis, Charles, 107; drew water from Queen Anne's Well, 107; his letter on Ascot kennels, 109.
Deaths, sudden, in hunting field, 331.
Deddington osier bed, run from, 236.
Deepdale run, the, 341, 388.
Deer, "soiling," 14; a tame, 96; their feeding, 96.
Devon and Somerset staghounds, large hounds used in, 53.
Digestion of hounds, 133.
Digging not allowed if fox goes to ground in another country, 66.
Disputes as to country, 68, 69.
Distemper, 140 *et seq.*; "Stonehenge" on, 140; Veterinary Medical Association on, 140; likened to typhus fever, 140; affects different parts of body, 140; inoculation for, 141; vaccination for, condemned, 141; puppies attacked by, 141; symptoms and treatment of, 142; remedies for, 143, 145; supposed first introduction of, 145; Blaine on, 145; dressing hounds suffering from, 147.
Doe, a tame, 96.
Dog, organisation of, 30; theory of descent of, 31; only animal that dreams, 76; able to fast long time, 131; subject to few diseases, 139.
"Dog Bob" (*see* Darling, R.).
Dracek, Baroness, 20; mistaken for an officer, 23.
Draft hounds, 43, 179; two sorts of, 40; price of, 40; Mr. Osbaldeston's, 40; second should be made, 177.
Drafting should not be too close, 177.
Drains should be grated or staked, 245.
Draper, Mr. W., life of, 329; his style of living, 330; his favourite toast, 331; his death, 331.
Draper, Miss, 330, 331.
Driving and skirting, difference between, 29.
"Driving" hounds, advantage of, 29.
Draughts injurious to hounds, 316.
Drawing small coverts, 238; position of field whilst, 238; by few hounds, 239; over foxes, 266.
Drugs used in kennels, 166, 167.
Duke of Grafton, his rules for whippers-in, 251–253.

Earth-stopper, 244.
Earths, stopping once and for all for the season, 244; not permanently stopped should be opened before dark, 244.
Earth-stopping now performed by gamekeepers, 244.
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, extract from, 99.
Effect of keeping many animals together, 161.
"Egg-suckers," meaning of, 51.
Epitaphs on huntsmen, 260, 261.
Epizootics, 161.
Essex v. *Capel*, 68.
Evening cub-hunting (*see* Cub-hunting, evening).
Exercise, 130; of hounds after feeding, 133; of hounds should be slow in summer, 209.
Expenses of fox hunting, 62.
Eyes of hounds, injury to, 139, 140; weak or injured, 155.

Farmers, courtesy to, advised, 287.
Feeder, duty of, 123.
Feeding-room, best situation for, 93.
Feeding hounds, 115 *et seq.*, 129; curious directions for, 116; barley-flour, 116, 117, 118; experiments in, not to be made in hunting season, 115; adulterated meal, 118; good flesh necessary for, 119, 120; buttermilk, 121; high, recommended, 121; skimmed milk, 121; on vegetables, 122; in summer, 124; how to make pudding, 125; Mr. Warde on, 125; necessity for good system of, 126; not recommended on hunting morning, 127; best time for, 130; eating to repletion, 131.
Ferret bolting fox, 66.
"Field," average number of, 9, 10.
Field-mice, favourite food of foxes, 310.
"Fire-blast," 101.
First pack of foxhounds in England, 23.
Fistula in limbs, 157, 158.
Fitz-William, Lord, origin of his hounds, 184.
Flags, dog on, 177.
Flashing and *flinging*, one often mistaken for the other, 29.
Flesh, must be used in summer, 120; not to be overboiled, 121; greaves as substitute for, 121.
Fletcher, Mr., his fox-preserves, 303.

Flogging hounds deprecated, 193, 194.
Floor of lodging-room, quarry bricks or flags better than asphalt, 90.
Foljambe, his hounds, history of, 41; his new kennel, 102; cub-hunting with the hounds, 211.
Following foxhounds over land of another is not a right, 68.
Fox, dwelling in covert, 36; bolted by ferret, 66; a timid animal, 66; sagacity of, 80; horseman viewing, in covert, 273; hunting one in covert, 273; a May, 302; roasted and eaten, 72, 73, 74.
Fox's head devilled and eaten, 74.
Foxes, shooting of, in France, 18; seasoned, necessary for sport, 36; stoutness of those of last century, 86, 87, 241; hunting, all year round, 209; in Brocklesby country, 210; never run line of stiles, 219; French, weakness of, 241; Mr. A. Smith's plan to make heat, 243; Mr. Osbaldeston's plan, 243; congregating in earth, 245; curious resorts of, 264, 265; drawing over, 266; "stubbred," 305; slaughter of, by Belvoir Hounds, 306; food of, 309.
Foxhound, a plodding, does not necessarily possess good nose, 45; "walks," 49; a small, 53; a large, 53; stallion for small establishment, 58; shows, 59; Kennel Stud Book, 71; his life one of slavery, 75; susceptible to jealousy, 75; journey of, 80, 83, 84.
Foxhounds, difficulty in finding masters for, 10; at St. Malo, 18; at St. Omer, 18; at Rome, 18; the Charlton, 23; first pack of, in England, 23; varieties of, 25; breeding of, 26; prices paid for, 26, 27; the Vine, 27, 28; Mr. Musters's, descent of, 28; dwelling on scent not necessarily gifted with keen scenting power, 29; apt to become wild when pressed on, 29; education of, 30; heading of, 31, 50, 51; possible loss of nose of, 31; with large heads, 32; entering at hare, 33, 203, 204; should be turned gently, 35; wildest pack of, kill in covert, 36; how to form pack of, 39; wear out soon in some countries, 40; breeding from drafts, 40; Mr. Lambton's, sold to Lord Suffield 41; history of Mr. Foljambe's, 41–43; level pack of, desirable, 44; should run together, 44; reasons why drafted, 45; mistake in overworking, 46; mute, 46; must have bone, 49; hard work of, 76; dividing into three bodies, 79; first pack of, 84; Mr. Fownes', 84; originally slower than modern ones, 87; attendant should sleep near, 90; killed by fighting, 90; exercise of, 91; not to walk in paddock in which horses pasture, 91; eating excrement, 92; washing, 109; treatment of, after hunting, 110.
Fox-hunters, original, were residents in neighbourhood, 87.
Fox-hunting, best of all sports, 6, 8; original style of, 23; when it first became an amusement in England, 23; growth of, 32; advantages of, 38; expenses of, 62; ancient and unwritten laws of, 65, 68; exists on sufferance, 65; action, 68; early, 86; in open, 230; recognised laws of, 386.
Fox-mobbing, 311; in North Warwickshire country, 311; in Atherstone country, 311.
Fox-preserving, 244.
Fox-stealer, a, his legacy to a M.F.H., 313.
Fox-stealing in Warwickshire, 312.
Fractured limbs, 159.
Freeman, H., death of, 193.
French foxes, weakness of, 241.
Fresh fox, changing to a, 274.
Frost, kennel precautions in a, 290.

GAME preservers inimical to fox-hunting, 241.
Gaming, protest against, 10.
Gamekeepers usually do earth-stopping, 244.
Garlic, wild, spoils scent, 297.
Goodall, Stephen, his method of making hounds steady from rabbit, 197.
Goodricke, his store of meal, 118.
Good sport, how to obtain, 231.
Gorse covert, land for, must be clear, 233; light soil for, preferred, 233; how to make, 233; should be sown in April, 234; planting out sometimes successful, 234; how to pre-

serve it, 235; cutting, 235; burning, 235; effect of burning on hares and rabbits, 236; no protection against fox-stealers, 238.
Gorse seed mixed with broom or cereals not recommended, 234.
Graham, Sir B., his own feeder, 131; his preference for bitch packs, 247; and "fox-mobbers," 312.
Grass court, size of, 91.
Greyhounds, Cuvier's reason why they have less nose than other dogs, 31.
Greaves, broth made of, an occasional substitute for flesh, 121.
Gundry v. *Feltham*, 68.

HARD riders often miss all the hunting, 11.
Hare-hunting older than fox-hunting, 23.
Hare not hunted by ancient Briton, 72.
Hares, an abundance of, spoil scent, 295, 296.
Harriers, sale of Mr. H. Brassey's, 186; of service in fox-hunting country, 224.
Hartley, Dr., on intellectual faculties of brutes, 75.
Harvest, late in 1839, 209, 210.
Heelway, hounds running, 294, 295.
Hellier, accident to his hounds, 281; takes North Warwickshire country, 380; goes to Lincolnshire, 380.
Heythrop Hunt, 34.
Heythrop country formerly hunted by Dukes of Beaufort, 236.
Hind, a tame, 96.
"Hints for Huntsmen," Colonel A. Thomson's, 253.
Holderness country, incident in, 83.
Horlock, Mr., his system of feeding, 131.
Horses, method of seeking help from companion, 76; not to graze in paddock wherein hounds walk out, 91; *v.* hound, 190; for hunt servants, 283; jobbing, for kennels, 285; gruelling, 300.
Hound, biscuits dearer than meal, 122; breeding in Meynell's time, 5; list, Brocklesby, 26; sagacity of, 75; a speaking, 76; breeding, improvement in, 78; types of, 180; what he should be, 181, 182, 183; a "roachback," 182.
Hounds, packs of, in France, 17; rank first among dogs, 77; formerly fed on flesh only, 115; respecting food of, 132; feeding, late feeding not recommended, 132; Mr. Horlock's opinion, 131; Mr. Warde's opinion, 132; Mr. Neverd's opinion, 133; digestion of 133; exercise of, after feeding, 133; treatment of, by huntsmen, 137; sale of Duke of Cleveland's, 142; muzzling of (*see* Muzzling); young, when sent in from quarters, 175; young, should not be shut up at walk, 175; young, reason why sometimes shut up at walk, 176; young, treatment of, 176; interest in, 178; style of pack of, 179; number to be put forward, 179; throaty, 181; straight, 181; calf knee, 181; tongue of, 183; old breeders of, 183; exportation of, 186; chasing pony, 187; chasing crows, 188; chasing horse, 188; chasing donkey, 188; (harriers) chasing dog, 188; wild, 195; skirters, 199; treatment of, in summer, 205; treatment of old, in summer, 205; condition of, 206, 207, 208; slow exercise for, in summer, 209; not now cheered by name, 215; running a dog, 218, 219; when most inclined to riot, 246; will riot sometimes, 246; hanging on line become slack, 246; working in covert, 246; should run together, 247; packs of, dividing according to size, 247; advantage of, 247; bitch packs often preferred, 247; dividing, duty of whipper-in, 250; epitaphs on, 262; running hard down wind, 271; taking to holloa in cover, 273; casting, 273; necessity of keeping them well blooded, 277; caught in traps, 280; accidents to, 280, 281, 282; physicking, 288; hunting of, interfered with by wild geese, 297, 298; strong points of different, 298; vanning of, 299; care of, while returning from hunting, 300; on scent of otter, 305; treatment of, 313; draughts injurious to, 316; show, Mr. Warde's, 337; breaking, by kindness, 364.
Houndsman, a, 177.
Hunt Clubs, establishment of, 69; York Union, 70.

Hunting, knowledge of, on decline, 8; sketches (Trollope's), 9; expense of, 15, 16; chief employment of man from earliest time, 15; opposition to, in Ireland, 16; on Continent, 17; picture, a curious German, 19; pictures, 21, 22, 26; royal, 19; dress, a costly, 21: season, commencement of, 174, 175; bridges, advantage of, 231; French books on, 260; in snow recommended, 289; in snow, 291; season, duration of, 301; season, the close of, 327, 328; Beckford on, 377; songs, 387, 388.
Hunt servants, new and old, 257, 259; should be well horsed, 283.
Huntsman, should he wait for hounds? 36; his treatment (medicinal) of hounds, 137; sometimes jealous of whipper-in, 250; and whipper-in, quarrel between, 250; should know whipper-in's duty, 253; his duty, 254; modern, *apologia* for, 259; the old-fashioned, 257, 260, 261; amateur, 262; M.F.H. as, 262; directions for, 263 *et seq.*; and whippers-in working together, 274; should sometimes stop hounds for whipper-in's holloa, 275; should anticipate reason of check, 275; qualifications for, 276.

Implements used in kennels, 166, 167.
Incidents, curious, while hunting, 79.
Incident, curious, in Holderness country, 83.
Inflammation of bowels, 159.
Inoculation for distemper, 141.
Insobriety great fault in hunt servants, 251.

Jackal hunting, 187.
James I., King, his hunting, 24.
Jaundice, 147; Dr. Thornton on, 147; Professor Woodroffe Hill on, 148; or yellows, treatment of, 148; French remedy for, 149.
Johnson, T., epitaph on, 260.

Kennel Stud Book, 71.
Kennel, various opinions as to situation of, 88; requisite for, 89; rooms over, recommended, 89; questioned, 89; precautions against vermin in roof of, 89; flooring of, 90; for young hounds, 91; often faulty, 92; position in, of feeding room, 93; suggestions for improving, 93; rats in, 94; effect of unhealthy one, 97; kennel lameness, 97, 98; prevalent where kennel is on sandstone or sand, 98; possible explanation of, 99; in Albrighton kennels, 102; in Ascot kennel, 106; situation of, the cause of kennel lameness, 102; methods of keeping them aired, 103; at Brigstock, healthiness of, 104; healthy when built on clay, 104, 105; at Thrussington unhealthy, 105 at Ascot unhealthy, 105; lameness not necessarily result of washing, 111; narrow doorways produce lameness, 111; airing of, 112, 113; damp, produces disease, 113; airing of, substitute for stone for, 113; the Pytchley at Brixworth, 113; cost of, how to estimate, 114; costs, 128; lameness, 165; visits, 177, 178.
Kindness, treating hounds by, 364.
King, H., death of, 193.
King, Mr., his bitch pack, 247.
Kintore, Lord, his hounds afflicted with kennel lameness, 103.
Knight, Dick, anecdote of, 278.
Knightlow country, 382, 385.

Lameness of New Forest hounds, probable reason for, 97; in feet easily distinguished from shoulder lameness, 98; often caused by striking narrow doorway, 111; in stifle, 163 (*see* Lameness in shoulder); in shoulder, 164; in knee, 164; in shoulder, how to discover, 164, 165; in shoulder, treatment of, 165.
Lant, Mr., hunts North Warwickshire, 382.
Large hounds, Mr. Meynell's fancy for, 37.
Laws of hunting, old, 65; the recognised, 386.
Leamington, rise of, 380.
Life of foxhound, slavery of, 75.
Limbs, fractured, 159.
Litters of hounds, marking of, 57; of foxes in Belvoir country, 210.
Lodging rooms, length of, 90; floor of, 90, 97; frequent whitewashing of, 112.
Long runs, 77, 78.

Long, W., his speech, 257.
Losing foxes, one reason of, 284; huntsman should know how to lose, 365.
Lowndes, Mr. J., takes North Warwickshire country, 380.
Maiden, J., his life and accident, 255.
Mange, 152; dressing for, 152; red, 153; not common, 153; treatment of, 153; some causes of, 240.
Marten, not same as wild cat, 62, 63, 303.
Marten cat, sweet scent of, 304; dislodging from tree, 304.
Master of harriers, anecdote of, 74.
Masters of hounds, present in New Forest when staghounds met there, 10; old and new compared, 13; modern, a long standing, 13; dinner of, in London, 70; clerical, 73; feeding their own hounds, 128, 131; feeding deerhounds, 131; as huntsmen, 262; his pleasures, 313, 314.
Masters of hounds' decision on North Warwickshire and Atherstone dispute, 385.
Matches at trail scents, 190; between hounds at Newmarket, 191.
May foxes, 302.
Meal often kept in zinc-lined receptacles, 94.
"Meynellian science," 32.
Meynell, Mr., his method of breaking hounds, 33; his ideal hound, 33; his object in breeding foxhounds, 33; rarely lifted hounds, 34; his method of hunting, 34; his hounds cast in three divisions, 35; had good runs with, 37; first to enter foxhounds at hare, 204.
Middleton, Lord, foxes in his country, 36; tries to learn Mr. Musters' secret of attaching hounds to him, 358; hunts North Warwickshire, 379.
Milne, Mr. O., acts as deputy for Mr. Baker, 382; succeeds Mr. Baker, 382.
Moody, T., epitaph on, 261.
Murdering foxes deprecated, 36.
Musters, Mr., as instructor of hunt servants, 81; hunted by his own hounds, 82, 83.
Musters, senior, Mr., hunted South Notts, 342, 344; Mr. J., his biography, 342; his marriage, 343; his accomplishments, 345; his fight with Assheton Smith, 345; his fight with a gamekeeper, 346-348; his athletic powers, 348; his dislike to gambling, 349; reproves clergyman, 349; his opinion of Mr. Vyner, 351; his different masterships of hounds, 352; his style of riding at timber and water, 353; on scent, 353, 354; his trap for a keeper, 368, 369; his behaviour in the field, 355; his reproof to unruly fields, 355; on riding to hounds, 356; on lifting hounds, 356; his method in drawing coverts, 356; his objection to point and lane riders, 356; his tactics at a check, 357; his fondness for his hounds, 358; his objection to flogging hounds, 358; advocated plenty of work for hounds, 359; retained fondness for hunting when unable to hunt, 359; his dislike to smoking, 359; his hounds and Quorn join, 360; his friends' opinions of him, 361; steadiness of his hounds, 362, 363; his ruse to entrap a keeper, 366, 367, 368.
Musters, Mr. J. C., junior, his life, mastership, and death, 370.
Musters, Mrs., her head-dress of oak, 345.
Mute hounds, 46.
Muzzling recommended before performing operation, 154.
Mytton, Mr., and bag-fox hunting, 223.

NAMES.

Masters of Hounds—

Althorp, Lord, 27, 104, 193, 201, 291, 372; Arkwright, Robert, 13; Arkwright, Rev. J., 73; Arundel, Lord, 84.
Babbington, Lieut.-Col., 2; Baker, Mr., 115, 322, 379, 381, 382; Barclay, Capt., 197; Barnet, Henry, 285; Barry, Smith, 191, 192; Barton, J. Hope, 331; Beaufort, Duke of, 2, 10, 26, 28, 36, 68, 184, 194, 203, 236, 257, 277 Beckford, P., 2, 3, 6, 38, 57, 116, 117, 188, 248, 249, 377; Bentinck, Lord Henry, 42; Berkeley,

Grantley, 53, 169, 372; Blagrave, Major, 172; Boughey, Sir Thomas, 13, 102; Bowes, 84; Brassey, A., 13; Brassey, H., 186; Broke, Lord Willoughby de, 383; Buccleuch, Duke of, 181, 302, 350; Buckingham, Duke of, 69.

Calcraft, 26; Canning, W. Gordon, 285; De Canteleu, Le Comte le C., 17, 260; Castlehaven, Lord, 49; Chadwick, 254, 281; Chaplin, H., 182, 386; Chedworth, Lord, 189, 344; Chesterfield, Earl of, 18; Child, 184; Chute, 28; Cleveland, Duke of, 13, 128, 142, 332, 352; Clowes, 29, 386; Coddrington, 10; Cook, Colonel, 2, 39, 90, 97, 160, 239, 290. 338; Cookson, 13; Combe, Harvey, 26, 41, 171, 376; Cope, Sir John, 10, 54, 171; Corbet, R., 8, 29, 69, 202, 219, 261, 287, 288, 379; Coupland, 370; Craven, Hon. J., 10; Crewe (afterwards Lord), 184; Crosier, John, 13.

Darlington, Lord, 85, 332; Davenport, 255; Drake, T., 67, 370; Draper, W., 329, 330, 331, 333; Drax, 10, 69; Dubourg, 196.

Egremont, Lord, 28, 344; Errington, R., 10; Errol, Earl of, 10; Everett, Rev. C. D., 73.

Farquharson, Squire, 13, 69; Fellowes, 27; Fitzwilliam, Earl, 26, 32, 184; Foley, Lord, 32; Foley, 184; Foljambe, 41, 43, 59, 102, 211; Fownes, T., 84, 85; Fox, G. Lane, 13; Francklin, 370.

Galway, Lord, 42; Garforth, 255; Garth, 13; Gifford, W., 102; Goodricke, Sir H., 105, 118; Grafton, Duke of, 148, 215, 231, 252, 253, 261, 272; Graham, Sir B., 131, 247, 255, 376; Grey, Earl, 23.

Hall, A. W. (Heythrop), 34; Hall, Henry (Heythrop), 285; Hall (Holderness), 10, 13, 104, 171; Hall (Somersetshire), 290; Hankey, 10; Harewood, Lord, 13; Hargreaves, John, 13; Hawke, Lord, 13, 71; Hay, 255; Hellier, Shaw, 380, 385; Heron, 26; Hodgson, 59, 282; Horlock, 2, 10, 53, 68, 230, 334; Hornyhold, 255.

Jennings, Sir P., 49.

King, 10, 247; Kintore, Lord, 103; Kirkham, J., 78; Knightley, Sir Charles, 284.

Lambton, Ralph, 41; Lant, 382; Leamon, Messrs., 115; Leconfield, Lord, 386; Legard, Digby, 190; Lesley, 69; Lichfield, Lord, 67, 255; Lonsdale, Lord, 27, 180, 302; Lowndes, Selby, 380; Lowther, Colonel, 27; Lowther, Sir J., 180; Lowther, Sir W., 27; Lumley, Hon. and Rev. J., 42.

Macclesfield, Lord, 13; Mackenzie, 302; Mainwaring, Sir H., 255; Meynell, 5, 8, 32, 33. 34, 35, 36, 37, 51, 180, 183, 184, 189, 191, 192, 209, 239, 351; Middleton, Lord, 36. 54, 82, 95, 202. 218, 255, 274, 294, 379; Millar, Sir J., 26; Milne, Oswald, 382; Monmouth, Duke of, 23; Monson, Lord, 26, 42, 375; Morrell, 13; Morton, Hon. F. (Lord Gifford), 10; Mostyn, Sir T., 67, 79, 197, 225, 226, 236; Mule, 290; Musters, J. C., 28, 81, 82, 272, 326, 344, 345, 346, 349, 351, 352, 369, 370, 371, 376; Mytton, J., 223, 226.

Nevill, 96; Nevill, Hon. R., 13; Newman, 226; Nicoll, 10, 15, 39, 52, 338; Noel, 27; Northumberland, Duke of, 74; Oakley, 13.

Osbaldeston, G., 10, 26, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 82, 104, 128, 129, 171, 180, 181, 183, 184, 190, 226, 243, 256, 275, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376; Ossory, Lord, 189; Oxenden, Sir Henry, 18.

Panmure, Lord, 292; Panton, T., 79; Pelham, C., 185, 186, 226; Pennell-Elmhirst, Capt., 2; Peyton, Sir A., 225; Phillips, Lort, 381; Poltimore, Lord, 386; Portman, Lord, 10; Portsmouth, Lord, 27, 195; Powell, W. R. H., 13.

Radcliffe, Delmé, 2, 4, 9; Regent, the Prince, 336; Reynolds, Rev. E. M., 73; Ricardo, M., 285; Richmond, Duke of, 26, 28, 49, 260, 261; Ridley, Sir M. W., 42; Roper, 23, 331; Rowley, Sir W., 290; Russel, John, 53; Russell, Rev. J., 305; Rutland, Earl of, 24, 26, 30, 43, 183, 203, 209, 277, 295, 345, 381.

Savile, Sir G., 42; Savile, Lumley, 41; Scarborough, fifth Earl of, 42, 184; Scarborough, sixth Earl of, 41; Scarborough, seventh Earl of, 42; Sefton, Lord, 335; Shaw, 255, 281; Shirley, 123, 201, 202, 227; Smith, Assheton, 10, 11, 28, 55, 60, 80, 93, 243, 346; Smith, Thomas, 2, 199, 210, 211, 213; Snow, N., 209; Somerville, 2, 179, 225; Sondes, Lord, 202; Southampton, Lord, 26, 299; Spencer, Earl, 27, 70, 104, 193, 278, 302; Sperling, 115; Stubbs, 221; Studd, E. F., 9; Sturt, 68; Suffield, Lord, 41; Sutton, Evelyn, 323; Sutton, Sir R., 171, 222, 304, 350; Sykes, Sir M., 204; Sykes, Sir T., 190, 294, 297; Swan, 69.

Tatchell, 10; Taylor, 80, 189; Templer, 221; Thackwell, J. C., 13; Thanet, Lord, 77, 184, 189; Thomson, Col. Anstruther, 2, 253; Thornton, Col., 2, 79; Trelawney, "Squire," 13; Tyrwhitt, Sir John, 185; Tyrwhitt, Sir T., 185.

Vernon, Lord, 26, 89, 371; Villebois, J., 10, 13, 39, 180, 250; Vout, Sir John, 78; Vyner, R., 25, 44, 189, 202, 221, 255, 259, 290, 337, 339, 380, 383, 384, 385, 387.

Warde, John, 8, 27, 32, 52, 67, 69, 96, 112, 125, 132, 180, 202, 215, 274, 280, 290, 334, 336, 337, 339, 340, 379; Waterford, Marquis of, 16, 17; Watson, G. L., 302; Watt, Frank, 298; Whitmore, 255; Wickstead, 13, 59, 246; Wilkins, 54; Wynn, Sir Watkin, 3, 291, 352; Wilson, 380; Woodbridge, 18; Wyndham, Col. G., 69; Wyndham, Gen., 69; Wyndham, 10, 79, 211; Yarborough, Lord, 5, 26, 91, 171, 186, 189, 210; Yeatman, 10.

Hunt Servants—

Adamson, Jack, 274.

Ball, T., 257; Barrow, W., 219, 261; Boxall, W., 110, 134, 228; Butler, J., 215, 216, 334; Boothroyd, Ben, 370.

Carter, George, 60; Carter, Tom, 177; Carter, W., 204, 294; Clark, Thomas, 18; Cooper, 192; Crane, W., 184, 189, 191.

Davis, Charles, 107, 108, 193; Day, Thomas, 110, 170; Deane, W., 32, 184.

Foote, Ben, 274; Forfeit, Robert, 334; Foster, D., 250; Freeman, H., 193.

Gardner, W., 128, 129, 171; Goddard, Zach., 274; Goodall, Stephen, 34, 197; Goodall, Will, 177; Grant, T., 26, 49.

Harvey, John, 110; Hedden, Will, 274; Hills, Jem, 34; Hoilt, J., 2. Jackson, H., 95; Johnson, T., 260; Jones, 255; Jones, Jack, 292.

King, Charles, 104, 193, 194, 201, 274, 372; King, Harry, 193; Knight, Dick, 104, 278, 295.

Lawley, Sam, 81; Long, W., 257, 277.

Macbride, J., 29; Maiden, J., 254, 255; Moody, Tom, 15, 254, 261.

Neverd, W., 133, 290.

Oldaker, Harry, 274.

Parker, J., 69; Payne, P., 194, 257, 277; Peckham, Joseph (anecdote of), 15; Pitchford, 73; Price, W., 183.

Rance, T., 257; Randall, J., 252; Raven, J., 239; Rose, Edward, 148; Rose, Tom, 148, 215, 252, 272.

Sadler, Dick, 374; Sawyer (*see* Shayer); Sebright, T., 177; Shaw, W., 203, 277, 295, 296; Shayer (Sawyer), 250; Shirley, J., 171, 222, 223, 274; Stevens, Jack, 104, 129, 256, 374; Smith, T., 54, 81, 82, 91, 171, 274.

Todd, Will, 274, 277.

Walker, Jack, 291, 292; Wells, 246; Williamson, Peter, 382; Wingfield, T., 79, 226; Wood, Jack, 110, 134, 201, 274, 285.

General—

Acton, Sir Richard, 381; Apperley, C. J. ("Nimrod"), 3, 226; Arago, M., 99; Aristotle, 100.

Bacon, Lord, 9; Barnard, 385; Bennett, T. J., 23; Bethel, 83, 214; Biddulph, Sir T., 341, 384; Blaine, 139, 145, 147, 148, 154, 156, 157, 165, 167, 168, 169; Bloomfield (poet), 262; Boultbee, J., 279;

Boynton, Sir H., 267; Bright, 19; Buffon, 100; Bunn, 262.
Cambridge, Duke of, 24, 25; Cardigan, Lord, 261; Canute, 65; Cave, Otway, 284; Campbell, A., 322; "Cecil," 26; Chaffin, Rev. W., 84; Charles I., King, 73; Cholmondeley, 323; Clifford, Walter, 102; Conway, Lord, 261; Colville, 385; Craven, B. 324; Cross, 120; Curtis, Rev. C., 73; Curtis, Sir W., 73; Cuvier, Baron, 31.
Darling, R. 332; "Dashwood," 116; Davy, 201; Dracek or Drack, Baroness, 20; "Dog Bob," 332 (*see* Darling); Ducie, Lord, 211.
Edward II., King, 185; Edward III., King, 27; Ellenborough, Lord, 68; Elmore, 285; Engain, Thomas, 27; Every, Sir Henry, 352.
Fawkes, 373; Fletcher, 303; Forester, 322, 324, 325, 381: Forester, Lord, 381.
Gilman, 168; Gower, Lord, 261; Grosvenor, T., 70.
Hamilton, Dr., 167; Hammond, P., 344; Hartley, Dr., 75; Harrington, Sir J., 24; Harvey, 61; Hawkes, J., 32; Henry VIII., King, 68; Henry, Dr., 162; Hesse Darmstadt, Grand Duke of, 19; Hotham, Lord, 297; Howe, Countess, 345.
Isham, V., 201.
Jackson, 346; James I., King, 24, 185; Jersey, Lord, 53, 375; Johnson, Dr., 262; Juxon, Bishop, 73.
Kemble, I., 139.
Lahire, M., 100; Latouche, 352; Lee, Sir Henry, 3; Leigh, Lord, 382; Levesque, M. Donatien, 260; Lind, Jenny, 350; Lorraine, 350.
Mansfield, Lord, 68; Mariotte, M., 100; Marlborough, Duke of, 261; Mendoza, 346; Money, W., 339; Montgomery, Dr., 60.
Nassau, Duke of, 103; Nethercote, H. O., 27, 338, 339; Newdegate, 384; Newsome, 80; "Nimrod" (*see* Apperley).
Oppian, 65.
Paley, Dr., 6, 7, 8; Peyton, Sir H., 352; Pollux, 65.
Quilter, 280.
Reynolds, Sir J., 245; Ross, Capt., 377; Ryan, Dr., 105, 106, 107.
Savory, 108; Scott, Sir Walter, 25, 137; Seneca, 100; Sewell, Professor, 169; Simonds, 140; Smith, W., 137; Spencer, 261; Spooner, the Misses, 288; Story, 347; Symonds, C., 285.
Tattersall, George, 114; Tattersall's, 41, 142, 382; Thornton, Dr., 147, 151; Thorold, Sir J., 323, 326; Tilbury, 285; Topham, Major, 329; Torr, W., 185; Trollope, Anthony, 9.
Vaughan, Mrs., 345; Vansittart, 324.
Warburton, E., 255; Warde, Sir H., 335; Watt, R., 94; Wellington, Duke of, 276; Wheeler, 377; White, 88; Whitlock, 73; Whitworth, 284; Whytt, Dr., 135; William III., King, 23; Wilton, 186; Wrighte, G., 70.
Youatt, 168, 169.

Names of hounds, curious, 54.
Natural gorse coverts, 232.
Nettles, anti-scorbutic property of, 122.
Neutral coverts, 67.
Neverd, W., his opinion on afternoon feeding, 133; his life, 290.
New Forest hounds, probable reason for lameness of, 97.
Nicoll, Mr., anecdote of, 15.
"Nimrod," death of, 4.
North-east wind, 294.
Northumberland, Duke of, eats devilled head of a fox, 74.
North Warwickshire kennels, kennel lameness in, 108; hounds, steadiness of, 202; run with, 307, 318; Hunt, history of, 379; Mr. Vyner first master of, 379; dispute with Atherstone, 379, 382 *et seq.*; letter concerning, 384.
Nose and line hunting quality, alleged diminution of, 52.
Nursery for foxes, advantage of, 309.

OATMEAL, effect of kiln-dried, 118; quantity yielded by bushel of oats, 119.
Old hounds, treatment of, in summer, 204.
"Operations of the Belvoir Hounds," 209.

Osbaldeston, Mr., hunting two packs a day, 129; excellence of his hounds, 129; his hounds, 180, 181; anecdote of, in Wragby woods, 243; sport shown by, 275; his answer to attack on him, 371; letter in defence of, 372; his birth, career, and masterships, 375; master of Quorn and Pytchley, 376; sells his hounds, 376; hunts two countries at same time, 376; ruined by racing, 376; his death, 377.
Osier beds as coverts, 236.
Otter hunting, Rev. J. Russell's experiences of, 305.
Otter, the scent of, 305.
Over-riding spoils runs, 242.
Overworking foxhounds is mistake, 46.
Owners of coverts may not invite strange pack to draw, 67.
Oxfordshire, hunting in, 184.

PACE of runs, 320.
Pack of hounds, making two at outset preferable, if possible, 242; requisite qualities for forming, 246; should be of uniform height, 247.
Paddock, extent of, 91.
Peripatetic hunting men often not true sportsmen, 10, 11.
Peterborough, proposed hunt week at, 59; hound show, 59; "scarlet table" at, 72.
Pheasants, preservation of, 303.
Phillips, Mr. Lort, hunts North Warwickshire, 381.
Physicking hounds, 160, 288, 289; Col. Cook on, 160; in trough recommended, 161; bound to be tied up after, 162.
Polecat, hounds running a, 198.
Poultry, loss of, 287.
Pregnancy, 60, 61.
Preservation of foxes, 244.
Privet coverts, 236.
Provincial countries, good sport in, 230.
Pudding, how to make, 125; fermentation of, 126.
Purgative, salts the best, 163.
"Put-down fox," Mr. Vyner hunts, 219.
Putting to and *stopping*, difference between, 244.
Puppies, rearing of, 56; milk for, 56; feeding, 130, 131.
Puppy shows, 59.
Pytchley Hunt, history of, 27; hunt dinners, 62; Mr. Warde on, 62; Hunt Club, first ballot of, 70; Hounds, steadiness of, 193, 194; run with, 201; cub-hunting under Mr. T. Smith, 210, 211; country, oldest artificial gorse in, 232; hounds, a run with, 278; running heelway, 295; division of, 302; spring hunting of, 302; "Pytchley man, an old," his letter in defence of Mr. Osbaldeston, 371, 372, 373.

QUEEN ANNE'S Well, proposed water supply to Windsor Castle from, 107; water from, used by C. Davis, 107.
Queen's staghounds, incident with, 361.
Quorn hounds join Mr. Musters's, 360.

RABIES, 167; not produced without inoculation, 167; Youatt on, 168, 169; Sewell on, 169; attended with thirst, 169; Warwickshire hounds afflicted with, 170; W. Smith's recipe for, 171; instances of, being produced by inoculation, 170, 171, 172.
Railways turn foxes from their point, 241.
Rain, how far it penetrates the ground, 100.
Rats, precaution against, 90; in kennels, 94; poison, recipe for, 95.
Reasons for drafting foxhounds, 45.
Red chalk, 135.
Red mange (*see* Mange).
Rented covert should not contain game, 238; nor too many rabbits, 238.
Rheumatism or shoulder lameness, frequent cause of, 91, 165; Blaine on, 165; in men, recipe for, 166.
Ribs of hounds, 182.
Riding to hounds, discussed, 11, 37; not only desideratum in hunting, 11; injudicious, may spoil sport, 37; Mr. Musters on, 356.
Riot, making young hounds steady from, 193; Charles King's ideas on making hounds steady from, 193; Beckford on, 249.
Rioting hounds, 196.
Roachback hound, a, 182.

Roast fox eaten, 72, 73, 74.
Rockingham Forest good for spring hunting, 302.
Roe-deer, 196, 197.
Roper, Mr., his death, 331.
Rounding, 166, 176, 177; objections to late, 176, 177.
Royal hunting, 19.
"Royal Hunt" near Vienna in 1814, 19; kennels unhealthy, 105.
Run of ten hours with Goodwood hounds, 77; of 120 miles after a stag, 77; of eight hours in Yorkshire, 78; a long one in Sussex, 78; by single hound, 78; by two of Sir T. Mostyn's hounds, 79; not so long as formerly, 241; possible reasons why, 79; curious finish of, 268, 269; the best, often in the spring, 292.
Russell, Rev. J., his dislike to smoking, 359.

Sagacity of hounds, 75.
Sale of hounds, a remarkable, 40; Mr. Lambton's to Lord Suffield, 41.
Salts the best purgative, 163.
Salt water beneficial to horses' legs, 317.
Scarlet table at Peterborough hound show, 72.
Scent, said to be better after fox has been hunted in covert, 36; often good in snow, 290; uncertainty of, 292, 294, 296; indications of a good, 293; often good in black frost, 293; foretelling a good, 293; and cloud, 293; on wet land, 294; spoiled by hares, 295, 296; spoiled by wild garlic, 297; Mr. Musters on, 353, 354.
Sexes, separating the, 247.
Shaw, W., advocated entering fox-hounds at hare, 203; anecdote of, 277; his opinion of Mr. Vyner, 363.
Sheep, killing, by foxhounds, 48; now kept in smaller bodies than formerly, 241.
Shirley, J., anecdote of, 222.
Shooting often antagonistic to hunting, 9.
Shoulder lameness, frequent cause of, 91 (*see* Lameness in shoulder).
Shows, foxhound, 59.
Shuckburgh hills drawn by four different packs, 67.
Shy feeders, how to treat, 124.
"Silent system" of hunting, 34, 214.
Sinnington Hunt, antiquity of, 69; servants of, find own horses, 69; no longer trencher-fed, 69.
Size, uniformity of, necessary for perfect pack, 247.
Skimmed milk, substitute for flesh in summer, 121.
Skirting hounds, 192.
Slackness in hounds, one cause of, 246.
Small coverts, drawing, 238; by few hounds only, 239.
Smith, Assheton, his riding, 11; his whipper-in's opinion of him, 11; as a huntsman, 11; his kennel, 93; his plan for making foxes break covert, 243.
Smiths, family of huntsmen, 183.
Snow, Mr., hunted all year round, 209.
Soil, how far into, rain penetrates, 100.
Sore feet, 155; throat, 158, 159.
"Southerly wind and a cloudy sky," 294.
Spayed bitches have produced whelps, 60.
Spaying bitches, 59.
Speaking hound, a, 76.
Splints, 159.
Sport, good, often seen in provincial countries, 230.
Sportsman not identical with sporting character, 5.
Sportswoman, a notable, 20.
Staghounds, Royal, in New Forest, 10; destruction of, for rabies, 317; taken to Brighton for sea-bathing, 317.
Stag-hunting deprecated, 14; apology for, 14; older than fox-hunting, 23.
Stag-hunt from Winfield Park, Westmoreland, 77.
Stamp of hound, 180.
Steady hounds indispensable, 47.
Stick coverts, 237; not recommended, 237; expensive, 237.
Stopping earths in October for the season, 244.
Stopping and *putting to*, difference between, 244.
Straw, high price of, 315.
"Stub-bred" foxes, 305.
Stud book, foxhound, 71.
Styles of hunting, 34.
Sulphur, value of, as medicine, 162

Swelled neck, 158, 159.
Symonds, C., horses at Heythrop Hunt, 285.

Templer, Mr., his bag-foxes, 221.
Tenure (old) of lands in Pytchley country, conditions of, 27.
Tetters, breaking out and, 157.
Throsty hounds, 181.
Thrussington kennel unhealthy, 105.
Ticks in kennel, 315.
Todd, W., his definition of a hunting morning, 277.
Tongue of hounds, 183.
Topham, Major, his life of Mr. Draper, 329.
Trail hunts in vogue in Lake Country, 192; scents, matches at, 190; scent, young hounds formerly entered at, 188, 189,
Traps, 280.
Trapping has annihilated birds and animals, 304.
Treatment of hounds, 313.
Turning down foxes, best time for, 237.
Turned down foxes not to be put with natural bred ones, 237.
Turnips, draw for foxes in, 265.

Undrained land often holds good scent, 297; Sir T. Sykes' opinion, 297.
"Unploughed ridges," 276.
Unwritten laws of fox-hunting, 65.

Vaccination for distemper condemned, 141.
Vanning hounds, 299.
Vegetables as hound food, 122, 123, 124.
"Venerie Royale," extract from, 74.
Vermin, precaution against, 89, 90.
Veterinary surgeons, modern, 136; now study diseases of dog, 136; their former ignorance of dog diseases, 138.
Veterinary Surgeons' Act, 136.
Vicious Hounds to be drafted before beginning of regular hunting season, 242.
Villebois, Mr. J., his hounds, 180, 181.
Vine hounds, 27.
Viper, bite of, treatment of, 156.
Vitriol, blue, as remedy for indigestion, 135.

Vixen, heavy, hounds will refuse to hunt a, 199; not to be killed in spring, 305; in cub killed in December, 308; period of laying up, 308.
Vyner, Mr., advocates puppy shows, 72; his losing a fox, 278, 279; Mr. Musters' opinion of, 351; and Mr. Musters' hounds, 362, 363; Shaw's opinion of, 363; takes North Warwickshire country, 380, 382; takes Holderness country, 380; letter from concerning boundary of North Warwickshire Hunt, 384.

Warde, Mr., and light and heavy whippers-in, 274; opens butcher's shop, 337; his hound-show, 337; his mastership of hounds, 337, 338; his death, 333, 334; his period of mastership, his career as M.F.H., 334 *et seq.*; his "jackasses," 334; run with his hounds, 335; as a coachman, 236; suggested springs under coach box, 336; his purchase of a horse, 337; his character, 339, 340; hunts Warwickshire, 379.
Warwickshire hounds, treatment after hunting, 110; hunting an otter, 305.
Warwickshire and Atherstone dispute, the masters of hounds' decision on, 385.
Washing foxhounds, 109; not so common as formerly in kennel or stable, 111.
Wellington, Duke of, on his generals, 277.
Wet land in relation to scent, 294.
Wheat, riding over when wet, 301.
Whippers-in, how they should act, 35; importance of a good one, 249; his duty on hounds dividing, 250; and huntsman, quarrel between, 250; huntsman sometimes jealous of, 250; qualifications in, 250, 253; Duke of Grafton's rules for, 251, 252, 253; accident to, 256; not necessarily good huntsmen, 256; declining to be huntsmen, 257; ancient *v.* modern, 274; and huntsmen working together, 274; gallant conduct of a, 282.
White, Mr., on effect of trees, 88.
Whitethorn bushes, how to make covert of, 237.
Whitworth, Mr., anecdote of, 284.

Wild cat, 62, 63; method of killing prey, 63, 64; where found, 63, 64.
Wild geese interfere with hounds hunting, 297, 298.
"Wild-goose chase," meaning of term, 191.
Wild hounds, 195.
Wilson, Mr., takes North Warwickshire country, 380.
Winter, a hard, 291.
Wires, 280, 281.
Withy beds as coverts, 236.
Wolves, hunting, 18.
Wood, J., forms Mr. Shirley's pack of hounds, 202; his character as huntsman, 194; his ideas on making hounds steady from riot, 195.
Woodland hunting necessary to make hounds steady, 200.
Woodlands regarded with dislike by the field, 229, 230; masters of hounds sometimes dislike, 231; frequent hunting in, improves sport in open, 231; should be drawn during early cub-hunting in preference to small spinneys, 242; should be drawn one day a week, 245; advantage of frequent drawing of, 245.
Worms, 149; sulphur for, 149; arecanut for, 150; remedies for, two kinds of, 150; Dr. Thornton on, 151; different kinds of, 151, 152.
Wounds, effect of dog's tongue on, 154; and cuts, 154, 155.
Wragby Woods, anecdote of Mr. Osbaldeston in, 243.
Whytt, Dr., on action of the stomach, 135.
Yarborough, Lord, his original country, 186.
Yellows, 147 (*see* Jaundice).
Young hounds will become wild towards end of season, 46; kennel of, 91; should be watched at exercise, 187.

THE END.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.